

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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FLOTSAM.

PROLOGUE.

I.

MISS SELBY'S STATEMENT.

I HAVE been requested, for family reasons, to explain the circumstances under which my grand-niece went to India. It must be distinctly understood that I object to doing this, and that I consent to do it under protest. I hate explanations, and, besides, it is quite ridiculous to ask me to explain things that ought never to have happened at all. I have told Arthur this several times; but, like a man, he is obstinate, and, like a man, he thinks he knows best. I suppose I am growing old. Ten years ago I should have given him my opinion and stopped there; now I only protest, and, having protested, I do it.

Very well, then: Mr. Chasuble says it was providential. You can agree with Mr. Chasuble if you please, of course: I don't. I have no patience with people who are always making Providence responsible for people's blunders,—especially their own. Providence, indeed! As if Providence made my niece, a Selby of Selby, fall in love with a major in a marching regiment. A likely story, truly! But there, I had no hand in it, I'm thankful to say. Alice Selby might have been anybody she pleased. She had the beauty of our family, and everybody, I should hope, knows what that is. If my poor brother had lived—but there again; of course he didn't,—Providence again, I suppose that Chasuble man would say,—and there was I with Alice to look after. Not that that was such a very hard thing to do: I should hope not, indeed: Alice was as good as she was pretty, and if I could only have kept her under my own eye things would have been very different, I can assure you.

It was the boy who was the cause of it all. He was a cripple,

poor child, and a very ill-tempered cripple too (Providence again, of course), and most of my time was taken up in looking after him. I got no thanks for that, to be sure, but I didn't expect any. There had always been a Selby of Selby, and it shouldn't be my fault if there wasn't one still. I did my best. How was I to know that, after worrying me and everybody else for fifteen years, that unhappy boy would die? In the mean time I had to trust Alice, who had just come out, to Lady Stockton. Everybody knows who the Stocktons are,—a good old county family, and neighbors of our own. For all that, I might have known that Adelaide Stockton was a fool. The way she allowed her own daughters to marry should have taught me better. Just fancy; a country rector with five hundred pounds a year, a cast in his eye, and no grandfather to speak of! "Such a good man," Adelaide said, when I asked her if she was mad. I dare say. Good, indeed! No properly brought-up girl should look at an archangel, unless he had a grandfather whom somebody knew, and could look at his wife straight with both his eyes. A good man, indeed! Yes, I ought to have known better; but of course I didn't, and so Alice Selby, with her beauty and her twenty thousand pounds (our girls always have twenty thousand, you know), went and fell in love,—in love, indeed!—as ill luck would have it, with Major Ramsey. Providence again, I suppose.

Don't mistake me, my dear. I don't object to Providence in a general way. We owe a great deal to it, I suppose, and I hope I am always quite ready to admit that; but when it comes to people putting all their own silly blunders on the shoulders of Providence, as that very tiresome young man Mr. Chasuble always will do, it is really enough to set one against the whole thing. No. Don't tell me. Providence had nothing to do with the matter, and Adelaide Stockton had a very great deal. However, there's one comfort: the rector grew so high-church that he separated from his wife (Agnes Stockton, you know) and set up a little monastery on his own account, and, they tell me, had the top of his head shaved. I set my face against it,—the Ramsey infatuation, I mean, of course,—but it was quite useless. I told Alice herself what I thought of it, but she only laughed a little in her gentle way, and said that she didn't know that she cared so very much about what she owed her family. I even went the length of seeing Major Ramsey myself,—only once, you understand,—and then I had the satisfaction of giving him a piece of my mind. I am sorry to say it was the only satisfaction I did have from the interview. He was polite; he had even the impertinence to make allowances for me. He had actually the audacity to say that he felt for my disappointment. Fancy that! A Scotchman, whose great-grandfather, for anything I know, may not have known how to wear trousers, feeling for my disappointment! I don't like Scotchmen in general, and I certainly disliked Major Ramsey very much in particular. But there, I never made any secret of what I thought of him: that's always some comfort. I have said he was a Scotchman, and I need hardly say that he got his own way, after all. He married Alice in spite of me. Her guardians could find nothing to object to in Major Ramsey. I dare say. But

how my brother could have made that silly old man Lord Caunthorpe a guardian I never could imagine. He might do for a Cabinet minister, perhaps,—I don't suppose it wants much sense to be fit for that,—but to be guardian to a girl! Why, the silly old man actually told me that Major Ramsey was nephew to a viscount, and fully equal in family to my Alice. After that, of course, I gave the man up. A Scotch viscount, indeed!

I said good-by to Alice, after all. I know I had vowed I wouldn't, but somehow when the time came I couldn't help it. I am glad now that I did. She didn't do her duty to the family, I know, but, after all, she was almost like a child to me, and I never saw her again. They went to India almost immediately, and six years later they sent me home their daughter. I confess I took to that child at once. By this time, you see, Selby was dead, and I had nobody left to look after. He had been a great deal of trouble to me, and he certainly wasn't a nice boy, but when he was gone I missed him. Little Alice came just at the right time, and of course I took to her. She was a fairy little thing, with golden-brown hair and great soft brown eyes. There was something about those eyes that took hold of one and wouldn't let go: I can't think what it was. I must admit they were not Selby eyes, but I will maintain to my dying day that they were not Ramsey eyes either. I know Arthur says they are the very image of old Lady Grizzel's eyes in the gallery at Grimshaw Castle, but I need hardly say I don't believe that. An old Scotch viscountess, indeed, dead these hundred and twenty years too, with eyes like my Alice! Fiddlesticks! I never saw any other eyes at all like them, they were so large, so calm, and so deep, like a well of very pure spring water seen far down in the shade. Even when she was but a little child those eyes seemed to be full of meanings I could never make out. She wasn't perhaps at first exactly what you would have called a pretty child; she was thin and pale, and her great eyes looked almost too large for her face; but she grew out of that as she got older. She was a good child, too; indeed, she had only one fault, and perhaps, after all, one could hardly blame her for that: she couldn't forget her father. When she first came she was forever talking about him, and even afterwards she used to talk to her dolls about him, years after she had found out somehow, I suppose, that the subject wasn't very interesting to me. Then he used to write the child letters, and she would grow pale with excitement until they could be read to her, and would actually sleep with them under her pillow. Of course it was extremely annoying, but what could one do? You see, he *was* the child's father, after all, and she could hardly be expected to understand that his being only a Scotchman made any difference. I believe she would have quite got over this in time if things had turned out as I had planned and expected—but there again: Providence, I suppose you'll say. Nothing of the sort: rheumatic fever.

My Alice didn't have it, of course. I should hope not, indeed. I imagine I knew better how to take care of a child than that. No; it was that Ramsey man who somehow let his wife get it, though I never heard before that rheumatic fever ran in our family. They say he did

all he could for her afterwards. I dare say he did. He was a Scotchman, and they tell me that Scotchmen are generally fond of their wives, or of anything else that belongs to themselves. At any rate, if he did all he could it didn't amount to very much. After the fever she fell into bad health and became quite an invalid, poor thing. She was so for some years, but she wouldn't come home. Why she refused I never could understand; but then, to be sure, I couldn't understand why she was foolish enough to marry that man and go to India at all. I know I did all I could. I wrote and asked her to come home to me; I even let it be understood that I had forgiven her. It was all of no use: she refused to come. No doubt that man was somehow at the bottom of it. She had been wrong-headed about him from the first, and she continued wrong-headed to the last. I might have known she would be that, but I couldn't know she would be unreasonable enough to want to see my Alice without coming home to do it like a Christian. She did, though, and, what was worse, her husband (I really haven't common patience with that man) wrote to Alice and told her so. I did all I could, of course, though once more I might have known very well it would be quite useless. I had done the same when Major Ramsey had the audacity to propose marrying my niece, you may remember, and he was politely considerate then. He was just as polite now, and just as determined to have his own way: I call it brutal. I telegraphed that the child couldn't go, and I hope you'll admit that was definite enough. He telegraphed back that he wished it left to herself. I telegraphed again that it was impossible she could go alone. He telegraphed back that if I were unable to accompany her, which he should greatly regret (fancy me going among Sepoys, and tigers, and husband-hunting girls, at my time of life too), he had arranged with Lady Stewart, who was going out next month by the Jumna from Southampton, to take care of her.

I told Alice herself that she couldn't go. I dare say Arthur knows well enough by this time that that was a mistake. I had known Alice for ten years, and I ought to have known better. The child loved me dearly, I know, but she didn't hesitate for a moment. "Auntie," she said, "you know it will break my heart to leave you and seem unkind, but I must go, you know."—"Goodness gracious, child, why should you?" I said.—"Papa wants me, don't you see, auntie, and of course I must go."

Papa, indeed! But there, Alice had grown from a child into a girl, and she would soon be a young woman. She had always had a will of her own (all the Selbys are firm, you know), and now, backed up by her father's letter, what could I do really to prevent her? Of course I tried to, all the same. You don't find me sitting down and folding my hands and leaving it to Providence: I should hope not, indeed. The Selbys have always looked after their own affairs, and I did my best to manage this. I told Alice it was madness. She only laughed, that low silvery laugh, you know, half troubled and half incredulous, which she always had. I told her she shouldn't go. She only said, "But, auntie dear, you know I must." I looked into the child's eyes. They hadn't really changed much from what they were

ten years ago when I first saw them, but now as I looked I seemed to see something new in them. I don't know why it was, but when I had looked for a moment or two I gave it up: the child had determined to go.

My heart sank. I knew it would turn out badly, but I knew I could do nothing to stop it. It had been just the same eighteen years ago with her mother. I am an old woman now, and I have felt a good many things in my time, but never anything worse than that. It is a good while ago, and many things have happened,—with most of which, thank Heaven, I have had nothing to do,—but even now I don't care to write about it. The child would go, and she went. It was no doing of mine. I washed my hands of it then: I have been washing them ever since. If I had had my way, things would have been very different. Mr. Chasuble says I ought to be thankful that Providence has brought good out of evil. I dare say. Well, well, perhaps the young man may be right, after all; only if people would have listened to me I would have saved Providence the trouble.

When I saw there was no help for it, of course I did what I could for the child. I went and saw Lady Stewart myself, and was glad to find that, for a mere army person, she didn't seem to be at all a bad sort of woman. I went to Southampton with Alice to see her off, though I hadn't travelled as far for twenty years. It was a showery day in April when I stood on the pier to see the steamer start. My child stood looking at me over the side as they loosed the great ropes and the vessel began to move. I don't know why I did it, but as they began to move away I stretched out both my hands and cried, "My darling child, come back! come back!" I know she was crying too, poor child; I could hear it in her voice. She waved her handkerchief, and called out, "Good-by, auntie, good-by; I'll be home again very soon." I stood there and looked after her through my tears, but I couldn't speak. I knew she wouldn't: somehow I knew she wouldn't.

II.

GENERAL RAMSEY'S STATEMENT.

I WAS in Bengal in 1886. My dear wife was still alive then, though she had been ill for two years and was in a dangerous condition. It was not her doing that our daughter Alice came out to see us, though I understand that particularly foolish old person Miss Selby insists on saying that it was. I sent for her. I thought my Alice pined for a sight of her only child, and that it might do her good to have her beside her for a time. Even if it couldn't do that, it might give her some pleasure while she was left to us. Alice was nearly sixteen at the time, so I decided to leave it partly to herself whether she would come or not. If the child really wished to see her mother, she should come; if not, she was better away, and her mother need never know that I had suggested it. I had the child's letters by me, and her photograph. I thought she would come.

Alice came, as I expected. She came in spite of all the opposition of old Miss Selby. I understand that singularly ill-conditioned old woman is very anxious to prove that she had nothing to do with Alice's coming. She is quite right; she had not. What she could do to keep our daughter from her dying mother's side she did, but she failed. Our child was like, and yet unlike, her mother. She had less beauty than my Alice had; at least I think so, though hers was a most attractive face too, and one not likely to be forgotten. Her mother was satisfied, thank God. The doctors say the excitement may very likely have hastened her death. It may be true, but yet I say thank God, for at any rate she was happy while it lasted. During the last few weeks of her life they were never parted, except when Alice insisted on my taking the child for a ride. She would sit for hours in her easy-chair, fondling the child's hands between her own, gazing into her eyes, or softly and absently stroking her hair as she sat on a low stool beside her. In these few weeks they learned to know each other. It was happiness to the mother, and I think it will be something for our girl to remember all her life. Yes, looking back upon it now, knowing all it led to that was as terrible as it was unforeseen, and in spite of the sneers of that objectionable old woman Miss Selby, whose opinions are of singularly little importance to me, I think I did right to send for Alice: I think I am glad that she came.

And so my Alice left us,—only thirty-five years old. We learned to know each other in our trouble,—my daughter and I. She was lonely, of course, poor child, and I—I must be lonely henceforward, there or anywhere. She set herself to comfort me, and after a time I began to find a new interest in life. Can I describe her as she was then? I hardly think so, and yet I seem to see her now just as she was when she used to come down for our morning rides at Lucknow. Her figure, half childish, half womanly, looking its best in her gray riding-habit; her earnest child's eyes, looking out, large, bright, and liquid, from below her straw hat and blue veil; her soft brown hair, shining like gold in the sunshine, floating loosely on her shoulders and setting off the fairness of the complexion of cheek and throat,—I can recall all this so vividly that I could fancy I see it all again, but I know that I cannot convey it to any one else by any words of mine. To me it remains a sun-picture focussed in the camera of memory, but I am conscious that I cannot transfer the picture, much less fix it so that its fresh young charm and purity can be seen by others. There are some faces that cannot be described, of which the sun itself can take no likeness,—faces that are not perfect in feature, yet are something more and better than perfect,—faces that are not so much beautiful as lovable. I think Alice's face was of this kind. I have seen two or three women with such faces, generally women with a remarkable history; but Alice's was the only girl's face of the sort I can remember, perhaps because she too had a history, though its development was still in the future.

After a few months we grew almost happy, my girl and I together; at least I did. I had found a new interest in life, which seemed not so much to take the place of the older one as to join on to and in

some sense complete it. In the child I had not, of course, her mother reproduced, but something which, while wholly different, was yet in some mysterious way the same. I think she was happy too, though in a different way. Alice was singularly like her mother in some respects, and it seemed to be happiness to the girl to believe that she could make me happy, as indeed she could.

Gradually a fear began to grow upon me. I put it from me, but it came back again. When I was alone I felt it. In the darkness of the night it haunted me like a spectre. I grew to be a coward in the matter. I dared not face it, and yet I knew I must. Alice must leave me. Her young life must not be passed in India: her fresh young beauty must not fade and wither in this detestable climate. Yet how to do it? Life without her mother had a few months before appeared almost an impossible thing; the child had made it more than endurable. What would it be when she too should have left me? I am ashamed to write it, but it is true: weeks, even months, passed, and still I shrank from doing my duty; still I hesitated to send Alice away from me.

It was an accident that brought me to myself. We had just come back from our morning ride. I don't think Alice had ever looked more lovely than she looked that morning. I can see her bright young face now, as she turned on the top step to nod and kiss her hand before going into the house. Somehow that look and gesture, so full of the life and vigor of youth, brought back the haunting doubt that never left me for long, and I turned away in troubled silence. I knew it was wrong and selfish to keep her there, and yet how could I send her away? Send her from me back to that selfish woman who had striven to keep my child, as years before she had tried to keep my Alice from me? send her to that old woman, with her ridiculous family pride, and her childish hatred of myself whom she had hardly seen? How could I do it?

I turned away and strolled slowly down towards the head-quarters mess-room. A group of officers were lounging about under the wide veranda in the easy negligence of Indian morning undress, waiting for breakfast. One of the party—I knew his voice well, though I couldn't see him from where I stood—said, as I came within hearing, "By Jove, Maitland, you may say what you like, but I tell you I never saw a lovelier girl. It's a face to haunt one."

"Gude God, mon,"—I instantly recognized the broad Scotch accent and tone of my old comrade Dr. Maitland, the surgeon-major,— "wha's questionin' your taste? The lassie's a bonnie lassie, and it's jist a refreshment to auld een to see a face like it in this wearifu' country; but what Ramsey can be thinkin' aboot to keep her here passes my comprehension. I'll tell him as much ane o' these days."

"Come, come, doctor!" Several voices joined in the quick remonstrance. "Come, you won't interfere and spoil sport in that fashion."

"I daur say! It's all very weel for you boys to talk aboot sport, but if she'd been daughter o' mine she'd have been half-way to the auld country by this time, I can tell ye."

"Oh, I say,"—it was the voice that had spoken first once more,—
 "surely there are plenty of beauties in England already, doctor, without
 sending them our one little ewe lamb as well."

"Little ewe fiddlestick!" exclaimed the old doctor, testily. "India's
 nae place for a growing girl. If the general doesna want his daughter
 to go the way her mother went, he'll no keep her in this cursed
 climate."

They had none of them seen me, and they didn't see me. I turned
 back and went to my quarters. I knew that my old comrade was
 right: I felt with shame that I had been selfish already. It isn't
 much to say that I spent a bad quarter of an hour that morning. It
 was that, and I think it was something worse than that. At any rate,
 there was no longer room for hesitation. The child must go, and I—
 well, I had work to do where I was, and I must stay and do it.

After breakfast I told her. It was hard to do, and the poor child
 made it harder. She begged me not to send her away. She told me
 that her mother had left her to comfort me, and that nothing in the
 world could make her so happy as to be allowed to do what she could
 to make me feel less lonely. Poor child, I know she meant it all,
 every word. Her tears and entreaties were very real, and they made it
 hard indeed to carry out my resolution, but it had to be done. I had
 been selfish too long already.

At last I made her see that I was quite sure it must be done, and
 then her only thought seemed to be how to comfort me for the pain
 I was inflicting on us both. Poor child, she set about constructing a
 day-dream, according to which I was to go home in a year or two, and
 she was to keep house for me in England. Of course I agreed, little
 as it then seemed likely that the dream could have come so near to
 being realized as it has. As far as I could then see, I was tied to
 India for another ten years or so, for though Selby's death had increased
 my wife's fortune to some fifty thousand pounds, it all went to Alice,
 of course, and, besides, I was still a comparatively young man,—too
 young to think of giving up active work. Things have turned out
 very differently, in this as in many other ways, but nobody could have
 foreseen it, and I certainly did not, though I let Alice fancy I should
 be in England in time to carry out her plan. It comforted the child,
 so that she grew almost happy again in planning the home we were to
 have together.

There was no time to be lost, and now that my eyes were opened I
 saw, or fancied I saw, that Alice was not quite so strong as she had
 been. I sent for Maitland and got him to talk with her, and then I
 asked him what he thought. My old friend and countryman was a
 man of few words. "Hoots, Ramsey," he said, "your lassie's got
 naething the matter wi' her to speak o'. You've kept her a wee thing
 ower lang in this deil o' a country, but a voyage hame will put her a'
 richt again, I'll be your warrant. Send the lassie by a sailing-ship
 round the Cape, and let the sea-breezes blaw India aff her, an' she'll
 no be a bit the waur." Maitland always aired his Scotch when he was
 alone with me, although, to tell the truth, its purity was beginning to
 suffer from his thirty years' absence from Caledonia. He would have

been a bold man who would have said as much to him, however, and I was only too thankful to get his favorable opinion in any dialect, as there were few if any better authorities on the subject than he.

The only thing to be done was to thank him and act on his advice, and I set about doing that at once. I managed to get relieved of my duties long enough to go down to Calcutta with her, but I couldn't stay to see her off. Old Lady Stewart, with whom she came out, was there, however, and I left Alice with her till she could hear of a good ship and a suitable person in whose charge she might sail. I dare say I troubled the old lady by my anxious cautions. I had known her for thirty years, and at last she gave me the benefit of our old acquaintanceship. "Now, Ramsey," she said, "go and say good-by to that child, and go back to your work. She'll be good for nothing till you're gone; and if you think I'm going to let you worry me into a fever at my time of life over a chit of a girl, you must have forgotten the Margaret Stewart that used to keep you in order when you were a slim sub yourself." The old lady was right, and I knew it. I knew also that she would do her very best for my Alice, and that nobody could do better.

It was hard for us to part, of course. Trouble had drawn us very closely together, my child and me, and she had brought me comfort at the time when I needed it most. Life would be very empty indeed without the soft light of her great brown eyes, and the Indian sun would never, as I well knew, shine for me as brightly again as when it turned to gold the brown of my Alice's hair. But it had to be. I had been selfish in keeping her so long, and now the bitterness of the parting was a penance, for she had become the more necessary to me by my own fault.

We said good-by, my child and I; and I need say no more than that. I knew that she would soon get over her sorrow, and I was glad to know it. How long it would take me to grow accustomed to being without her was another matter. Partings, I think, while they are bitter enough to the young, are sad for the middle-aged, and still more for the old. Bitterness tones down till it leaves a flavor that is almost pleasant; sadness is apt to leave a permanent impression. I began this by saying I was not sorry that I had brought Alice out to India. Looking back now to the sadness of the parting, thinking of the anxieties that came after, I repeat it still. I was responsible for it, and I don't regret it. Miss Selby is perfectly welcome to make the most of the admission.

III.

LADY STEWART'S TRUST.

I KNEW Allan Ramsey for more than thirty years while he was in India, and I should hope I'm a better judge of what he was than a stuck-up old maid with two footmen and a pet poodle, like Miss Selby. When I knew him first he was a slim Scotch lad just joined, and I was the major's wife. The major took a fancy to the lad, and so did

I; we became great friends. Then Ramsey saved my life in the Mutiny, and we became greater friends than ever. He got rapid promotion, as a good many did at that time, and not one of them earned it better than he. He was major at twenty-six, and went home invalided while we were quartered at Delhi. When he came out the next year he brought his wife with him. She was niece, I believe, to this Miss Selby, but a very different person. Alice Ramsey was a sweet woman. She was very young when she came out, and was quite the beauty of the station all the time we were at Delhi. Poor thing! India is a sad place for wives. I thought it would have broken her heart when she had to part with her only child, a pretty little delicate girl. We were at Calcutta then, and she came down to send the child away. I shall never forget the silent agony of the poor young mother when she parted with that child.

I didn't see much of the Ramseys after that, as their regiment was always up country, and of course when he got a separate command there was no chance of our being thrown together, so it was quite a coincidence that I should have been asked to look after Ramsey's girl when she came out to see her mother. It was then that I made old Miss Selby's acquaintance, and I can't say I took to her at all. No doubt she was fond of Ramsey's girl: when I came to know the child myself I could easily see there was no particular merit in that. What set me rather against the foolish old creature was the way she had of evidently fancying that she and her family were something in particular, and that her niece, Alice's mother, had somehow disgraced herself by her marriage. Well, well, poor old creature, she was greatly cut up at having to part with the child, which I suppose was natural enough after ten years, and I dare say some allowance should be made for a person who has never known anything but what she could learn in an old place down in the midland counties, where nearly everybody she saw took off his hat when she spoke to him.

I brought Ramsey's child out to him, and a nicer child I never saw. How she had contrived to grow up beside that old frump at Selby Hall without getting spoiled I don't know, but she was just as simple-hearted a girl as ever I saw in my life, without one bit of nonsense about her. A pretty girl, too. I confess I like pretty girls and handsome men a good deal better than plain ones. Of course I know all about "handsome is that handsome does," and all that kind of thing, which is very good for copy-book headings. Don't tell me. I'm an old woman now, and I can afford to say what all women think, and what I say is that I like handsome goods put up in pretty parcels. A good man's ever so much the better for being good-looking, and a nice girl is ever so much nicer when she has a pretty face and a good figure. Alice Ramsey was a singularly pretty girl: her face was one of those that might turn out beautiful, or might just miss it as so many do; and, what was more, it was a very attractive face. I know I took to the child at once, and was able with a good conscience to say to Allan himself, when he met us at Calcutta, that it was a real pleasure to have had her company.

You know already that Ramsey's wife died up at Lucknow soon

after. He told me so himself in a few quiet lines that read like a broken heart, and I was thankful the poor fellow had his daughter with him, for I knew that even if she couldn't comfort him for his loss it would do him all the good in the world to have somebody to look after. Don't tell me about broken hearts. Nobody ever breaks his (or, for that matter, her) heart who has plenty to do and makes an effort to do it. Ramsey was too much of a man in any case to do anything so weak, but I haven't a doubt that the child helped him over the first pinch.

It was about four months later, I think, that he brought her down to Calcutta to send her home. As things were just at the time, it was quite out of the question for a man of Ramsey's experience and reputation to be spared long enough to go with her himself, and besides, as he told me, Sandie Maitland had been telling him he had kept her a little too long beside him for her health, and had advised him to send her home by a sailing-vessel round the Cape to set her up again. Of course I knew Sandie Maitland well, for he had been surgeon to our old regiment for twenty years, and I knew that he was pretty sure to be right: so I undertook to look out for a good ship and some nice passenger to whose care I could safely trust the child. Ramsey had grown fond of that girl,—almost absurdly fond,—and he was as fussy as a hen with one chicken about her. He worried me with directions and cautions till I sent him off about his business. Just as if I didn't know better than any man what was proper and safe for a child like that! I like the idea,—at my time of life, too!

It was some time before I could find exactly what I wanted, for times are greatly changed from those I used to know forty years ago, when everybody went round the Cape, and the vessels were all one could desire. Nowadays the steamships have spoiled the Cape route, and the sailing-ships don't depend much on passengers, and don't get the same class, as a rule, when they get any. There were ships to be had, of course, but it wasn't easy to find any suitable person to trust with the care of a girl. At last, however, I was lucky enough to hear of a good chance. Major Ransome of the Sikh horse had been invalided home, poor fellow, that he might die among his friends, I believe, and to please his wife the doctors said that a long sea-voyage might cure him. Of course the poor creature—she was very young—grasped at the shadow of a hope, and they had taken passages by the Tanjore, a fine new clipper ship on her second voyage. The general had all inquiries made about her, and all were satisfactory. I went and saw her myself, and thought I should have preferred to go home in her to one of the P. & O. steamers with that terrible four days of the Red Sea. So it was settled that Alice Ramsey should go in the Tanjore under the care of Mrs. Ransome. We made every arrangement we could for the child, for the general had grown just as fond of her by that time as I was myself. She had been with us six weeks before we found a ship, and, in spite of her being so young, of course she had got to know a great many people. You can't shut a pretty girl up in a bandbox in a place like Calcutta, and Alice was an unusually pretty one, so it was no wonder we had a good many men as

well as some ladies—for Alice was one to have many lady friends—to see her off. I saw the last of her from the pilot vessel, and I never was more sorry to part with a girl in my life. The last glimpse I got of her she was standing on the steps to the poop-deck waving her handkerchief to the general and me, the wind blowing her curls round her face, and the sunlight shining through it like gold. I can fancy I see the child still.

I understand that Miss Selby says that I am in some way responsible for what happened afterwards. If Miss Selby were here I might express my opinion of that lady in terms that might possibly surprise her. As she is not, and as I am not at all likely to meet her, I have been careful to state exactly what I had to do with the matter. That foolish old person may now say exactly what she pleases.

BOOK I.—AT SEA.

CHAPTER I.

STATEMENT OF TOM HART, ABLE SEAMAN.

It were somewheers about the beginnin' o' December, 1886, when I shipped for able seaman aboard the *Tanjore*, then lyin' at Calcutta. She were bound for London, and were part loaded when I joined. She were a good craft, and well found too, an' her officers had a good name, which I ain't got no call for to say as they didn't act accordin' while I was aboard. The rest of her cargo was took in the first ten days or so arter I joined, and she were ready for sea as it might be the end o' the second week in December. On the 14th it were as we took passengers aboard, all but one or two swells as didn't come off till mornin', when we was under way. We gets out o' the Hoogly all right, an' the pilot he leaves us final at sundown, a-wishin' of us a good voyage, which theer wasn't no reason as we shouldn't 'a' had but for bad luck.

The weather it were fine, though the wind were light, an' we soon settles down ship-shape. She were a comfortable ship, an' theer weren't no call to complain o' the treatment nohow. We had some passengers, though not to say many, an' them in the poop. Come to think on it, I don't suppose theer was a dozen on 'em altogether, an' them mostly millingtary swells. Theer was one major an' his wife; he were on the sick-list, an' very bad at that, an' his wife, pore thing, didn't do, nor, for the matter o' that, think o' nothin' else but nussin' o' him. Says I to my mate, "Theer's one as ain't likely to want no landin' in Old England, if I ain't much mistook." Nor I wasn't, neither, though I ain't sayin' as I takes no credit for that, for it couldn't 'a' been looked for nohow. Along of the major an' his wife theer were likewise a young gal as were the toast o' the fo'c's'le an' no mistake. She were a beauty, as it might be seventeen year old maybe. Tall an' lissome she were, wi' a skin like milk, an' eyes that big an' dark ye might think ye was a-lookin' into a calm sea near about the line jest afore sundown, when ye got a chance to look in 'em. An' her hair—well, I

ain't sure as ever I see hair jest that color afore. It were a sort of a gold color, an' yet it weren't that neither, unless it were took by the sun. But I ain't rightly sure as I can say what that gal were like, for I don't think as she looked not altogether the same not two days together. Anyways, she were a beauty, an' theer was more nor me o' that opinion. Bless ye, theer weren't not a man forward as wouldn't 'a' give a week's ration o' grog any day for to get a look an' a thank'ee from that gal. Nor, for that matter, it weren't us only; she were a favorite fore an' aft, wi' passengers an' crew, she were. Nor I ain't sayin' but she had her favorite, too: what gal was theer ever aboard ship as didn't, I should like to know? He—for in course it were a he, as were but natrel an' ship-shape—were a good-lookin' feller too, come to that; one o' them army officers as had got wounded an' was ordered on the long sea voyage to bring him round, an' to keep him out o' the old country, maybe, till the worst o' the winter was past. A captin' he were, as near as I could make out, in one o' them cavalry regiments, an' a fine young man he must 'a' been afore he got hurt, for he were tall, with broadish shoulders. Nor I ain't sayin' but what maybe his face were the best on him, arter all. I ain't good at givin' the bearin's of a face, not altogether, and I ain't sure as I can say jest what it were as took yer fancy when ye looked at the captin' neither. His name were Jervis, Cap'n Arthur Jervis it were as were marked on his luggage, which I knows, bein' as how I carries the same to his cabin when he comes aboard, whereby I gets a thank'ee, which it ain't not every swell as gives ye, not to mention a suvrin, which I keeps aboard my breeches-pocket for luck. Well, the captin' he were not by no manner o' means what ye might call ship-shape when first he come aboard, and had to be looked arter by his man—which were a soldier chap by the name o' Tompkins, an' a poor soldier he were at that, too—for the first week or two aboard. He used to lie in a low chair, one o' that sort as ye can have yer book and yer grog, or what not, alongside while ye lie down, an' the gal—her name were Miss Ramsey—would throw a bit of a look, half shy an' half curious, at him as she passed on the deck. By an' by, in course, they gets to know each other better, an' then she gives him a look an' a smile of a mornin', an' he takes off his hat an' looks arter her when she has passed, wi' a look as much as to say he wouldn't mind not if she was to heave to. She might 'a' seen, or again she mightn't: Lor' bless ye, ye can't say not rightly what them gals sees an' what they don't. Anyhow, by an' by she heaves to when she comes within hail, an' says a word or two, an' looks at the captin' out o' them brown eyes. She didn't say much, not at first; no more didn't he, but jest looked at her pleasant, as if it did him good to talk to her, not bein' strong. I ain't sayin' as the captin' were altogether a fool neither, for she looked jest the sort as might ha' turned out skittish if so be she'd 'a' been startled jest at first. Anyhow, I watches of 'em as it might be for a week when I has my spell at the wheel, near which it were as the captin' lies mostly in his chair. In course I hears an' sees everything, for nobody never minds the man at the wheel, he don't never see nothin', he don't; an' I sees them two craft a-sailin' day arter day

jest a half-point or so nearer each other's course, until by an' by they joins company. He were all right, were the captin', an' knowed jest how much stronger to grow so as to make her feel as if she were a-nussin', or leastways helpin' to bring him round, though, bless yer heart, I could see well enough he were a precious sight stronger afore we'd a-been out a month nor ever he let on to be when she were anywheer around.

The Tanjore she had good weather, on'y the winds was light and mostly contrairy, an' we didn't promise to make no great passage. It was nigh on a month afore we was in the latitood o' Mauritius, an' another fortnight afore we was nearin' the Cape. Not as our passengers was in any great hurry, neither. It was all good deck weather, wi' awnin's spread, jest the very weather for curin' of invalids, an', for that matter, makin' of others wheer theer weren't nothin' the matter afore. I don't mean for to say as theer were much o' that last done aboard the Tanjore, seein' as how theer weren't many aboard as were in any sort o' danger, but I weren't altogether sure as the captin' an' Miss Ramsey weren't jest as safe and snug as might ha' been. Not as they hoisted no signals o' distress, nor theer weren't no signs o' them fallin' foul o' one another, so to speak, in a calm, but they kep' on gettin' friendlier an' more an' more sailin' as reg'lar consorts. She'd took to readin' to him as he lay in that theer chair, an' I don't say, mind ye, as it warn't pretty jest to watch 'him a-lyin' theer, takin' an observation now an' then out o' the weather corner o' his eye at her face as she was a-readin' as earnest as ye please out o' the book. Then he'd take a spell at the book for a bit, an' she'd jest glance now an' again at his face, an' he'd make believe as he didn't see,—not him, ye may lay to that safe. Many's the hour I've a-stood at the wheel a-seein' nuthin' but the lift o' the main topsle while them two was a-readin' alongside, an' me thinkin' o' things as I'd seen an' done thirty year back.

Well, as I was a-sayin', them two didn't hev not to say a bad time, take it altogether, an' I ain't a-sayin' neither as the captin' didn't hev rayther the best on it too, seein' as it stands to reason as he knowed the ropes the best, an' she could on'y guess, even if she got the length o' doin' that same, what was up. Neither on 'em seemed not to say sorry that the winds was light an' the voyage looked like bein' a longish one, an' I don't say as I couldn't 'a' gone on pretty comfortable myself a-watchin' of 'em. O' course it stands to reason as young folks aboard ship will go sweetheartin' if so be theer's anybody to go along of, but I can't say, not rightly, as ever I seen a neater job o' that same than what Captin' Jervis was a-doin' of aboard the Tanjore atween Calcutta and the Cape, nor I ain't a-blamin' of him, neither.

On the 30th day o' January we had run down our latitood,—leastways so I heard the skipper a-tellin' of the captin' about half an hour arter eight bells, an', as he reckoned, we was a matter o' two hundred an' eighty miles east'ard o' the Cape. It was fine weather, bein' as how it was summer in them parts, an' I takes it as how we was in about thirty-eight south latitood, wheer it had ought to be middlin' warm in summer time. The wind were rather fresher than what it had been

that day, a-blowin' as it might be west-nor'west; so as her head were a-lyin' to the south'ard o' her course, but the sea it were smooth an' the sky clear, an' pretty well all hands aboard was on deck till arter sundown.

It might 'a' been an hour arter eight bells, an' in course it were my watch below, an' theer I were a-settin' on the fo'c's'le, takin' a look around afore turnin' in. It were not to say dark, though gettin' on that way, an' I were jest takin' a draw at my pipe final, when I casts my eye fore an' aft along the deck below an' sees a haze o' smoke, or suthin' as looks to me like smoke, a-comin' out o' the main hatch. "Hallo!" says I, an' wi' that I jumps up an' steps aft. Theer weren't nobody theerabouts, but afore I gets within five fathom o' the spot I knowed what it were by the smell. I'd been theer afore; an' I jest ups wi' my two hands to my mouth sharp an' hollers, "Fire!"

An' fire it were, an' no mistake about it.

CHAPTER II.

STATEMENT OF ARTHUR JERVIS, CAPTAIN ELEVENTH HUSSARS.

I HAVE been in England six weeks, but I find it impossible to stay. I believe my people think me almost insane, and sometimes I could fancy they are right; but, sane or not, I feel that I must do something. In spite of some hardships, my health is almost restored, and, whatever the doctors may say, I feel that nothing can do me so much good as to know that I am doing something which may possibly lead to the clearing up of the mystery that surrounds her fate. People tell me—they have told me ever since I could ask the question—that there could be no doubt what her fate has been. They have said it was madness to suppose that any fate but one could have befallen a delicate girl cast adrift, alone, on an almost boundless ocean, in an open boat with hardly any food and, oh, God! without one drop of water. They have pointed out—even the oldest and most experienced of them—that the best hope is that the boat went down in the first high wind and rough sea it met. I know it is true—oh, my God! I know it is true. And yet—and yet I feel as if it were false; as if, after all, hope were not yet dead, as if it were still possible that I am not condemned to go through life with a brand upon me worse than that of Cain,—the brand of the man who by his own folly destroyed the fairest and dearest life that was ever given by Heaven into man's hands, only to be thrown away.

To-morrow I start for Cape Town by the steamer, in the hope of setting the question at rest in some way, but before I go I feel that I owe it to her father, whom I have never seen, to leave some record of the facts of the tragedy which may perhaps have wrecked his life almost as terribly as I feel that it has wrecked my own.

I had been an invalid for nearly four months before the doctors pronounced me fit to be sent home to England, and even then they insisted that I should take the sea voyage round the Cape, so that I might not reach England too early. I had been eager to go. Any-

thing had appeared a change to be welcomed after months of a camp hospital in India, and I believe I had worried the doctors into consenting to my starting sooner than they really approved of, to get rid of me. It was not till I found myself fairly embarked on board the *Tanjore* at Calcutta that I began to look forward with all the dread of an invalid to the prospect of three or four months on a ship where, except my servant, I didn't know a soul, and where, no doubt, the passengers were all invalids like myself. I could have wished myself back again in the hospital that day, as we dropped slowly down the Hoogly, and I lay under the deck awning more dead than alive from the unusual exertions I had made in getting on board. As I lay there I could hear the slow gurgle of the water as it passed us by; I could mark the gradual passage of the slow hours by the shadows cast by the masts and rigging; I could fancy I heard the complaining voices of invalid fellow-passengers; and more than once I wished myself back again where at least the face of a brother officer might be looked for from time to time to cheer my loneliness.

Next morning we were at sea, and it was then that I saw her for the first time. I was just recovering from the exertion of being brought on deck, and the very sight of one so young and so beautiful seemed to send the stagnant blood bounding through my veins in a way to which it had long been a stranger. It was several days before I made her acquaintance, but at first I hardly missed that. It was almost enough to see her pass, as she walked the deck with the quick elastic step of youth and health, to catch a passing glimpse of her fair young face and of her sun-bright hair, and now and then to see, or fancy I saw, her cast a passing glance of pity upon me as I lay, unable still to take more than a languid interest even in so fair a vision.

After a day or two, however, I began to grow impatient for something more than this, and I contrived through the captain to obtain an introduction to Miss Ramsey. Even then it was days before I could persuade myself that I had made any progress in establishing more than a passing acquaintance. Now, indeed, she would nod and smile at me as she passed, and sometimes she would even say a word or two in a voice so soft and sweet in its tones that I could fancy I heard it for hours afterwards.

As men we are apt to be proud of our strength, but few of us know how much we sometimes owe to our weakness. It was to my weakness that I owed the greatest happiness my life has ever known or can know. I knew it at the time, and was not ashamed of it; I am not even sure that I didn't make the most of it when I saw how much it drew us together. She was as tender as a woman and yet as innocent as a child, and, while there was much of the instinctive tenderness of the woman in the interest she took in my helplessness, there was something also of the child's innocent curiosity in the frankness of our acquaintance. To me it was a revelation. I had known many girls, both in England and in India, but never any one like this, so beautiful, so natural, so lovable. It may have been wrong to try to make her care for me; it could not have been wrong for me to love her. I did so from the first; how, indeed, could I help it? I am sure

she had no idea of it : I don't know, indeed, that she even knew what is meant by love, as we use the word, but I am sure she did more than like me as a friend. In my own defence let me say that, whatever I felt, I never spoke of love to her. When we grew more friendly we spent much of our time together. She would read to me, and now and then I would take my turn and read to her. And of course we talked : what is there to do but read and talk on board ship? It was only for the last ten days or so that I felt strong enough to walk a little, and even then I was in no hurry to cease to be an invalid. In those six weeks we had learned to know one another well ; at least I seemed to myself to have learned to know her well. Little by little I had learned each detail of her young life. I seemed to know the aunt, and the English home where she had been brought up from childhood, as if I had lived there too. I had come to know and understand her love for her soldier father and for the memory of her dead mother. If I had been her brother, I told myself, I could not have known her better, and I know I could not have loved her half as well.

We had a pleasant voyage, but the progress we made was slow. The winds had been light, and nearly all from the southwest. It was the 30th of January before the captain told me that at last we had reached our southern limit. I didn't ask him our exact latitude then, and both the captain and the log-book were lost, but I understand from others that probably we were in about the thirty-eighth parallel of south latitude on that day. It was a lovely day, with a light wind from the southwest, and the captain said that at noon we were about two hundred and seventy miles to the east of the Cape. I was much better ; indeed, but for a tendency to get tired after a slight exertion, I felt almost myself again. That afternoon I persuaded Miss Ramsey to walk the deck with me for more than an hour, though she seemed afraid I should overtire myself. After that I lay on my deck-chair and we read together for the last time—oh, my God, for the last time!

I had begun to teach her to play chess, and she found all the keen delight of a child in the new excitement. On that evening after dinner we played until nearly nine o'clock, when she insisted that I must sit up no longer. We said good-night, and I went to my cabin. She was right,—I had rather overtired myself that day : I felt it as I prepared to lie down. Tompkins, my servant, was putting away my clothes, and in another minute I should have been in bed, when I was startled by a sudden hail on deck. It was loud, and it had about it that subtle quality of alarm which attaches itself strangely to some sounds not in themselves unusual. I paused involuntarily and listened. It was only a moment before it came again, and this time more urgent and menacing than before. I could not be sure, because the cabin doors were shut, but I thought I could distinguish the cry of "Fire!" I sprang from my seat and seized my clothes out of the hands of my astonished servant. Even as I did so that hail reached my ears for the third time : it was "Fire!" Terrible as the sound is under all circumstances, I felt in a moment how much more dreadful it is at sea. In an instant the imagination seizes on the idea of the isolation and loneliness which always appear to lurk behind the mystery of the

ocean. Fire, which is but a danger and an excitement on shore, becomes a terror and a horror on the sea, intensified by the impossibility of obtaining human aid and the utter absence of human sympathy.

It flashed upon me in a moment. As I was hurrying on the few articles of summer clothing I had but just put off, I seemed to enter into the full terror of the situation, so that what happened afterwards hardly came on me as a surprise. My first impulse had been to push my servant from the cabin and order him on deck to assist. He had been slow to understand the warning cry, and now that its meaning had come home to him he stood like a man stupefied. He seemed scarcely to comprehend me when I ordered him on deck: he looked me stupidly in the face when I spoke to him. I seized him by the shoulder and pushed him from the cabin before me. It seemed but an instant since the alarm of fire had startled my ear, but already it had reached the other passengers. Figures, some of them but partly dressed, were hurrying through the saloon. There was a quick trampling of feet on the deck outside, and the sound of orders shouted in hoarse tones came through the darkness. As we emerged from the poop we were met by the sharp acrid smell of burning and the keen sensation of smoke.

In a moment I found myself upon the main deck. Behind me rose the poop, and in front the dim tracery of the rigging and the ghostly white outline of the sails. It was some seconds before my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness after the lights of the saloon, and I peered helplessly into the shadows, made more confusing by the lines of light that streamed from the windows and open doors behind us. It was only for a few moments, however, and then I could see all that was visible of the danger. It didn't look alarming, and it was with a feeling of almost indescribable relief that I noticed how thin a haze of smoke it was that as yet curled upwards from the hatchway and hung in darker wreaths about the long-boat on the deck. At that moment the captain's voice sounded in my ear as he passed quickly by me: "Is that you, Captain Jervis? Don't let them get alarmed in the saloon. We'll soon get this under." The very sound of his loud hearty voice, with its ring of self-reliant confidence, seemed to calm my nerves. I felt he was right, and in a moment I had turned back to do his bidding. I had been one of the first of the passengers to take the alarm, and as I re-entered I could see pale frightened faces looking out of the state-room doors, and questioning eyes looking for the assurance of safety which their tongues could scarcely frame the words to ask. I repeated what the captain had just told me, and for the moment it evidently relieved the anxiety. Then I turned and left the cabin again.

I could hardly have been absent from the deck five minutes, and yet as I closed the door of the saloon behind me and looked out on the scene again it seemed to me that matters had changed for the worse more than I should have thought possible in so short a time. The crew were all on deck, and under the direction of the officers were already passing buckets of water from hand to hand, which were emptied into the hatchway that now yawned black and wide between the

two rows of men, while from the middle there rose a steady stream of black smoke, which stained the clear darkness of the night air with lines and blotches of blacker darkness, as it curled slowly upwards and showed more darkly still against the dim whiteness of the canvas. I went forward and offered to take my place in passing the buckets. "You can if you like," was the discouraging reply of the chief officer, to whom I had applied; "it looks as if we'd want all hands, and that's a fact; but," and here he lowered his voice, "let me advise you to give a hand to keep the women quiet. If things grow worse here we'll have them on our hands, and that's the very devil in a fire. I've been there before."

I hesitated for a moment, and then I saw that his advice was good. I had forgotten for the moment how weak I still was, but even as I hesitated my ear caught the sound of a smothered scream from the saloon, and I knew that if I could be of use at all it was in the way suggested. I stood for a moment looking at the smoke as it streamed up through the open hatch, apparently unchecked by the water thrown from the buckets. My eye followed the dark line of sailors as they passed the buckets from hand to hand, and my ear caught the splash of the water as it was dashed into the hold; then I went back to the only work for which I seemed to be fit.

Our little party had assembled in the saloon, and a more pathetically helpless one it would have been hard to find. The four men were all nearly helpless invalids, and each of them had his wife with him as nurse: thank God, there were no children. The terror of the situation had taken hold on these poor women, and for the first moment it was hard to recognize the faces, so white and drawn, so startled and changed they looked in the bright light of the lamps. Only one woman's face looked calm and brave: it was that of Miss Ramsey. A little pale perhaps, the eyes a little startled, and the fair young face a little anxious, but quiet and gentle and sweet as ever. I reassured them as much as I could. I begged them not to go out on the deck, where they would only be in the way and add to the danger. We waited there, the wives holding their sick husbands' hands, with sometimes a whispered word, and sometimes a silent caress: we waited. I have waited before,—waited as a soldier for the word to advance,—waited while the bullets fell around us like hail, and the shells shrieked as they flew overhead,—but I had known no waiting so ghastly as this. We listened in a silence that was more terrible than any words, every eye fixed on the door, every ear listening for each sound that came to us from the deck.

Suddenly a voice came in the sharp tone of command. It was the captain's voice: the words were, "Clew up the mainsail out of the way, my lads." We started, and Major Ransome, who was lying on a sofa, turned a questioning eye on me, as if in appeal that I should at least relieve their suspense. I went to the door and opened it. With an involuntary exclamation I started back: the ship was doomed. In those few minutes of waiting our fate had been sealed. The two rows of sailors were still there, and the buckets still passed steadily from hand to hand, but now each hard weather-beaten face glowed in

the red light which glanced and quivered upon deck and sails and rigging and turned the darkness of the night and ocean into a black abyss by contrast to that lurid glare. It came from the open hatchway, the crimson flashes mingling with the black smoke that now rolled in a wide stream upward, and the dull red glare showed how the fire was already raging below. The captain's face shone out clearly in the light, as his eye followed the sail which the men were already hauling up: it was calm, cool, and determined as ever, but it made me shudder, for it seemed to express nothing of hope.

My exclamation had been followed by a shriek from one of the women, and several had crowded to the door behind me. The captain turned and came towards us. There was something impressive in his deliberate step and steady eye, and we fell back before him. He closed the door behind him: for a single instant his eye dwelt on our little party, the helpless women and the still more helpless men, then he spoke. "We're in God's hands," he said, quietly. "I won't try to deceive you, for things look black enough. All I can promise is that we'll do our best, and at the worst we'll think first of the women and the sick." They crowded round him,—all, I think, except Miss Ramsey. They touched his hands, and even his rough jacket, as if the touch gave them confidence. He put them gently back, as he said, "You had better get some warm coverings and any trifles you value most, in case of the worst. I will let you know before anything else need be done." He turned away. I was standing on the side of the table opposite that at which Miss Ramsey was sitting, and I thought she glanced towards me, though she hardly raised her eyes. I leaned across the table and said, "I'm going now to see if I can do anything. Get a few things, as the captain said, and if there is no other way I will come back for you here. You won't go before I come?" I added, in a lower tone. She raised her eyes to mine, just for one moment, as she said, softly, "No, I will wait for you." I stayed for nothing more. I left the saloon and followed the captain on deck.

We had not been warned a moment too soon. I don't know what the cargo was, but I couldn't have believed that anything could have ignited so quickly. It had hardly taken the captain a minute to speak to us, and yet when we reached the deck once more it was like the lightning change of a kaleidoscope. The deck looked as bright as day, but with a brightness that was terrible. Already the flames were leaping high out of the hatchway, twisting and bending in waves and tendrils of dancing light. There was a hiss and a roar as they came up through the opening, and then the breeze, which seemed to have grown stronger, caught them and swept them high overhead in spires and sheets of crimson light which dazzled the eyes and seemed to confuse the senses.

The captain stopped and looked at it for a moment. Then his eyes fell on the seamen, still doggedly pursuing their task and throwing bucket after bucket of water on the flames, which now seemed utterly unchecked by the puny obstruction. Lifting his hand, he shouted, in a voice that mastered the roar of the flames, "Avast there, men!" The men instantly fell back before the fire as he added, "Stand by to

provision and clear away the boats." The men gave a hoarse cheer, as British sailors will in moments of desperation, and each sprang to the station which he knew for his own in such an emergency. The captain exclaimed, "Bear a hand, men; let's see if we can clear the long-boat," and sprang forward through the smoke and flames that now streamed across what was left of the deck to leeward between the hatchway and the bulwarks. Several of the sailors followed him, and instinctively I attempted to do the same. I was met by a blinding rush of smoke and a flash of crimson flame, and I fell back confused and scorched in the attempt. Then it flashed upon me that it was providential, after all. What if I could not return? What if these mounting flames should divide me from Miss Ramsey? I shuddered at the thought, as I turned to see what I could do where I was. Here a few—they seemed to me a very few—sailors, under the direction of the chief officer, were clearing away the two quarter-boats, while one man was clumsily loosening the ropes by which the small boat at the stern was slung to the davits. I went to this man's assistance, and found, to my surprise, that it was my servant Tompkins. There was no time for talking, so I ran to his assistance and cast off the other line. Tompkins seemed, I thought, hardly to know me, but he did as I shouted to him, and we managed at last to lower the boat into the water without accident. I fastened my rope and cast loose the one that Tompkins held, letting it run through the block. I looked over the stern, and could make out that the boat had swung round and was being drawn along in the wake of the ship.

I went over to the chief officer and said, "We've got her afloat all right, Mr. Roberts: what's to be done next?"—"Done, man?" he asked, impatiently: "get some provisions from below, and put a keg of water on board, and then stand by for orders. Don't you know as much as that yet?" He evidently took me in the half-light for one of the hands, and, though I had no idea where these things were to be got, I hurried below to look for them. I knew there was a way to the lower deck through the saloon, and I took it for granted I should get what was wanted there. I ran down the steps and through the saloon door, which now stood wide open. The major still lay on the sofa, but the others, I suppose, were engaged in collecting their valuables, as had been suggested. There was a light shining on the lower deck, and even among the babel of noises that now filled the air I could hear the voices of men calling to one another below. I hurried down the steps and found myself on the lower deck, amid a strange confusion of cases, barrels, and boxes, piled one upon another, leaving narrow passages between. I paused bewildered, unable to make up my mind in what direction to go to reach the light which glowed and glimmered, casting weird lights and shadows on the piled-up merchandise. Suddenly the light shot up with a crimson glare; there was a roar, a crash, and at the same moment a thick cloud of smoke rushed through the passages and dimmed even the fierce glare of the fire. Then I knew the fire had burst into the after hold.

I looked round me in despair. Where were the food and water of which the mate had spoken? It was smoke, nothing but smoke; and

already my eyes were dimmed and my senses confused. I felt that it was useless, and turned and made the best of my way up the steps. When I reached the top I found myself opposite the door of the steward's pantry. The sight of the open door seemed to give me new hope: there must be some food at least here. To dart into the place and look hastily around for what I sought was the work of a moment. Apparently I was the first who had come there in search of food. I snatched up a small bag and threw into it the first articles that caught my eye. I hardly know what they were, but among them were biscuits and a loaf of bread, besides some cans, probably of fish or fruit.

With the bag in my hand I re-entered the saloon, only to find it empty. I looked around: there was not a sign of its late occupants, and, more surprising yet, Miss Ramsey too was gone. The smoke was beginning to fill the place, and the heat was growing stifling. I raised my voice and shouted: I hardly know what I shouted, but my hope was to attract Miss Ramsey's attention. It was in vain; the roar and hiss of the flames that now raged outside alone replied. I thought I could hear shouts and cries from various parts of the ship, and I concluded that she had been compelled to go with the others; most likely I should find them on the poop deck. I sprang through the door and up the steps, and stood on the raised deck once more. There was no want of light now. The deck, the masts, the sails, glowed blood-red in the wild conflagration. I looked for the passengers, but they had either not been there or they had gone. One figure, and only one, was in sight as I strained my eyes. The sails were either clewed up or hanging loose from the yards, and the wheel was deserted; but crouched on the grating at the stern was one figure; it was my servant Tompkins. I sprang to the stern and looked over: thank God, the boat we had lowered was there still. I turned to Tompkins; I shook him angrily as he sat. He looked at me stupidly. "Have you seen Miss Ramsey?" I shouted into his ear. He only looked helplessly into my face, and shook his head stupidly in answer to my question. The man was paralyzed with fear. I looked around in despair.

At that moment a cry reached my ear,—a cry such as I had never heard before, indeed, but I would have known the voice among a thousand: it was Alice's voice. It seemed to come from below me, and I knew it must be from the saloon. I seemed to clear the length of the poop deck at a bound. Below me it looked like the entrance to a furnace. Billows of smoke rolled and surged against the edge of the poop; tongues of flame flickered and darted hungrily through the smoke. I gave it a single glance, then I shut my eyes and jumped down. The saloon door was open as I had left it, and the smoke was rushing through in coils and wreaths as I darted in. She was there. I sprang to her side, and she—she turned to me with one glad cry, and I clasped her in my arms. I didn't mean to do it: at another time I would have done almost anything sooner than say it, but I couldn't help it then. I whispered, "My darling, my darling!" She did not shrink from me; she did not look away. Her dear face looked up into mine as if she was happy; her sweet eyes had something in them as they returned my look, which spoke of a feeling like my own.

How I did it I cannot remember now, but I know I got her out through the skylight. I lifted her up and held her in my arms: I got a rope and lowered her into the boat that swung below. I was just about to make Tompkins go down and follow him myself, when I remembered suddenly that we had no water. I leaned over and called to my darling that I would be back in a minute or two. I told Tompkins to wait for me, and I went, determined that if there were water on board I would get it. I knew that no water was to be got in the saloon, and that I must seek it in the fore part of the ship. I crossed the poop to the windward side, and, dashing down the ladder to the main deck, rushed forward through the fire and smoke that raged amidships, only saved by the breeze which drifted the flames to leeward. When at last I managed to look around me I could see that the foremast was on fire, and that only a very few men were left on deck. I rushed towards them, shouting for water, and I suppose they must have thought me mad, for one or two of them turned and stared at me. One of them was carrying a keg that looked like water, and, although I was almost exhausted, I seized it, and grappled with him for its possession. Whether something fell on me or whether I fell I cannot say, but I remember the sensation of a blow, then a great flash of light seemed to dazzle me, and I lost consciousness.

When I opened my eyes again I was in darkness. I stretched out my hand feebly and touched the side of a boat. One glad thrill ran through my veins: I had reached the boat, then, though I had forgotten it. Then a doubt, a horrible doubt, crept over me. "Alice," I whispered, "Alice, my darling, are you there?" There was no reply, but a sort of uneasy movement in the boat near me. I shuddered. "Speak, for God's sake speak," I managed to articulate, after a moment's pause that seemed like an hour to me. A voice, a gruff but not unkindly voice, replied, "I dunno what you mean, sir, but you're aboard the mate's boat, an' their ain't no one o' the name of Alice aboard here, not as I knows on."

I gave one great cry, they tell me, when he spoke, and sprang to my feet; then I fell like a dead man in the bottom of the boat.

CHAPTER III.

ALICE RAMSEY'S RECOLLECTIONS.

It is all like a strange and terrible dream now, yet as I try to recall what happened it seems to come back little by little, till I can almost see the awful sights again, and hear the sounds that once seemed as if they would ring through my bewildered brain as long as I could hear anything. It is strange how completely they had passed away, so that until I sat down to write this I appeared to have only a dim idea of something strange and dreadful that had happened long ago.

I don't think I felt very much frightened when the captain told us we were in great danger. Perhaps it was because he spoke so quietly; perhaps because Captain Jervis didn't seem frightened, but only told

me to get my things and asked me to wait till he came for me. Of course I said I would wait, for I knew that if anything dreadful did really happen he was sure to do everything that could be done, and to do it better than anybody else. When he opened the saloon door and went out I think we in the cabin knew for the first time how dreadful the danger really was. As the door opened, the flames seemed to spring up out of the deck yards high and to wave in the wind with a terrible roaring noise that made one shudder. Some of the ladies screamed, and then he shut the door, but it didn't shut out that sound, and I think it seemed even worse to me now that I could only hear it.

Poor Mrs. Ransome was crying, and wringing her hands over the major, who seemed to have fainted, and I think that was the first thing that roused me, for of course I ran to get some water for him, and we sprinkled it on his face, till after a minute or two he came to himself again. He only said, "My poor Bessie!" Then I ran to Mrs. Ransome's cabin and brought out some of her things, for of course one couldn't stand there listening to what they might want to say to one another. I think it did me good, for when I felt so sorry for them my own fright seemed to go away, and I only thought what I could do to help them. I knew quite well that Major Ransome was dying, and I think poor Mrs. Ransome knew it too, but this seemed so much worse than merely dying in his bed; and then if we had to go in boats he could never live through it. The other invalids might have a chance, but he would have none at all.

I have no idea how long it was, for the shouting of the sailors on deck, and the terrible roaring of the fire, which grew louder and louder every moment, seemed to confuse one so that I had no clear idea about anything; but at last some of the sailors came running in and went down the little stair that led to the deck below. They left the door open, and we could see how terribly the fire was increasing. It leaped up so high now that it seemed to be climbing the mast, and as it waved and flickered its huge flames in the wind it seemed to hiss and scream like some great serpent. One of the sailors shouted, as he ran down the steps, for us to get ready, for he was lowering away the boats. I knew that he meant the captain, for I had often heard the sailors call him that before, so then I knew that there was no more hope for our dear old ship.

The sailors began to carry things up on their shoulders, and I went to my cabin to get some of my things to take with me. It was all so terrible and strange that I felt confused. I leaned my head on the edge of my bed just for a moment to collect my thoughts, and I am not sure, but I almost think I must have lost consciousness for a time, for when I looked up again I felt so strange and sick, and the red light in the cabin was so much brighter than it had seemed before. I grew frightened then, and just snatched up a cloak and one or two things, and my little work-bag, and ran out into the saloon again. It was empty. The door must have been left open, for great clouds of black smoke were rolling in through it, and the whole place was dim and blurred with a kind of red mist. I looked round helplessly, and then

ran towards the door, but as I got near it the smoke grew hotter and hotter and seemed to blind me, and fierce red tongues shot out of it and scorched my face. I suppose I screamed then, though I don't remember that, only I heard a shout, as if in answer, and in another moment Arthur—Captain Jervis, you know—sprang in through the door-way. He seemed to come out of the fire and smoke, and he just caught me in his arms. It was strange, for I had never thought of him in that way before; but at the moment I felt quite safe, and so strangely happy. He held me tight,—oh, so tight,—and he bent over me with such a strange face, as if he was half afraid to say it but couldn't help himself, as he whispered, "Thank God, I've found you, my darling, my darling!"

It was only for one moment, and then he looked round to see how we were to get out. Then he let me go, and, springing on one of the tables near the stern, he forced up the skylight; then he held out his hand to me. "Come, my darling," he said, in, oh, such a tender voice: "you must try to get through here; it's the only way now." Of course I gave him my hand, and he helped me on to the table; then he took me in his arms and lifted me up till my head was through the opening. He must have helped me, for in a moment I found that I was out on the deck. Almost before I could look round he had scrambled through the window and was beside me. I tried to look round, but could hardly believe it was the ship; it was so terrible, and yet so beautiful. At first it seemed as if it was all in one great blaze, though really it was only the middle part yet. The fire had seized on the mast, and run up till it had caught the sails, and now it was blazing quite to the very top, like a great torch, only that the flames were running along the yards, and the burning sails were blowing away in pieces to leeward.

I had no time to look at it then, for he seized my hand and drew me away to the stern, where they coiled the ropes, and I could see a boat floating below, and looking as if it had been painted red, as it towed behind the ship in the water. A man was sitting crouched up on the grating. Arthur took him by the shoulder and shook him angrily, as he exclaimed, "Get up, man, and help. Don't be such a cur, Tompkins!" The man looked at him stupidly, but he seemed to do as he was told. Then Arthur put a rope round me, oh, so gently, and fastened it under my arms. Then he bent his head down and whispered into my ear, "I must lower you, darling, but you will be brave, won't you? I'll be with you in a minute or two." Then he lifted me in his arms again, and made me sit on the stern rail, and then he lowered me down very slowly, till at last I felt my feet touch the bottom of the boat. He called down to me to loose the rope, and after a minute or two I managed to get it loose enough to slip it down over my feet, and then he pulled it up. After a minute he lowered a little bag with biscuits and some other things in it, besides my cloak, which I had left on deck. I was surprised to find that the waves seemed to be quite high, and the boat rocked a good deal, but I managed to catch the things and loosen the rope. He pulled it up, and I expected he would come down in another minute; but instead of that he leaned over and called out,

"Don't be frightened. I must run and fetch some water, in case the boats get separated; but I'll be back in a minute or two. Tompkins will stay here and see that nothing happens." Why was it, I wonder, that my heart sank like a lump of lead as he spoke? I had opened my lips to beg him not to go, when his face disappeared, leaving a blank—oh, such a dreadful blank!

Then I said to myself how foolish it was, and I determined to be brave, but all the time I felt the tears running down my cheeks as I sat rocking backward and forward on the crimson water, with the spray dashing over me in little jerks, and feeling so awfully alone. I don't know how long it was: it seemed an age to me. My eyes were fixed on the place high above me where I had seen his face last, and above that the sky seemed to be all one sheet of flames that flickered and roared and scattered showers of blazing sparks, like great rockets bursting, all over the sea to leeward of the ship. All on a sudden, as I was looking, there was a bright flash just above me, and a great tongue of fire shot out of one of the stern cabin windows, and then a gush of black smoke that prevented my seeing the place where Arthur was to come. I know I must have screamed then, though I don't suppose any one could have heard it in the dreadful noise that was growing louder and more terrible every minute. I know I sprang up and stretched out my arms, and then the boat seemed to sway and rock so dreadfully below me that I lost my balance and fell.

I think I must have struck my head on something, for when I came to myself I felt so sore and so very stupid that I didn't even feel frightened. I was lying in the bottom of the boat, and it was rocking a little, but not nearly so much as it did before. I laid hold of the seat that was close beside me and drew myself up by it. Then I thought I must be insensible still. I looked round, and the sea was dark, not red and sparkling as it had been just before. Then I looked for the ship, but she was nowhere to be seen, only, far away—ever so far, it seemed—there was a great crimson stain on the dark water, and lights that leaped and danced and quivered before my eyes. I looked at it stupidly. I rubbed my eyes again and again: I gazed, as if I could never gaze enough, at the great crimson light in the distance, and the long plain of dark heaving water that stretched between. I was alone, all, all alone, in that little boat on the wide ocean. My head seemed to swim round; the great light wavered and quivered, and then it went out. I heard a rushing sound like water, and then I heard nothing more.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM THE LOG OF THE NAVARINO.

February 3, 1887. Latitude $37^{\circ} 28'$, longitude $33^{\circ} 14'$.

FRESH breeze from west-southwest, with long swell from the northwest. Weather clear, and thermometer in shade at noon 78. Barometer 29.3.

The weather to-day has shown a marked improvement over that

of the last forty-eight hours, and the wind fell during the morning to a light topsail breeze. The swell is from the northwest, and would seem to indicate that the weather we have met with was only the outer edge of a storm travelling from the westward, the focus of which may probably have been to the north of Madagascar. Our course has been altered to east-southeast, and she has been making by estimation about five knots since morning.

At 8.45 A.M. the lookout man reported wreckage on the lee bow. The chief officer, who was in charge, ordered her to be kept away two points to leeward to examine it. On approaching it more nearly, however, it appeared to be part of the top-gallant mast and yard of a large vessel; and, as Mr. Collins judged it unlikely that any information could be obtained by examining these spars more closely, which had probably been lost by an Indiaman in the recent bad weather, neither he nor I thought it worth while to detain the ship for the purpose of nearer examination.

4.30 P.M.—Sighted more wreckage, apparently of some size, on the windward bow, bearing southeast, half a point southerly, about two miles off. Bore up to examine same, and on coming up with it found that it appeared to be the top and a large part of the mast of a large ship. On a closer examination, which was made by Mr. Collins in the starboard quarter-boat, it appeared that the vessel to which it belonged had been destroyed by fire, as the mast was much charred, especially at the place where it had parted. So far as could be seen, there was no mark of any sort that held out any hope of identifying the vessel to which it had belonged, but Mr. Collins reports that, in his opinion, it had not been in the water more than a few days, as there were no signs of barnacles or other incrustations of any sort. It might, in his opinion, have belonged to the same vessel as the spars sighted this morning, though, as we did not examine these closely, we have no means of knowing whether they bore marks of fire. The difference in position, although considerable, may, in his opinion, be accounted for by the fact that the top stood so far out of the water that it would act as a sail upon which a strong breeze would act with considerable effect. As this wreckage appears to indicate a serious calamity at sea, I have set a lookout at the main royal yard in case anything more should be sighted which may throw light on the identity of the vessel which it may be feared has been lost. It is in the highest degree improbable that in any case we should sight any boats, even if the weather had not been such as to render the chance of boats living in it a very doubtful one, because it is certain that the disaster must have occurred far to the west of our present position, the wind having blown from the westward during the late bad weather. Boats, on the other hand, if navigated by seamen, would have kept as far as possible to the southward and westward, so as to bear up for the Cape, or at any rate get into the regular course of the Australian shipping. It is, however, just possible that we may fall in with something that may enable us to identify the vessel, of which it is only too likely there may be no other record.

8 P.M.—The precaution taken by me this afternoon, as set down above, has proved to be the means, under Providence, of rescuing one

human being from a death of the most terrible character from thirst and exposure. It is not even now certain that this life can be saved, but the doctor, in whose ability I have the greatest confidence, seems to be hopeful. In any case we have been the means of saving her—for it is a woman, or I should rather say a girl—from the last extremity of suffering. From her, of course, we have as yet learned nothing, but the boat tells its own tale. It is clinker-built, has been painted white with a black bead line, and the name on the stern is "Tanjore—London." Clearly an Indiaman.

It was about six o'clock when the lookout man first sighted her on the weather bow, bearing some two points to the southward of our course. When he hailed the deck he couldn't make out what she was, but we soon made her out with a glass. We managed to lay her head far enough up in the wind to fetch within quarter of a mile of her. It was growing dusk before we fetched her, as the wind had fallen light, and we could make out nothing aboard of her from the ship. Mr. Collins took a boat and went after her, but it was dark before he had her alongside. He reported the body of a woman found aboard, and it was only when the doctor went to examine it that we discovered she was alive. We got her on board with all the care we could, and from what could be seen of her while they laid her down in the saloon for a minute, while a cabin was being got ready to put her in, she appears to be young, and, although her face is much wasted, probably handsome. From her clothes, and one or two small trinkets she had on, she seems to be a lady, probably the daughter of some saloon passenger by the Tanjore.

In the boat there were found, besides the girl, a pair of oars, but no rowlocks; a small bread-bag containing nearly twenty pounds of captain's biscuit, three tins of sardines, two of cocoa, and part of a loaf of soft bread, which looked as if some had been torn off; there was also a lady's cloak, and a small work-bag containing needles, silk, and a small piece of embroidery work, besides a small volume of poetry with the name "A. Jervis" in pencil on the fly-leaf. The boat has been carefully examined, but nothing more has been found. There was no keg nor other vessel that could have contained water, so it is almost certain that however long the girl may have been cast away she has had nothing to drink. She has now been removed to an unoccupied cabin, and is being attended by the doctor and the assistant stewardess.

Feb. 10.—To-day the doctor reports our derelict passenger out of danger. He states, however, that her mind appears still to be much confused, and he considers it still unadvisable to attempt to obtain from her any information as to the circumstances under which she was cast away in the boat. He further reports that he hopes that in a few days she may be strong enough to be brought on deck, and possibly may have recovered sufficiently to be questioned without risk. I have had the boat brought on deck, and the few articles found taken every care of for purposes of future identification.

Feb. 24.—The doctor now reports our derelict passenger nearly recovered. She has been on deck every day for more than a week,

and is rapidly regaining flesh and color. In deference to the doctor's opinion, I refrained from asking her any questions until to-day, although it seemed to me that the caution was unnecessary. To-day, however, I determined to ascertain something of the fate of the Tanjore, and, though the doctor appeared still reluctant, I spoke to her in the saloon before she went on deck. I am afraid the doctor was right, after all. I fear we shall learn nothing from our passenger. She listened to my questions as I asked them, but did not appear to understand in the least what I meant. When I mentioned the Tanjore I thought a troubled look came into her eyes for an instant, and she repeated the name after me in a gentle, wondering voice, as if she was not sure whether she had ever heard it before. She was very quiet and gentle, and her voice is one of the pleasantest I ever heard, but I had to give it up. The doctor says he is not surprised, because such cases of loss of memory as the result of shock or hardship are by no means unheard of. He says we must wait. I suppose he is right: there is nothing else to be done.

CHAPTER V.

THE DOCTOR'S PATIENT.

I HAVE had some puzzling patients before, but none quite so difficult to understand as the one I came by on the 3d of February. I haven't had much general practice as yet, but five years as house-surgeon to a Liverpool hospital make one acquainted, either directly or at second hand, with a good many queer cases. If it had not been for that, I might have been even more puzzled by this case than I was.

I never intended to stay in England so long as I have done, so it is not surprising that after five years spent in studying for my diplomas at Edinburgh, and five more spent in Liverpool, I should have found myself a ship's doctor, going home to Australia in the *Navarino* at the beginning of 1887. The *Navarino* is a good ship, and we have had a pleasant if not a very rapid voyage. Fortunately, the captain and officers are intelligent fellows, and the passengers, especially those in the saloon, are a superior lot. Like most sea-voyages nowadays, our trip promised to be an uneventful one: the usual tropical sunsets, the time-honored porpoises and flying-fish; the moonlight and constitutionals on deck, and the whist for sixpenny points in the saloon. Everything was carried out in the most respectable and old-fashioned style, down to the flirtations on the poop deck and the measles in the steerage; and until we rounded the Cape there was not a sign of anything to render our voyage less commonplace than nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand are in these days of scientific seamanship and first-class vessels. We didn't go far south of the Cape, as we had a run of southwesterly weather. It blew hard on the 1st and 2d of February, but the wind fell away on the night of the 2d, and on the morning of the 3d there was only a light breeze, with a long swell setting from the northwest.

That was the state of things in which the event of the voyage found the Navarino: that was our record on the day on which I fell in with the most interesting case I had as yet puzzled over. Small events seem important on a long voyage, so I was not surprised when I came on deck to find a general excitement prevailing on the subject of a spar that had been seen floating some distance to windward about an hour before. Perhaps if it had been to leeward we should have examined it more closely, but, as it was, the captain and chief officer had decided that it wasn't worth while. They concluded that some ship had lost the spar in the gale of which we had only got the outer edge, and, as there was no chance of identifying the topmast as that of any particular vessel, they passed it by. It was curious to note what an interest that piece of floating wood aroused on board; and yet perhaps it is hardly strange, after all. At first sight a whale or a school of porpoises would seem to be a much more interesting thing, yet, after all, that floating timber had all the fascination attaching to a record of human history. It was a message from the sea, and the message was not the less interesting because it was capable of a variety of readings. No; after all, it was not surprising that it should have supplied us with our main subject of conversation for the day, or that I should have taken my full share in the discussions and felt my full share of interest in the speculations.

We were just recovering from this small excitement when we fell in with a greater one. It was after four o'clock that afternoon when the lookout man sighted more floating wreck. It lay to windward, but, as it appeared to be a large piece, the captain decided to examine it. We lay up as near as we could to the wind, and the chief officer went with a boat's crew and overhauled it. It turned out to be a large piece of a ship's mast, probably a mainmast, and the top stood high out of the water, so as to attract attention from a distance. The remarkable thing was, however, that it had been burnt nearly through at the lower end, and was a good deal charred even as high as the top. This was all the boat's crew found out, except that it had not been long in the water, most likely not above a day or two. There was no mark upon the wreck by which it could be identified; no means by which we could guess the nationality of the ship, or the fate of the crew. The captain sent a sailor to keep a lookout from the main royal yard in case anything more should come in sight, and the crew and passengers settled themselves down to a fresh discussion of all the hundred possibilities opened up by our latest discovery.

The sun had just gone down, and the expectation of the supper-bell was beginning to divide our interest with the nautical problem we had been discussing for the last two hours, when the lookout man again hailed the deck. Whatever it was that he saw lay away some distance on our windward bow, and the captain at once changed our course and headed in the direction pointed out by the lookout man. Everybody who possessed a telescope of any kind used it, myself among the number, and by the time I had got as high as the main top I could make it out pretty plainly. It was a boat. It seemed to lie quite still, steeped in the brightness of the western sky, which made it ap-

pear larger than it was, as it stood up, the one dark spot on the golden plain of the western ocean. The breeze was light, and we had plenty of time to examine the strange waif of the sea before we drew up near enough to lower away a boat to go off to her. It was beginning to grow dark when we did so, and, though I did my best to make her out clearly, I could not be sure whether the boat was entirely empty or not. One thing appeared certain: she had no crew on board. The captain, indeed, laughed at the notion of any one being in her, and assured me that the boat had no doubt been washed overboard, or broken adrift in some way, and, being entirely light and left altogether to herself, had lived through the bad weather, which would almost certainly have sunk her had there been any one on board. As he put it, that seemed probable enough, and the only thing we could expect to learn from her in that case would be the name of the vessel to which she had belonged. Even this was of sufficient interest to keep most of us on deck, in spite of the counter-attractions of supper, while the boat was gone.

It was dark by the time she came alongside again, and we could only make out the outlines of the two boats, one in tow of the other, as Mr. Collins answered the eager hail of the captain, "You've got her, then? What ship did she belong to?"—"Ay, ay, sir, we've got her. Name on her stern the *Tanjore of London*; body of a woman on board." They had put a step-ladder over the side, and without a moment's delay I mounted on the bulwark and scrambled down. I jumped into the mate's boat, and from her to the stranger. It was true. There was the figure of a human being lying in the bottom of the boat, and from the clothing it seemed to be that of a woman. It lay strangely huddled together, and might well have been taken for a dead body; but as I went on my knee beside her and bent close I saw that she was still alive. There was not a moment to lose, and there are no men like sailors in an emergency. We got a sling rigged, and within a very few minutes I was hoisted on board with the unconscious girl in my arms. It was not till she was brought into the saloon that I had light enough to see her face distinctly. It was a strange one to be seen under such conditions,—strange, and to my eyes almost beautiful. It was very young, that of a girl seventeen, or at most eighteen, years of age; the face was deadly pale, and the cheeks a little sunken, but the skin was clear and soft, and the outline delicate, refined, and almost perfect in shape. The eyes were closed, and the long eyelashes, of a very dark brown color, lay in vivid contrast upon the deadly pale cheeks.

We put her in one of our largest cabins, which had been abandoned by some passenger at the last moment before sailing, and I tried everything I could think of to restore her. She was in a curious state of collapse which was new to my experience, but when I learned from the mate that although there was food there was not a drop of water on board the boat, I remembered hearing of a similar case from a ship's surgeon in Liverpool, and acted on the assumption that exhaustion from want of water, complicated by fright and exposure, was the cause of her condition. It was a long and anxious business, and I don't

know that I ever felt more interest in a case. My exertions were well seconded by one of the stewardesses, who had some training as a hospital nurse, and I fancy our patient owed her life at least as much to the nurse as to the doctor. She came round at last, though very gradually, and it was nearly a week before I could say with any confidence that she was out of danger. After that, however, she regained strength rapidly, and within a week she was able to sit up in her cabin, and I began to think of moving her to the deck.

During all this time I had never attempted to ask, or even to suggest, a question. I confess I felt sufficient curiosity myself, and that of both the captain and the passengers was even more difficult to restrain. I suppose there had scarcely been a subject discussed since the rescue but that of the mystery surrounding our new passenger. Where had this delicate girl come from, and how was it possible that she had survived the dangers through which she must have passed? This was, of course, the main question; but behind it there was the awful background of possibilities suggested by the fire-scarred mast, the discovery of which had led to the rescue of the boat with its human survivor.

Again and again, as I sat speaking a few words in a cheerful way to my patient, the temptation which urged me to try to learn something more on these points almost overcame me. One thing, and I think only one, restrained me: it was something in my patient's face. There was a shadow on that fair young brow, and a strange, almost appealing look in the large soft brown eyes, which seemed to be seeking for rather than likely to afford information. She evidently knew she was on board ship, but she asked no questions, unless that strange look with which she followed me as I left her cabin meant an unspoken question. Sometimes it seemed to me that it did; and yet it seemed unaccountable that she should say nothing, and should not once refer to the novelty of her surroundings. The passengers were more than ready to do anything for her. There had been almost literally nothing in the boat, and, except the clothing she wore and a cloak, no clothes of any kind. There was no lack of volunteers to supply this deficiency, however, and perhaps the most remarkable symptom of her mental condition was that of which the stewardess told me when she had helped her on with some of the things supplied by the passengers' good will. "Why, sir," she said, "she just looks at them, wondering and pleased, like a child with a new dress, but she don't say nothing."

At last I got her on deck. I had warned the passengers not to ask any questions, and, indeed, not to trouble her with conversation at all, and I must admit that they behaved admirably. I could see how curious they were, but when they looked her in the face it seemed somehow to affect them as it had done me, and they did as I told them. The change did my patient a great deal of good: the soft pink began to come back to her cheeks, and now and then there was something that looked like the first dawning of a smile in her pathetic eyes at something she saw or heard. She spoke very little, only a few words at a time, but when she did speak it was in the sweetest low voice

I ever heard,—a voice that seemed in some way to suggest tears, although she had never once cried since she came on board. The stewardess could hardly speak of her to me without tears in her eyes; she was quite devoted to her, and somehow it seemed quite natural. I confess I never had the same feeling for a patient myself.

It was the captain who troubled me. A capital fellow is Captain Jackson, I admit, but he tried my temper over this matter. He was one of your ultra-conscientious people, and he had got it into his head that he owed it to his employers, and to seafaring people in general, to ascertain at the earliest possible moment all about the tragedy of which he supposed our passenger (whom, by the way, he would insist upon calling "our derelict") to be the only survivor. Doctors have no greater trials than these aggressively conscientious people, because they are generally the only ones who cannot be induced to do as they are bidden by those who know better than themselves. This was my trouble with Captain Jackson. I kept him from interfering with my patient for a week, indeed, after she came on deck, but it was chiefly, I think, by never letting him be with her except when I was close by. At last he got a chance one morning. I had been detained dressing a wound for one of the sailors, and he waylaid her as she was coming on deck. I found him in the saloon when I got back, talking to my patient, with the stewardess standing by looking daggers at him. A glance told me what he was doing; a second glance at my patient's face and his own showed me that he had failed. It was like a picture: the look of perplexed annoyance on the captain's face, answered by a gentle expression of puzzled wonder on the girl's, like that of a child who has been spoken to on a subject which she is unable, though anxious, to understand. The captain turned away. My patient looked at me with that suspicion of trouble in her eyes which made them more pathetic than tears, and said, gently, "I don't know; I don't understand. Perhaps you could tell him what he wants to know, doctor."—"It's no use," he whispered to me, as he hurried on deck; "she remembers nothing, nothing at all!" I had more than half suspected it before; but, if so, what was to be done with my patient?

I have thought much of this since then, and I can find no satisfactory answer. What is to be done? In a few weeks we shall be in Australia, and this beautiful child,—for she is beautiful, and without a past she is almost more helpless than a child,—who is to provide for her? I have examined the few trifles that were found in the boat, but, except the little book, they afford absolutely no clue. Is it her own book, I wonder, and is her name Jervis? When I put it into her hands she looked at the name, and I thought a little tender smile trembled on her lips for an instant, as if she half remembered; then it died away, and she sat looking at it with that wistful look which is so infinitely sad. Every piece of clothing she wore has been examined, but there is not a mark to distinguish it by. The ladies to whom they have been shown all say they are of the finest materials, but there is no mark,—none whatever.

BOOK II.—DRIFTING.

CHAPTER I.

MISS MILFORD'S VISITOR.

CHARLES had been away from Australia for ten years, and, after all, ten years is a great slice out of a young man's life. Perhaps I need hardly mention that I'm not quite so young myself as I have been,—if there were any danger of my forgetting it, those forward girls of my brother's up at the Run would take care of my memory in that respect,—but even to me ten years seems a long time.

When Charles wrote at last to tell me he was coming out in the *Navarino*, I hardly know whether I felt more glad of the chance of seeing my boy again or more anxious as to what he would be like when I did see him. For, after all, he was my boy. His father—well, the less we say about his father the better—had nothing to do with him from the day when his mother gave him into my care on her death-bed, when he was only seven years old. I have an idea that I knew how to bring up a boy,—at least I had then: did you ever know an old maid that hadn't?—and I did my best for Charles. He was a nice boy, too, but stubborn in a quiet way. What he wanted he generally contrived to get, and that was how it happened that when he was eighteen years of age he managed to go home to study medicine at Edinburgh. There could be no doubt the boy was meant for a doctor, indeed, for from the first month he lived with me till the day he left he was hardly ever without some bird, or dog, or cat, or even a rat or mouse, with something broken about it that he was busy doctoring. Yes, I knew he ought to be a doctor, but I thought he might have done it without going to the other side of the world to prepare for it. The boy thought differently, however, and at last I gave in, and he went.

I admit I was proud of my boy. Why should I not be, indeed, when he did what no other Australian student at Edinburgh had ever done in carrying off prizes and honors? He was a good boy, too. I had been afraid to send a lad of eighteen away by himself—for we hadn't a near relative at home to look after the boy—to a place where there were sure to be plenty of temptations to go wrong in one way or another, but Charles turned out as steady as a rock. Yes, I was proud of him, and although I was disappointed when, after leaving Edinburgh with every distinction a student could possibly have, he chose to stay at a Liverpool hospital instead of coming home, I came to see it was very natural a man like that should think nothing of so much importance as his science.

And now at last he was coming back. I needn't say I was glad, but I can't deny that at times I was afraid too. Of course I said nothing about my fears, but they were there all the same. Would it be my boy in any sense at all that would come back to me? He had never missed writing once a fortnight in all these years, and I had been proud of the letters, too; but, after all, letters are not much to go by. I know I went to my room and pulled out the old bundles of faded

letters from the drawer to compare them with the later ones. And there was a difference: I couldn't hide it from myself. Of course there was: how could it be otherwise? Yet it made me uncomfortable. However, I wrote to George and announced it. I could just fancy how those girls would discuss Aunt Ellen's pet lamb, as I know that impertinent chit Elsie christened him long ago. Of course old Bridget knew of it nearly as soon as I did myself, and very nearly upset the teapot she had brought for breakfast in her excitement, excusing herself by the characteristic remark, "Sure an' it was nately caught, or it's a job there'd hev bin waitin' for Masther Charlie afther his own heart, glory be to God." And so we waited for the arrival of the Navarino. I used to walk over to the point every day after the middle of January, just to have a look down the harbor, though of course I knew he couldn't have got much more than half-way; and I know that Bridget, who couldn't read, used to induce the cook to read the shipping news to her every morning before she brought me up my *Herald*. February passed slowly away, and nearly the first half of March, before the ship actually arrived, and I had plenty of time to work myself into a state of unreasonable anxiety about her safety, which I think made me almost forget my fear that I should find Charlie's return a disappointment.

She was reported by a passing steamer the night before, so that we knew from the newspaper when to expect her at the anchorage, and I had some difficulty in preventing Bridget from going off to "bid Masther Charlie the toime of day," as she expressed what would most likely have proved to be a warm and even embarrassing greeting. I had long before decided that I would go off to welcome my boy home again, and I think I was on the very first ferry-steamer that called at the Navarino in passing. I was glad I went, on every account. My boy was all I could have wished, and much more than I had dared to hope, and I never felt so proud in my life as when I felt his warm kiss on my old cheek and held him at arm's length to look at the manly and—yes, in spite of Elsie, I *will* say it—handsome fellow who looked down at me with the same kindly and rather quizzical eyes I had known so well in my boy. I may not be a very good judge, though for that matter I don't see why I should not be every bit as good as Elsie, but Charlie seemed to me then, and he seems to me more to-day, to be a man better worth looking at than most men. At any rate, I was something more than satisfied, and I was delighted when he said, "Now, auntie, you must come and have a look at my diggings before you go ashore. You won't see a real doctor's room after his own heart on shore, where his things are always at the mercy of women-folks." I remembered Charlie's room in old times, and I felt glad to think that Bridget and I had kept it just as he left it, except the mess he always used to have everywhere.

I didn't suspect he had any special reason for his invitation till he had shown me into the cabin and seated me in his chair, but then I thought he hesitated. Elsie always says I'm as sharp as a kangaroo in a clearing, and perhaps I do notice little things quickly, but anyhow I just looked up in Charlie's face and I knew there was something he

wanted to say. It was the old look I had seen a thousand times, and it all came back with a rush ; it was my very boy once more. "Well, Charlie?" I said. He laughed, the same old half-embarrassed laugh : I could have hugged the boy on the spot. "The fact is, auntie," he said, "I'm in a hole, and you'll just have to help me out of it, as you always used to, you know." I was startled, and half a dozen ideas jostled one another in my head. What had the boy been doing? Nothing to be ashamed of, I felt sure, as I glanced at his face, but—but was there a girl? It was only for a moment ; then I said, "Tell me, Charlie."

Then he told me the story of the girl they had picked up at sea. I was sorry it was a girl,—I don't mind saying that,—but I was interested in the story as he told it. He just told me what had happened, and then stopped and looked at me. "Yes," I said, "poor thing, and you want me to do something about her, I see, Charlie. What is it?" He looked at me, a little reproachfully, I thought, as he said, "You know well enough, auntie. I want you to take her home with you." I laughed : it was so exactly like Charlie. "Like the old cat with the broken leg, Charlie," I said. His face flushed a little,—I didn't altogether like that flush,—and he said, quickly, "No, auntie, but you see it's my case, and—and I didn't think you would mind. Of course it needn't be for long." I looked at him as he spoke, and I don't think I liked it any better, but I only said, "Where is the girl?"—"Most likely in her cabin, I should think ; but you *will* take her home for a few days at least, won't you, auntie?" Of course I couldn't refuse the boy, though I had rather at the moment it had been anything else he had asked, but I only said, "But on what pretext am I to ask the girl? Don't you see how very awkward it is?"

It *was* annoying, you see, after all, to be saddled with a strange girl like this, a mere waif of the sea, about whom we knew nothing, and perhaps never should know : it was a thousand times worse than Charlie's broken-legged cat. "You mustn't ask her at all, auntie," he rejoined, coolly ; "you must just assume that you have a right to her. If you like, I'll introduce you as her aunt."

The whole thing was such a surprise that I hardly knew what to think, and I hadn't at all made up my mind as to what I ought to do about it even when we left the cabin and went into the saloon in search of Charlie's *protégée*. As we did so, almost the first person that caught my eye was a young lady coming towards us. I suppose it's hardly right to allow first impressions to influence one too much, and I know George always laughs at me for doing it, but I generally do it all the same, and I'm hardly ever wrong, either. I did it in this case. I had never seen a face like it,—certainly never an expression on a face at all like it. Why, the girl was positively beautiful. Why she was beautiful I don't exactly know. I've seen other faces with quite as good features as hers,—our own Elsie, for one,—but this, somehow, was quite different. I think it was the innocence of the face, perhaps, that gave the peculiar impression, which one hardly ever sees except in a very rare instance in a child.

There was an eager look on her face when she first caught sight

of Charlie, and then as she saw me beside him her beautiful large brown eyes seemed to cloud over, as if with a doubt which she couldn't solve. Charlie had developed into a man of ready resources, as I quickly found, for he stepped forward with a smile and exclaimed, in a hearty voice, "Here's Aunt Ellen come on board, you see, after all." The beautiful eyes turned to me, the puzzled expression in them still, but with a kind of mute appeal in them that was altogether irresistible to me. I didn't think about it at all then, but just stepped forward and took the poor innocent child into my arms and kissed her. If she had been a niece of my own—even that annoying child Elsie—I could not have kissed her more warmly, I'm sure. Poor child, she seemed to nestle close to me, and I thought I felt her tremble as she looked up into my face and whispered the words, "You'll love me a little, auntie, won't you?" Love her, poor lonely innocent! I felt at the moment as if my whole heart went out to that innocent face and those wonderful eyes. I know my eyes were very misty—what Elsie would call "big and funny," I suppose—as I let her go; and as I glanced at that boy of mine I saw that he had just the old quizzical expression in his eyes, only I'm not sure that *they* were quite the same as usual, either.

I looked back at the girl. "We must be getting ashore directly—my dear," I said, hesitating for a moment as I sought in my own mind for a name to call her by and found none. Then it came to my mind in a moment that she had no name,—no name, even. I couldn't help it, I just turned round and hugged that poor forlorn infant to my silly old heart again. I think somehow Charlie's love of poor hurt creatures, that used to annoy Bridget and me so much in old times, must run in the family: I'm quite sure the thought that she had nothing, not even a name left of her own, made me love her more even than her face and her eyes. I'm sure Charlie knew, for he smiled, as he said, quietly, "I think I can be spared now, as the quarantine doctor has gone, and I daren't let you and Helen go back to Bridget without me: so we'll look out for a boat." He put just the least bit of emphasis on the "Helen," so of course I knew that for some reason he meant me to call her that. It was just like the boy to be so quick at seeing my difficulty and settling the matter so quietly in his own way without a word. I was thankful to him for doing it, though, and I took the child's hand in mine as I said to Charlie, "Oh, yes, and I suppose you can see about Helen's——" I was just going to say luggage, but it struck me that of course the child could have no luggage, and I hastily substituted "things" for the more pretentious word.

"Of course," he said, rather hastily; "you must not think of waiting for anything now. I shall have to come back and get my own traps presently." I could see her eyes turn first to one and then to the other of us as we spoke, and there was a strange puzzled look in them which made me feel inclined to cry, it was so like the look in the eyes of a puzzled and rather frightened child. Charlie got his hat and accompanied us on deck. The girl's face was a study as she gazed round at the busy shipping, the ferry-steamers darting hither and thither over the sunny waters of the harbor, and the houses and gardens that lined

the picturesque shores. A thousand half-formed ideas and half-remembered images seemed to chase one another over her face as she looked around, but she clasped my hand almost convulsively, as she every now and then turned a glance of appeal to my face.

We didn't put ourselves in people's way, and, although here and there one of the passengers would cast a curious look in our direction, nobody spoke to us in the general bustle that prevailed. At any other time the scene would have been delightfully interesting, but now I felt nervously anxious to get away with my new and perplexing charge, and I was more than relieved when at last we were safely seated in a waterman's boat and on our way to Elizabeth Bay.

CHAPTER II.

AT MORUYA STATION.

GEORGE wrote as soon as he heard of Charlie's arrival to insist on our paying a visit to the Station. Of course I was obliged then to write again and tell them all about Helen,—I had grown quite accustomed to calling her Helen by that time,—because, of course, we couldn't leave her behind, and it was impossible to take her without an explanation. Bridget, I knew, would have taken every care of her, for the good old soul had been attracted to her from the first moment she saw her, and after I had told her the story she couldn't do enough for her, for, as she remarked in her own way, "Sure and it's the blissed angels that do be looking through the innocent eyes of her, and it's herself will bring a blissing to the house that shilters her, glory be to God." I am sure I hoped so, but I confess that even then I felt uneasy when I saw the way Charlie's eyes followed her wherever she went. Not that I dreamed of Charlie being in love with her, you know, but these men are such creatures of habit. Only let a man—a good man, I mean, of course—have to be constantly thinking about a girl that isn't altogether ugly, and you never know what will happen.

Well, I wrote and told Elsie about Helen, for, though she is such a wild creature and has got such a sharp tongue, I always seem to know her better than either of the others, and I knew it would be well to interest her in Helen from the first. Of course I knew there was no need to ask George, for anything Elsie wanted she could get her father to want directly: so I only waited for Elsie's reply before starting. It was just like the child when it did come.

"DEAREST OLD AUNTIE,"—there was no date, of course,—*"Bring along your pet lamb and his patient. We are all wild to see what that ugly boy Charlie, who used always to grunt if I went near any of his dismembered cats and things in the days of my innocent childhood, has turned out now that he's a man. I wonder whether he'll grunt now if I venture near the latest substitute for the wooden-legged cat. Never mind, though; bring her on, for if it's only memory she wants I think I have enough for two. Has she red hair?—you don't*

mention it, but I have a presentiment,—one of yours, you know, auntie, that always come true. It doesn't matter if it is blue, the tint of the 'lone blue sea,' you know; we shall all be delighted to have her, and more than delighted to have you and Charlie. Come on Thursday, there's a dear, and I'll send papa to the station to meet you with Danger and Bounding-Boy in the drag: they're dying to run away with somebody again, for they haven't had a chance since he fetched the archdeacon and Mrs. Taylor and had to go back three miles for the old lady's wig and found a sheep browsing on it. Do come, there's a darling. I shall send him on the chance.

"ELSIE."

Charlie insisted on seeing it to make certain Helen would be sure of a welcome from the girls. He knit his great brows as he read it, and then he laughed. "The same madcap child as ever," he said. "Grunt, indeed? I should think I did grunt. Do you remember her dressing the lame cat in Bridget's best Sunday-go-to-meeting cap? She might do her good, though." I don't like to hear a man talk of "her," at least unless it is the particular one that is desirable. When a man talks of "her," or a girl of "him," it is generally dangerous. However, he was satisfied, and we went. I was born at Moruya, and I suppose it's only natural I should like it, but to me the old home seems delightful. I had lived there until after my father died and George married. As a girl I had dreamed dreams in the old garden that sloped down to the creek, or sat under the shade of our great Moreton Bay fig-tree and seen the sun set in a golden haze over the plains as far as the eye could see to the west. I had ridden races with my father and with George, and joined in many a headlong burst after kangaroos, before I began to grow proper and life to grow gray. It seems long ago now, and yet, when I sat opposite to Elsie in the drag, and her face lighted up with a sort of glory of youth and spirits, as she chattered on about the hundred innocent delights of just such a life as had been my own, now so long ago, it almost seemed to me as if for the moment it all was mine again. I enjoyed it. I always enjoyed Elsie, even when she was at her most reckless, perhaps because she somehow reminded me of myself when I was young, before—but, ah, there is always a "before" that marks the termination of youth's golden age. I didn't take much notice of Helen, who sat beside me, though I do think Charlie watched her more closely than was quite necessary. Of course she was his patient, and no doubt, as he said, a very interesting case too, but I did think he might have taken just a little more interest in Elsie's bright, funny talk, instead of looking so serious, and keeping a watch out of the corner of his eye, which of course any girl could see through at a single glance, on Helen's face.

I must say Elsie was just perfect. I don't mean in her appearance, though I will say that you won't meet with many prettier girls than Elsie anywhere, and when I took her to Government House last winter she made a sensation of which I was proud. But what I mean is in the way she acted about Helen. She was just as warm and friendly as could be, without making a fuss, and from her manner I would have

defied any one to say whether she was a cousin of whom she hadn't seen a very great deal or not. She only looked at her now and then when she was talking to me, but whenever she had anything to point out as we went along—and it was astonishing how much Elsie always had to show one—she was always doubly careful to make Helen see it too. I felt sure these two girls would get on well together, long before Elsie rushed into my room while I was taking off my things, and, throwing her hat on the bed, exclaimed, "Why, auntie, did you ever see such a face in your life? I don't wonder Charlie's as far gone as a sick owl." "Nonsense, my dear!" I said, more annoyed than I could say at her rapid conclusion, for I knew how sharp the child was. "Nonsense! Really, Elsie, you grow worse and worse, letting your tongue run away with you. She's only his patient. That's only a way these doctors have of watching anything they are much interested in." Elsie laughed long and merrily. "Oh, auntie, auntie, keep that for some dear old stupid like papa. But, mind you, I don't blame him one bit; he *would* be a stupid if he didn't, doctor or not. Why, if I were a man,—and do you know, auntie, I feel as if a great injustice had been done me that I wasn't,—I'd—why, I'd do anything to make a girl like that love me. Just fancy those eyes, if she once really cared about a person."

It was never any use finding fault with Elsie, I knew, and I was only too glad to see that she seemed so ready to take to her visitor. Indeed, they all were that, from George, who appeared at first just a little afraid of her, as if she might break,—George is one of these fine, big, powerful men who are always like that when they come in contact with anything that seems weak or unfortunate,—to Kitty, who seemed to worship her when she was there, and used to cry whenever she thought of her friends, perhaps her mother or a lover, breaking their hearts for her loss. I confess I was unreasonably annoyed with the child when she made that last suggestion to me one day after we had been at Moruya a fortnight. Of course it was absurd, but, to tell the truth, I was beginning to think it was no use shutting one's eyes to the chance that Charlie might really fall in love with the girl. Of course it was in the last degree undesirable on nearly every account,—and, besides, I *had* thought—but that doesn't matter now; but if Charlie should, it would be terrible for anything like that to turn up afterwards. And yet, as Elsie said, how could one blame him if he did? Everybody knows what men are about a pretty face, especially if it goes with a good figure, and there was no denying that Helen—of course we all called her Helen, and the girl never seemed to doubt that it was her name—had both of these. And then there was the romance of the thing. Every man who is worth his salt likes a spice of romance, and here was enough of it, in all conscience. No, fond as I had already grown of the girl, I confess I didn't like it at all; but I began to think it was only too likely.

Being at Moruya had done her an immense amount of good already. It was strange to see the way in which she began to take interest in one thing after another, and stranger still to watch the wonder with which she discovered that she could do things that the others did, such

as fancy-work of some kinds. Other things, again, didn't seem to surprise her at all. The first time the girls' horses were brought out we were all curious to see what she would say, and we were certainly surprised when she exclaimed, "Oh, what pretty horses! How I should enjoy a ride again!" I quite started, for I thought surely memory was coming back, but she only looked at me with such a sad, wistful expression of appeal in her eyes that I could have cried. After that, however, she rode every day with the girls and Charlie, and every day it seemed to me there was some subtle change coming over her. The strange partition-wall that had seemed to stand between her and other people, the strange childlike expression of her face, although both were still there in a degree, seemed to be changing their character. She was still apart from us in many ways, but somehow it appeared now more like a gentle reserve and less like ignorance. Her face was still strangely innocent, but the look of puzzled wonder showed itself less and less often.

If she could have been spoiled I think we should have spoiled her, she was such a favorite with the whole household. My brother petted her in his big, hearty, good-natured way; the girls quarrelled among themselves which should have the most of her company; even the stockmen on the Run would make an excuse to come across the party on their rides to get a sight of her glowing face with the large child's eyes and the wonderful golden-brown hair. As for Charlie, he was a little uncertain, I thought. Sometimes he seemed hardly able to keep his eyes away from the girl; at other times he would seem almost anxious to pay more attention to the others, especially Elsie. As for Elsie, I had never seen the child wilder or more charming. She found endless interest, apparently, in being with Helen, but she took unlimited amusement out of her battles with Charlie whenever he could be induced to engage in one, while Helen would look on with a quiet though often a puzzled smile. For my own part, I watched it all and hardly knew what to think; but one thing was very certain, I was growing fonder of that poor child day by day, and day by day more anxious about her future.

Was she growing fond of Charlie? I asked myself the question again and again. Was she capable of being fond of any one in that way? Sometimes I thought not, and then again I doubted. When I looked at those eyes of hers, that always seemed to come back to mine with that pathetic look of unconscious appeal whenever anything puzzled her, I felt quite inclined to be angry that any one should be guilty of joining her even in their thoughts with the idea of love-making. But then, again, when I saw how she turned to and seemed to rely upon Charlie in so many ways, and how her eyes would sometimes follow and rest upon him with an interested though half-wondering look in them as he was laughing and battling with Elsie, I couldn't make up my mind. Of course in any other way there could be no doubt. So far as appearance went, she was just the girl to turn men's heads. Every day she seemed to me to grow handsomer, as her young figure filled out and rounded off into the more perfect lines of young womanhood, and her face, if it could be improved at all, seemed to me to be

growing prettier—no, not that, but rather more beautiful, day by day, as a more natural expression came back to it.

I watched her anxiously, yet hardly so anxiously, after all, as I did Charlie. After all, he was my boy; except Elsie, and of course the others, he seemed to be nearly my only interest in life, and his future seemed everything to me. Of course I had planned that he should settle in Sydney, and I knew that as a doctor he ought to have a nice wife,—a wife to suit him, and, if possible, to suit me too. I hadn't gone much beyond that in my dreams while I was waiting for the ship's arrival; but perhaps I had just a little. It is so natural to fancy what one would like best one's self in these cases, I think, and then it did seem so natural that he should like what I liked. There would be so many chances of bringing them together, and, besides, there would be old memories of companionship. Yes, I almost think I had built up plans for him to suit myself; and now—now, I really didn't know what to think, and hardly what to wish. Again and again I asked myself the question, was Charlie in love? He hadn't known her long, but that goes for nothing. Men's love is like measles in a family: some take it at once, and these very often get over it the first, and others sicken for it ever so long, and they are generally the worst cases. I couldn't be sure about Charlie, partly because he kept his feelings so much to himself, and partly, I suppose, because he had been so long away.

We stayed nearly two months at the Station. There was really no reason why we should hurry away, and George would have been offended if we had talked of leaving much sooner. As for the young people, it caused such an outcry when I hinted at going, after the first month, that I didn't venture upon the subject again for weeks. I must confess that latterly I didn't have a very happy time. I seemed every day to be growing more puzzled and more anxious. Sometimes I was afraid for Charlie, and at other times I worked myself almost into a state of indignation at the thought that perhaps he didn't really mean anything more than just a scientific interest in my poor child—and how was she to know that? And then, again, I sometimes had uncomfortable twinges about Elsie. The girl's spirits were something wonderful, and she was the very life and soul of the party, but at times I fancied she was just a little dull and that her fun was a little bit of an effort to her. Ah, I'm afraid, after all, that I shall grow into a worrying, meddling old maiden aunt, if I don't take care,—one of the most unhappy and really useless of human beings.

At last we went home. I couldn't leave the house forever to itself and Bridget, and I felt sure as it was I should have to dismiss the cook, who was certain to be spoiled by all this idleness. Besides, it was time that Charlie were looking about him and making up his mind what he was going to do. As for Helen, I thought, and Charlie said too, that the change to town would very likely do her good, and if any inquiries were ever made about her we should be more in the way of hearing of them there. At the last I pressed Elsie to come with us. At first she seemed to like the idea, but afterwards she changed her mind and said perhaps she would come later. So our visit to the Station came to an end, and we found ourselves in Sydney once more.

CHAPTER III.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

WE got back to Sydney in the last week of May. Much as I love Moruya, I'm not quite sure, after all, that I don't like my own home best now. I suppose that's a sign that I am growing old; but I don't mind that one bit if I can see the young ones happy. All the way home I was worrying myself about that, just as if worrying was any use, or as if I could do anything. Dear me, how long it does take us to find out that we don't know what's best for ourselves or other people, and, if we did know, that we cannot bring it about! There was I troubling myself all that long journey in the train about what was really no business of mine, and, as I can see now very well, wishing I could do all sorts of things that would not have been half so good in the end as what took place without me. As for Helen, she slept most of the time: it was astonishing what a capacity the child had for sleep at that time. As for Charlie, he made believe to be asleep more than half the time: I don't believe he slept a wink. I can't say that surprised me, for I could see plainly enough that he hadn't been quite like himself for some weeks past.

I needn't say I was glad to get home. The very sight of the sunlight flashing on the waters of the harbor—I don't think it flashes quite like that anywhere else—was a pleasure, and the sight of my own shrubbery and flower-beds seemed to rest me like a lullaby. I had been right about Helen, too, I think. It was a delight to watch the girl's face as we came in sight first of one thing and then of another which she recognized, and to see how keen was the pleasure of exercising the faculty of memory, which becomes to most of us so commonplace and mechanical a thing. Charlie was watching her very keenly too, I could see, and I couldn't help wondering, after all, whether it could be possible for a man like him to separate altogether the patient from the girl, or to fall in love in quite the same way with a person of whom he was always making a sort of physiological study. I had by this time, you see, made up my mind in a way that he really was in love with Helen, and what I worried myself most about now was whether she would care for him as a man like Charlie ought to be cared for, and how the whole strange business would turn out in the end.

For the first few days after our return I got rid of my worries, or rather I got the relief which a healthy change of worry always seems to bring with it. As I expected, I had to dismiss Mary, who would do nothing but read penny dreadfuls all day, till I began to think it at least an open question whether teaching these girls to read is such a very fine thing, after all. There was honest old Bridget, who carried her little Catholic prayer-book to mass every second Sunday and couldn't read a word, as good as ever, with an open-armed welcome, only too eager to slave for us day and night; while that other girl—but there, it won't interest other people to hear my opinions, I'm afraid. Of course the garden was all wrong: when did you ever know anybody that could please an old-maid gardener unless she stood by to

worry him with directions? Fortunately, Dennis didn't mind me, but just scratched his head slowly as he remarked, "Sure an' it does be sounding nathrel, ma'am, to hear yer swate voice wanst more. 'Twas mesilf was a'most did bate for the want of it." It was difficult to scold Dennis properly, though I'm afraid he was very lazy when I was away, and I know he was very stupid.

It was after I had got over these refreshing little troubles (for I'm sure that in comparison with the big troubles of life they are refreshing) that I began to notice more clearly the difference in Helen. She was just as sweet and as quiet as ever in all her ways, but there was something new all the same. She liked doing fancy-work, and she used to sit beside me for a long time without speaking at all, and if I looked at her without letting the child see that I was looking I would sometimes surprise a strange new questioning look on her face, as if she was struggling hard to grasp something that always escaped her. Sometimes there would be a dimness in her beautiful eyes, as if from unshed tears. Yet the child was generally cheerful and almost light-hearted, and once or twice I heard her when she thought herself quite alone sing a few bars of some one of Elsie's songs in a low sweet voice that somehow reminded me of a little mother-bird. One thing she would never do; that was, touch the piano. When Elsie or Doris used to play,—both of them played well, although it was only Elsie that sang,—I have seen her come timidly near the instrument and watch them with a wistful look which was quite pitiful in its intensity, but neither there nor at home did she ever attempt to sound a single note, though I often left the piano open on purpose to tempt her. What was it, I used to ask myself again and again, that was going on in the girl's mind? What was the meaning of that look of gentle care that seemed now to be taking the place of the strange look of childish innocence that had been so remarkable when she first came?

We saw Charlie much less constantly now, and I was rather glad of it for his own sake. He had begun seriously to consider what he was going to do in his profession, and that took him away a good deal among the other doctors, and particularly those connected with the medical school at the University. It wasn't possible for a man like my Charlie not to be quickly recognized by the other men, and I was delighted to find how soon he seemed to fall into a position among them. His opinion was asked on all sorts of cases by men who were ever so much older than himself, and, although as yet he had no regular practice, he seemed never to be without some place where he was expected to go to see somebody or to consult about something. I was glad of this for more reasons than one, but the chief one was for his own sake. Men are not like women, I think, in this respect, that they have more need of active work to keep them from growing stagnant. They were meant to do the world's outside work, not to sit still and think over things, and so sitting still does most of them harm. I know this is a heresy nowadays, when girls fancy they can do anything that men do, from talking on platforms to riding on bicycles; but I confess I'm only a plain old woman, and I suppose I don't know any better. Anyhow, I'm sure Charlie was ever so much the better for

having plenty of outside interests, and I don't think Helen and I were any the worse for it. Sometimes I even fancied it was a relief to the girl to be freed from his constant attention; but that might be only my fancy, for I know it would have made me just deadly nervous to have had any man—I don't care if he had been the beloved physician himself—watching me as I've seen Charlie watching her many a time.

Very likely Helen didn't notice it, but then one never can tell what girls do notice, especially very quiet ones. One thing I'm sure of, however, and that is that she seemed much better pleased to see Charlie now that she didn't see him all the time. He was much better company, too, and used to be really quite amusing in a dry, quiet way that reminded me so very funnily of his curious ways of thinking and speaking when he was a boy. I often had good laughs now at meal-times, in which Helen would often join, and I am sure both of us looked forward with greatly increased pleasure to his coming home.

So things went on with us during June and July. We walked out a good deal when the weather was fine, and frequently I took Helen with me when I went shopping, and she seemed to like it, though she was always very quiet when there were any strangers there, but I never took her to any parties. To tell the truth, I was nervous about it, and Charlie was always cautioning me not to be in a hurry. I'm sure Charlie was very wise, and I often think that, after all, she owes her complete restoration more to him than to anything.

It was on one of the last days of July that I got a note from Elsie. It was just like the girl, and yet somehow it made me vaguely uneasy. I have the note by me still, and this is a copy:

"DEAREST AUNTIE,—I'm coming down to see you. We have all been as mopy here as winter bandicoots since you left us, and the place has just been horrid. 'Whalebone' has been lame, and the piano is out of tune. We had a travelling piano-tinker in, with a venerable head of hair, but no ear and very little brains, and he made it worse; at least I think so, though Doris will insist it's I that am out of tune myself. Perhaps she is right, for I notice that papa acquiesces with appalling readiness in my departure,—though what the dear old soul will do without me to worry him into some sort of living existence I can't fancy. At all events, the die is cast, and I have begun to pack,—or rather I have begun to make Doris pack for me,—what an angel that child is, really!—and I shall be with you, as the country clergyman announced about his service, on Tuesday next 'D.V., *but in any case*' on Wednesday. Look out for me, and be prepared for whatever may occur afterwards.

"ELSIE."

I wasn't altogether satisfied about that letter, but I must confess there didn't seem much amiss with Elsie when she duly arrived on the Tuesday. There could be no doubt that a visit from Elsie was an event in our establishment at any time, but perhaps just now rather more than usual. It was a little like a hurricane in an up-country pond: there was no room for very large waves, but she certainly made

it lively as far as it went. I think, however, that we all enjoyed it. I always enjoy Elsie, I admit at once, I suppose because she has so much life; and then I know, what of course other people can't, that the child has any amount of warm feeling and real deep tenderness, which she would as soon think of showing to outsiders as she would of crying in public. But it wasn't only I. It actually seemed to me as if it was a kind of relief to Charlie, and I wasn't quite certain that it wasn't something of the same kind to Helen as well. Whatever may have been wanting at Moruya, there was no longer any want of life at our table in Sydney after she came. Wherever she went and whomever she met, Elsie always had something funny to say about them when she came home, and Charlie seemed to enjoy it in a general way at least as much as any of us. Elsie had a great many friends and went out a great deal at that time; indeed, I sometimes thought her spirits carried her away and she tried too much for her strength, because every few days she would have what she called one of her dark and dreary days, when she complained of a bad headache and would shut herself up in her room most of the day. She wouldn't let me doctor her on these days, and was really almost rude when Charlie offered to prescribe for her. I suppose it didn't really matter, for by the next morning she was always in as high spirits as ever, and quite ready for a teasing match with Charlie, or to torment me until I would order her out of the house to carry her high spirits somewhere else.

I often wondered what Helen thought about it all, for, though she was quite ready to take part in the talk that was going on when it was about anything or anybody she knew, it was quite a contrast to Elsie's way. She never said anything clever and a little sharp about people, that one must laugh at but felt just a little bit ashamed to have encouraged afterwards, as one was constantly doing with Elsie; and yet her quiet little remarks often made me laugh nearly as much. I have seen Charlie, and even Elsie, more than once look at her quickly with a startled expression when she made one of these remarks, as if they had discovered some new power in the child. For my own part, I felt quite sure it was no new power at all, but only the true nature of the child coming out little by little as her mind recovered from the shock which Charlie said must have paralyzed that part of her brain that gives the power of remembering the past. I couldn't quite understand Charlie's theories about it all, but I think I saw, more than even he did, how day by day, although the memory didn't seem to come back at all, the girl herself was coming back to be more and more like what she must have been before it happened. I could see it in so many little ways that perhaps a man wouldn't ever have noticed, —little gentle ways of doing things for one, little bright ways of saying things that were funny but were always kind. My Elsie was as bright and clever a girl as I ever saw, yes, and a really good kind-hearted child too, but I sometimes caught myself wishing she could be just a little more like Helen in some of these ways.

It was at the end of August that they asked Charlie to take charge of the Children's Hospital. Dr. Edmonds, who was the regular chief medical officer, was taken seriously ill, and things seemed to be going

wrong there without some one in regular charge, so, I believe, the professors at the medical school advised that Charlie should be asked to take it temporarily. At first he was very unwilling to undertake it, as he said he had no special experience of children's diseases, but after he had been to see it and talked to some of the others he told me it could hardly be worse than it was in the way it was being managed, and so he agreed to try it. I was quite surprised at the interest that Helen took in the whole question, and I really think she had most of all to do with Charlie taking it. I could see that he was somehow, almost without knowing it, beginning to lose the old way of looking at her as something to be watched and protected as one might a child, and was learning to look at her differently. I was glad to see it, too, for I felt quite sure that if he really was in love with her it was the only kind of thing that could ever satisfy her.

It was in the second week in August that Charlie entered on his new duties at the hospital. He had made it a condition that he should not be expected to stay there at nights, and I felt sure, though he said nothing to me about it, that it was because of Helen that he was determined not to be away altogether. I often wondered whether the child herself at all suspected it. I often noticed how her eyes would rest on him quietly when he was not looking, as if she were trying to make up her mind about something; but she never talked about him to me, and I always felt nervous about mentioning him to her in any way that might look like trying to find out what she thought. She had grown really interested and almost excited about the hospital and the question whether he should accept it or not, and so had Elsie, though that was in her own laughing, teasing way, and Charlie had promised that as soon as he had got into working order we should all come over and he would let us have a good look at it. The prospect seemed to excite Helen more than anything had yet done, so much so that I couldn't help fancying that perhaps it would lead to some important change in her condition of mind. At last it was settled that we should go out there on the Monday.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

THAT visit to the Children's Hospital was quite an event in our little history. It is a beautiful place, to begin with, and we all enjoyed our visit very much. Charlie seemed quite proud of the place, and showed us everything, besides explaining what he wanted to do to improve it. He is one of those men who are always thinking how things can be made better, you know, and I tried to understand what he meant, as I know men like him are always pleased to find people take a real interest in their plans. But, after all, it was Helen who was really interested. I couldn't help noticing the child's face as she went through the wards and looked at the little children, some of them such bright little things, and others with poor worn little faces that were

quite heart-breaking to look at, so white, and so drawn with suffering. The tears seemed all the time just ready to start from her great eyes, but she kept control of herself wonderfully, only the way she looked at the children seemed somehow to draw their hearts to her, and they did seem so sorry when she had to leave. At last she asked if she might stay in one of the wards while we went to see the grounds, and when we were ready to go Charlie had to go and bring her away. She didn't say one word all the way home, and somehow I didn't like to speak to her, for there was such a strange look on her face,—a sort of uplifted look that I had never seen before.

I was disappointed in Elsie, I admit. It wasn't only that she made fun of everything, but I thought there was something a little sharp and unpleasant in things she said about Charlie, as if she thought him conceited, that made me rather angry. I had nearly told her so, but when I looked into the girl's face I saw something there that made me stop. The last part of our drive home was very silent, for after that time I looked at her Elsie somehow didn't say any more: perhaps she thought she had offended me; but it wasn't that.

It was that evening that Helen spoke to me. I think I never was so astonished in my life, although I had noticed the change that had been coming over the girl little by little all these months. We were sitting alone, for Elsie, whose spirits had quite recovered from whatever it had been that put her out, had gone with a party of friends to the opera, and Charlie had not come home from the hospital. The child stopped short in the middle of what she was working at and looked at me with that curious inquiring look I had seen so often of late.

"Auntie," she said, quietly. I started, because she hardly ever had called me that, and not at all for some time, and, besides, there was something new in the tone of her voice: it was as if she had made up her mind.

"Yes, my dear," I said, letting my work fall into my lap.

"There would be no harm in my learning to be a nurse, would there?"

"A nurse?" I repeated, feeling my breath taken away; "a nurse, dear? What has made you think of such a thing?"

"I'm sure I should like to nurse little sick children like those we saw to-day, and Charlie could manage to have me taught now, couldn't he?" she said, looking at me with those great soft eyes of hers that were so unlike anybody's else.

"But, my dear," I said, hesitating, "why should you want to go away at all? Are you not happy with me?"

"Happy? Oh, yes, I think I am very happy with you, and you have been, oh, so good to me; but you know I ought to do something now. It isn't like Elsie, you know."

I was completely at a loss what to say. It was evident she knew that I was not what we had always professed, and yet I was afraid to try to find out what she really knew. I don't know exactly how I said it, but somehow I know I promised that I would ask Charlie about it. To my surprise, the child burst into tears, for the very first

time since I had known her, and cried so bitterly that I could only pet and comfort her as one might a child, and at last get her to bed apparently quite worn out by her feelings. When at last the poor girl had fallen asleep, I went back and waited for Charlie, feeling more puzzled and uncomfortable than ever, and wondering more than ever what would be the end of it all. Old Bridget's words came back to me again and again, that she would be a blessing to the house that sheltered her, but I can't say that I felt as if they were going to come true. I thought of Charlie, and the anxious, troubled look I had often seen on his face lately, and then the look I had surprised on Elsie's face that afternoon seemed to haunt me, till I could have put down my old head and cried in my perplexity.

At last Charlie came home, and I told him just what had been said, and how she looked and acted. I watched the boy's face, as he listened, and tried to make out the meaning of the various shadows of expression that passed over it one after the other as I told him. I couldn't make much of Charlie's face, for sometimes it seemed glad and at other times troubled, and when I had done he sat quite still for several minutes.

At last he looked up and said in a considering way, almost as if he were speaking to himself, "There will hardly be any inquiries made now, I should think."

"But surely," I said, "Charlie, it wouldn't make any difference about that. They could hardly object to her nursing at a children's hospital, could they? And the poor girl has so set her heart on it, I think."

He looked at me and smiled, a curious half-sad smile, I thought. "No," he said, "no. It isn't that, auntie, and you can't be quite so sharp as Elsie gives you credit for being, after all, to fancy that was what I was thinking of. I may as well tell you now, auntie, as later," he continued, "and you of all people have the best right to know it: I can't let her go to be a nurse; I can't bear that she should be anything but my own, my very own, auntie, and sometimes I'm more than afraid."

I looked at my boy, but I said nothing. I had expected that it would come to this, and this very night I could have cried my eyes out about it, and yet now that it did come I seemed quite unprepared, and as if I had nothing that I could say. He looked at me anxiously for a moment, and then he came round and took a chair beside me—the very chair she had sat in when she broke down—and laid his hand on mine very gently. "You could wish for nothing better, auntie," he said, "if—if it is possible. Of course that is the only thing. Any man—any prince—might be proud to gain the heart of a girl like that." He stopped, as if he had said more than he meant to say, for Charlie was one of these men that cannot bear to show what they feel: he was like that from the time he was a boy. Then I recovered myself: I felt that I must say something.

"But," I said, "Charlie, we know so little—indeed, we know nothing—about her people or anything."

"We know her, auntie, and we are not likely ever to know about them."

"But we ought to try. Surely you ought to make every effort before you marry the girl, Charlie," I said.

He gave a little laugh that somehow sounded bitter. "It isn't a question of marrying, yet, auntie: I don't know that there's a chance of her thinking about me at all, yet. Of course if it did come to that we could make the inquiries then."

I looked into Charlie's face, and I think I smiled. Was it even the very least bit likely the girl, almost any girl, could fail to like him? He might not be exactly handsome,—Elsie said he wasn't, I know, though I don't believe she meant it really,—but it was a remarkable face, that was far better than merely handsome. That great broad high brow, and those bright eyes under the big strongly marked eyebrows, that firm rounded chin, and the cleanly cut delicate mouth on which the smile, when it did come, was so bright and so winning—no, there was no danger of what he seemed to fear: why, any girl would be glad. I thought all this in a moment, but of course I didn't say so.

"Well," he added, presently, looking at me anxiously, "well, what do you think, auntie? Is there any reason why I shouldn't? I can't have her going away to nurse, you know."

"But she wants to, Charlie. I am sure it will make her happier."

"Not half so happy as I shall make her, auntie," he said, a sudden look of quiet determination coming into his face as he spoke. "I must know how it is to be, and then we shall see."

I knew it was settled then. I knew then that the thing was quite out of my hands, at any rate, and I was almost glad of it. I only said, "You will be very careful, Charlie, not to frighten her;" for just at the moment the vision of that face seemed to rise up before me, and I felt almost as if it was a kind of sacrilege to make love to her as you might to an ordinary girl.

"Careful!" he repeated, in a tone so soft and tender that the tears came into my eyes and I turned away. You see, after all, I'm only a silly, romantic old woman.

Charlie has told me about it since, and I don't think he will mind my repeating it now, so I may as well finish what I have to say by telling just what took place when he got a chance to speak to her. I told her when she asked me next day that I had spoken to Charlie himself, and that he would talk to her about it. A glad light came into the child's eyes, and she exclaimed, "Oh, then I know he will help me, for he couldn't be unkind, you know."

He wasn't home until late that night, but at breakfast next morning, as we were rising from the table, she said to him, "When can we have a talk about that? You don't know how anxious I am to begin."

He hesitated, and colored in a way so unlike Charlie that I saw Elsie's eyes rest on his face for just one moment, and then she left the room—quickly, I thought. "Perhaps, auntie, you wouldn't mind bringing her down to the hospital this afternoon: we could get a chance there." He said it in a strange hesitating way for him, and I felt a little shiver run down my spine, for of course I knew what he

was going to do; but I managed to say pretty naturally, I flatter myself, considering, "Oh, yes, I think we could manage that, if you won't be too busy to see us." He said, "Very well, then," and turned quickly away and left the house.

I was terribly afraid Elsie would ask some question or make some joke about our interview, but she didn't. Instead of that, she found she had an engagement with some of her friends to go shopping, and said she would take lunch with them: so we had no trouble about going, and no explanations to make. We went after lunch, and I could see that the child was really excited at the prospect of carrying out her plans, for, though she said hardly anything, she kept clasping and unclasping her hands as they lay in her lap in the carriage. I wondered to myself a little whether it would be a help or a hindrance to Charlie's plans, but I didn't interfere by taking any notice. When we got to the hospital he met us down near the gate. I suppose he was too impatient to wait in-doors: all men are like that, I think, about such matters. We got out and walked up to the house together. I said I should like to sit in the convalescent ward while they had their talk, if I might, and they went with me and left me there, while Charlie took her round to his official room to have the talk.

Charlie tells me that when they got there she began at once to ask him eagerly whether he could have her taught to nurse at the hospital, and he found it almost impossible to bring the talk round to anything else, until at last he was obliged to say that there was a difficulty, and then she seemed so disappointed that he had to tell her what he meant much more abruptly than he had intended. Of course he didn't tell me the words he used, nor what she said either, only he seemed to be satisfied, and yet not satisfied, if you can understand that. What I mean is that she agreed to marry him, and was very sweet about it all, but I could see that there was something wanting, and that Charlie felt that there was. We all went home in the carriage together, and it was quite a job to get Helen away from the convalescent children. I couldn't help feeling that that was strange, under the circumstances, and I could read in Charlie's face that he felt the same, though it was just beautiful to see her with them. When we got home Charlie brought her to me and told me that she had promised to be his wife. He looked very proud and very happy when he said it, and looking at her sweet innocent face I couldn't but feel glad, too, but yet the very frank, almost childlike way in which she laughed and said, "Oh, yes, and he says I can go down to the hospital every second day for a while and help with the children, auntie," seemed strange, and even while I kissed her warmly I felt as if after all her heart was a good deal more with the sick children than with the doctor.

I didn't like to hint at anything of the kind to Charlie, but when after a few minutes she ran up-stairs and we were left alone I looked into his face. I suppose he read the thought in mine, for he said, quickly, "Oh, yes, she'll understand things better. You see what advances she has made in the last month or two, and now you know I shall be able to do so much more. Nothing quickens the intelligence like the affections." I said yes, but I couldn't help thinking it a sad

sort of love-making for him, after all, and I am afraid I vexed him, poor fellow, for I sighed, and he turned away. Somehow I couldn't help the sigh, for, sweet and dear as the child was, I thought, I thought.

BOOK III.—CROSS-CURRENTS.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE TIMES NEWSPAPER.

MISS SELBY always tells me that when I rushed off to the Cape to look for traces of Alice Ramsey I did the very silliest act of my life. Somehow I don't very often agree with Miss Selby, but perhaps the good old lady is not so very far wrong in this idea, after all. In some ways it was a foolish thing to do. The only reason, if I can call it a reason, in its favor was that I had last seen Alice—my Alice—on the ocean some two hundred and fifty miles from land there; but I may as well tell the truth at once and admit that reason had really nothing to do with it. Miss Selby will laugh, I know, and toss her venerable curls when I say I believe it was some sort of instinct as much superior to reason as a woman's—some women's—intuitions are to the average man's laborious conclusions, that made me take that voyage. It didn't advance us one inch towards finding Alice, I admit, but I believe it made it possible for me to be of some use in that way afterwards, and I think it made it possible that I should personally benefit by our success.

I had been rescued from the ocean only to fall into the clutches of a violent, though fortunately a short-lived, fever on the ship that took us home. By the time we got there I had recovered, although I was still weak and was besides suffering from a depression of spirits that was dangerous to health and perhaps even more dangerous to life in another way, for I am very certain that a slight aggravation would have ended in suicide. The return home to my own people, I believe, saved me. I gained strength rapidly after I got down to the manor-house, and one sign of improvement was that I conceived a hope which no doubt seemed quite insane to my own people, as it did to everybody else, that in some way or other my Alice had been rescued from the awful fate to which I had abandoned her. It was this hope, or rather conviction, for I had dwelt on the hope until it had really become a conviction with me, that after I had been six weeks or so in England drove me to the Cape. I went against the warnings of the doctors, the opinions of the nautical men I had consulted, and also—I am almost ashamed to say it now—in spite of the entreaties of my mother and sisters and the advice of my father. Anyhow I went, and, as I have said already, I don't regret it now.

The voyage out did me good, and, curiously enough, I met on board with the only nautical man I had yet heard of who didn't seem to think my hope of Alice's escape a delusion that was all but insane. This was an old sailor who acted as a kind of quartermaster on board,

being really past active service. Having been more than fifty years at sea, his experience seemed to me reliable. His opinion was that there was no reason I might not prove to be right, but he was careful to add that the Cape was about the last place where I should be likely to prove it. "No, no, sir," the old fellow said, when he had listened to my story to the very end, "theer ain't no cause, so far as I sees, leastways, to give the young lady up for lost,"—I could have blessed the old fellow on the spot for his words,—“but ye may take old Bill Morgan's word for it ye ain't steerin' the right course. If she were picked up,—an', mind ye, I ain't got no call for to say as she mightn't ha' bin, for I've seen a sight o' queerer things than that in my time,—it were by either an Indiaman or an Australy ship, an' theer ain't no chance wuth mentionin' as she'd be brought to the Cape.” This was Bill's first opinion, and I may say it was his final deliverance. In the mean time we had discussed it from every point of view, and I had got all his reasons as well as his conclusions. The latter pointed to an Indiaman as the likeliest, which he gave me to understand might include a sugar ship for the Mauritius, a Frenchman for Madagascar, or a Dutchman for the far East, as well as a China ship, or a Spaniard bound for Manila, his reason being that we were rather too far north for the regular track of the Australian fleet. I shall never forget Bill nor cease to feel grateful to him, for I owe him a confirmation of that hope which would no doubt otherwise have soon given way under repeated disappointments. It was with this strengthening of my conviction that I bade Bill a warm farewell and began my search.

Bill was certainly right so far as the Cape was concerned. A few days were sufficient to convince me that no one answering in any way to the description of Alice had reached Cape Town or even been on board a vessel calling there. By Bill's advice, I went on to Mauritius, though with no better result, and thence found my way back to India. I was supposed, of course, to be in England by the military authorities, but, as my leave of absence was for a year, that didn't matter, and once in India I couldn't rest until I had seen her father. I felt as if I must confess to him my share in the tragedy which had cost us both so dear. I got an introduction to the general from dear old Lady Stewart, who cried over the story herself like a child, and I went to Lucknow to see him. That visit was the best thing that had happened to me yet. I shall never forget that noble old soldier, nor cease to be grateful to him for his kindness. He heard all I had to say,—and I told him everything,—and then he rose from his chair and put his hand on my shoulder as he said, in rather a husky voice, “Look here, Jervis, you have nothing in the world to blame yourself for. I don't blame you for loving my girl,—I don't see how any one could have helped that,—and you did all that a man could do to save her. For this I thank you from my soul, Jervis, and hardly less for the efforts you have made since. It has not pleased God to preserve my girl to me, nor to give her to you either, and we must bow to his will. No doubt she is better off, and I at any rate have the comfort of thinking of her as with her mother.” The general turned away and said no more, and I couldn't have spoken if I had tried.

I stayed with him a week, and he parted from me as if I had been his son. He persuaded me to go home direct to my own people, and I went. In spite of all, I had not abandoned hope, but it appeared to me that, after all, I was almost if not quite as likely to hear something of her in England as anywhere else, and no doubt the general was right that I owed it to my mother to relieve her anxiety. I started from Bombay on the 4th of August in the Simla, landed at Southampton on the 26th after a good passage, and at once ran down to Derbyshire to the manor-house to see my people. Let me pass over the rejoicings which greeted my return home, and which, to tell the truth, jarred on me more than I could say while my mind was still agitated by the vague and apparently baseless hope of which I said nothing. I managed to endure the dinner to the tenantry, and even in some sort to take my share in the ball that followed, but then I felt as if I must get away, at least for a few days, from those loving eyes that followed me about so anxiously, for my mother, I need hardly say, didn't fancy, as the others seemed to do, that I was, as they said, cured of these sick fancies of mine, although I had quite recovered my strength.

It was on my way up to town that I first made the acquaintance of Miss Selby. Of course I had heard a great deal about her from Alice in our talks on board the Tanjore, and since then the general had mentioned that the old lady had, he understood, been ill in consequence of our great misfortune. I had a strange longing to see any one who had known and mourned for Alice, and I actually took the extraordinary resolution to call and see the old lady at the Hall on my way to London. I am, of course, aware that nothing could well have been more unwarrantable than my intrusion, and my only excuse was my possession of a tiny morocco case of embroidery scissors and things of that sort which, with a little book of Alice's, I had somehow slipped into my pocket on that awful night. Nothing would have induced me to part with the little book, but I had decided to give the case to Miss Selby, and to use it as my excuse for seeing somebody she had loved.

I seemed to know Selby Hall quite well from Alice's description, and it was with a curious feeling of home-coming that I found myself in the old home where she had spent nearly all her life. Miss Selby, who was very decidedly a typical lady of the old school, received me rather coolly, but when I had explained my errand I had no reason to complain of any want of interest. Two things were evident at once: the old lady had been quite bound up in her grand-niece, and she had a fixed belief that her life had been thrown away by her father. Nothing could be more definite than the old lady's faith on the latter point; indeed, I believe it had much to do with the indignant scorn with which she received my suggestion that there was still a hope, however faint, that Alice might have been rescued. This led to my telling her of my various inquiries, and to the first, but by no means the last, occasion on which she expressed the opinion with which I began this narrative. We parted friends, I am sure, for, although Miss Selby was by no means the person to commit herself to a hasty

expression of her feelings, I could see that she had been glad of the opportunity of seeing and speaking with anybody who had seen her child, and that she was really grateful to me for bringing her the little case instead of giving it to Alice's father.

It was on the evening of the 10th of September that I found myself for the first time in more than four years in my club in St. James's Street. I went there for no particular reason except that I had nowhere else to go, and, to tell the truth, nothing very definite to do. I had come to London rather because I was consumed by a vague feeling of restlessness than with any idea that I should hear or see anything bearing on the one subject which still filled my mind to the almost entire exclusion of everything else. It certainly was a surprise to me, though hardly a pleasure, to hear the loud and would-be cordial voice of Simpson of the Lancers, whom I had last seen in the hospital at Peshawur, giving me an effusive welcome. Simpson was one of those men who would whisper a tale of love so as to be heard at the farther end of a ball-room, and more than half the men in the room looked round at his greeting: "Ha, Jervis, old man, delighted to see you! We all thought that beastly Tanjore had completed the job the hillmen left half finished, and that there would be promotion for Bates, after all. You look as fit as a fiddle now, however, after all your adventures by fire and flood." You couldn't snub Simpson, as I well knew, and the only course was to pacify him, which I proceeded to do by explaining how I had been in one of the rescued boats. As great good luck would have it, he discovered that he was already late for some engagement, and took his large person and larger voice to some other place, where it is to be hoped they were more in demand than they evidently were at the Junior Army and Navy that evening. I looked round a little nervously when he had gone, feeling very much as if I owed an apology to those present. They had all, however, subsided contentedly into their various newspapers and magazines, except one bristly little man with keen gray eyes that positively glittered out of a bush of iron-gray eyebrows as he stared at me in a decidedly questioning fashion that was barely pleasant. I was still wondering whether I owed his attention to my late companion, when he suddenly rose from his seat and came forward, very much as a Skye terrier might approach another dog of doubtful proclivities. "You will pardon me, sir," he said, in a sharp, incisive tone, "but did I hear you say you had been one of the passengers on the ship Tanjore that was lost by fire in the Indian Ocean last January?"

I don't know why, but at the question a strange thrill ran through my nerves, as though something were about to happen. I returned the man's sharp gaze for a moment before I answered, "Yes, sir, I had the singular good fortune to be one of those who were saved on that occasion."

"And I presume, sir, there were others lost?" he continued.

I have no doubt I turned pale at the home question from my inquisitor, but I answered, "Most unfortunately there were."

"Pardon my asking the question," he persisted, "but were there any women or girls?"

I felt myself flush crimson and then grow pale. What did the man mean?

It was several moments before I could command my voice, but when I did so I replied, a little sharply, "I am at a loss to understand the reason for your curiosity, sir, which I cannot undertake to satisfy farther than by saying that there were. The subject is a painful one."

He bowed, and, turning abruptly on his heel, walked to the other end of the room, where he turned over the newspapers lying in a heap. In less than a minute he had found what he wanted, and had returned, holding out a copy of the *Times*. "If you will have the goodness to look at an advertisement at the top of the second column, sir, you may understand my question, and possibly find something to interest you," he said.

I held the paper for several minutes in my hand without following my new acquaintance's directions. A strange sense of something impending seemed almost to paralyze my will. Then my eyes fell on the page at the very place he had mentioned, and this is what I read :

"SHIP TANJORE. If the friends of a young lady, name unknown, apparently a passenger by the above-named vessel, and picked up at sea by the ship *Navarino* on 3d February, will communicate personally with Charles Milford, M.D., Children's Hospital, Sydney, N.S.W., they will hear of her safety."

The newspaper dropped from my hands, and I fell back in my chair. "A young lady, name unknown." My God! what did it mean. It was, it must be Alice,—my Alice. Was she insane?

CHAPTER II.

IN A HOSPITAL WARD.

At first the shock was overpowering. Was this, then, to be the end of my hopes, the realization of my conviction? Imagination ran riot in horrors that terrible night as it never had done yet, and it was indeed well for me that my health had been completely re-established by my wanderings by sea and land, from which I had returned only to be met by this. With morning, however, calmer reason began to prevail, and the sanguine disposition which had already done me such good service came once more to my assistance. I simply could not believe it in cold blood and good daylight, whatever I might do in the first moment of the shock and the eerie shadows of the night. But, whatever the truth might be, it had to be ascertained without delay, and I felt that it lay with me to ascertain it.

It was easy to learn at the *Times* office that there was no ground to doubt the good faith of the advertisement, which had come direct to the office by cable message from Sydney, accompanied by a remittance ample to cover the expense. A visit to the office of the owners of the *Navarino* enabled me to ascertain that the surgeon on board on the

voyage out in January had been one Dr. Milford, and I was told that there had some time in March been a confused telegram from Sydney in some of the newspapers about a derelict boat picked up by the ship off the Cape. It was clear, therefore, that there was something in it that demanded instant inquiry, and, as the advertisement itself demanded, that it must be personal. By that afternoon my resolution was taken: I would myself go to Australia. There was still enough of my sick-leave unexpired, and if the worst happened I knew that my father had influence enough to get it extended. I would see for myself; I would myself know the worst or the best: whichever it was, it seemed as if it would be preferable to this overshadowing doubt.

I had still three days to spare before I need leave for Brindisi to catch the outgoing mail-steamer, and these I devoted to seeing my mother and Miss Selby before I started. I needn't tell how my mother received my news. She would not say one word to prevent my journey, and without a word I could tell how hopeless a quest she felt it to be. I could see that it seemed to her only a choice of evils, and her sympathetic eyes told me as plainly as words could have said that she had rather I found a perfect stranger at Sydney than one who was henceforth a stranger to me. This time at least I went with her consent and blessing, and somehow I felt as if the omen were a good one. My mission to Miss Selby was of a different kind, and I feared it might be more difficult of accomplishment. I couldn't conceal from myself how awkward a position I should be in should I indeed find Alice and should it for any reason be necessary to exercise any control over her movements. In such a case I should of course be helpless, and this doctor would very properly refuse to recognize me at all in the matter. There was nobody available but Miss Selby, unless the general left his post to go.

This alternative it was that made my task an unexpectedly easy one. Miss Selby didn't believe the story, it was evident. The whole thing was too irregular and improper to have occurred to one of her family, although it was apparent that she was prepared to believe that Providence might be less considerate for others of less importance. It was only when I spoke of getting General Ramsey to go instead that she changed her mind. Any risk, I could see, would be preferable to allowing her father again to expose Alice to risks which might not perhaps be unsuitable for people of purely Scotch extraction, but were not to be thought of for a moment where a Selby of Selby—and this, whatever her name might chance to be, Alice evidently was in her aunt's estimation—was concerned. No; anything was better than such a risk as that a second time. It was not her Alice, indeed; of that she felt perfectly certain; but if by some extraordinary dispensation of Providence it should turn out that she was wrong, then, in spite of everything, her child should be looked after and brought home by nobody but herself. As for insanity, that was only one proof more that it couldn't be Alice. The old lady brushed the idea aside with a contempt which in spite of myself influenced and even comforted me: her Alice insane, indeed! So it was arranged that I should let her

know the result of my search at once by telegram, and if it should be Alice indeed she would come out for her. And so I parted with Miss Selby, and started on my second quest.

Voyages had become common things with me now, and nowadays one voyage is very much like another. The steamers are all alike, the incidents are all the same, and the passengers are hardly distinguishable. Such a tragedy as we had taken part in does indeed happen once in a series of years, but to all except the sufferer it reads like a fairy-tale, and even to those who have experienced its horrors they quickly assume a position apart, like the dim remembrances of events in a former state of existence. I need hardly say I was bad company on my voyage to Australia. A passenger whose only serious interest in what is going on is to be found in the perusal of the bulletin of the day's run and the scrutiny of the chart of distances can hardly expect to be looked on as an acquisition in any society. To me the portly squatter returning from his run home, the Queensland sugar-planter full of the injustices of government inspection of native labor vessels, and the burning subject of the separation question, were equally uninteresting. I cared nothing for the old gold-fields reminiscences of the fifties, and was only bored beyond endurance by the labor problem and the disastrous fall in the price of wool. No wonder I was speedily abandoned as a hopeless specimen of the English snob, who thought himself too good for matters colonial and ought therefore to have the good taste to stay away.

It was an untold relief to land at Adelaide and feel that I was at last on the far Australian soil. The torturing suspense of the past weeks had told on me, and even the fair fresh beauty of the Australian spring could hardly divert my thoughts from their endless brooding on that fatal expression "name unknown," which seemed more and more to overshadow everything with its sinister suggestions the nearer I found myself to the place where doubt must give way to certainty, and where it was only too likely that my apprehensions would be more than realized. Glad as I had been to set foot on shore and know that no more ocean lay between me and the object of my search, the journey by train over twelve hundred miles of the new continent seemed interminable to my excited feelings. The nearer I came to the solution of the mystery, the more terrible and threatening it seemed to become. Visions of a mad-house cell, as I had read of such places, rose before me and shut out the light of the glowing Australian sunshine; pictures of that one dear face and gracious form, which even when I thought of her as dead had still in a sense remained to me, changed into soulless aspects of insanity, came between me and the fair spring landscapes through which we passed. Again and again the conviction forced itself upon me, better, a thousand times better, to have known her dead than to find my Alice alive, indeed, but lost to all that makes life worthy of the name.

That railway journey was one long nightmare, from which I awoke only to find myself forced into some sort of action by my arrival at the Sydney terminus. The need of even so small a decision as that which involved the choice of a hotel restored me to myself, and it was

with a new sense of hope that I found I had enough of the day before me to admit of my visiting the children's hospital at once and at least putting an end to this uncertainty which had grown into a torture. In another hour I was on my way to the hospital, rolling quickly through the crowded streets of the mother of Australian cities and the most picturesque of them all, on the way to the beautiful spot devoted to the cure of children's diseases by the magnificent liberality which is characteristic of these vigorous young communities. I can't say that I had much thought for such matters then, indeed, for my whole mind was filled with the question the answer to which I had come so far to seek: should I find Alice here? and if so, how?

Yet it was with a sense of calmness that was surely strange and unnatural that I found myself alighting before the visitors' door and directing the driver of my cab to await my return, as if it was but a common visit for an every-day purpose. It was with the same dreamy feeling of unreality that I gave my card to the attendant and wrote on the back a request that Dr. Milford would see me on important business. In less than five minutes he returned and showed me up to the doctor's room. It was a fine large room, and commanded a view which I was even then vaguely conscious was one of rare beauty. My eyes were still almost unconsciously gazing over the panorama of land and water, lit up with all the glory of the afternoon sun, when the door behind me was quickly opened and I turned to find myself face to face with the man I had come so far to seek. It was not only because he was here or because he held my card in his hand that I knew him. There was something in the strong, calm face, expectant and, it seemed to me, a little pale, that not only identified the man for me, but by some strange magnetic sympathy made me sure that he already divined my errand. I rose and faced him for one moment in silence; then he stretched out his hand with the words, "Captain Jervis, I presume?"

I had suspected that he divined my errand, but now I knew it. The tone of his voice, the expression of his eyes, the warmth of his grasp, all confirmed the impression: he knew what I had come for, and he was glad to see me. But why? The question came as quickly as the intuition, and for the moment seemed to confuse me so that I could only stammer out the words, "There was an advertisement of yours in the *Times*," and then stop.

A shade that might have been anxiety passed over the doctor's face as he replied, "Yes, and you have come in answer to it?" The tone implied a question and demanded an answer.

"I have come to ascertain whether I am interested in the information you promise. The advertisement says 'name unknown,'" I replied, my voice, I felt, trembling as I repeated the mysterious words. I knew that he followed my meaning not merely in the words but in the agitation they could not conceal, for there was a gleam of sympathy, something, too, like a gleam of pain, that passed over his face and left it calm again.

"Fortunately, you can set that question at rest without delay," he said: "the lady is in one of the wards here this afternoon."

"Ill?" I exclaimed, forgetting for a moment the character of the place, and going back to my haunting fears once more.

The same quick look passed across his face again, only this time was I right in thinking that the pain predominated? "No," he said, quietly; "she is not ill: she is engaged in nursing."

Nursing! Then, thank God, my fears must have been unfounded. The sudden relief was almost too much for me: for an instant I felt that I gasped for breath. The doctor looked at me, but said nothing till I had recovered myself; yet even in my agitation it seemed to me that the expression of his face implied some emotion that was strangely akin to my own. "I think," he said, "it would be better, on the whole, that you should see her in the ward until, at least, you ascertain whether it is the lady you suppose."

I hesitated. "You cannot tell me her name?" I asked, shrinking from the thought of a sudden recognition in so public a place.

"I do not know her name," he said, gravely, as he opened the door and led the way. There was no help for it, then; I must meet her without preparation; but why—why should she have concealed her name if it was Alice?

I followed the doctor through the wide corridor, this thought beating time in my brain to each step I made: Was it not Alice, then, after all? He paused at a door for a single instant, and then he opened it, and, standing aside, motioned me to enter. I hesitated: I felt at the moment as if I could not put my fate to the touch. He stood holding the handle of the door and looking at me, but he said nothing. I felt that it was cowardly, and with a flush of shame I forced myself to go in. It was a long, bright room. On one side, their heads against the wall, was a long row of iron cots with snow-white coverings and pillows, on which I could see little heads of various colors. Green Venetian blinds shaded the tall windows above, but at the bottom bright strips of golden sunlight fell across the floor, reflecting a hazy sort of brightness through the room.

It was through this golden haze that I saw her once more. She was apparently the only person in the ward except the children, and she sat beside a little cot about half-way down the room. At the sound of my footstep she looked up, and I saw her again,—Alice, my Alice. But more beautiful than ever. I would have sprung forward to her side, but I was afraid of startling her; I would have exclaimed aloud, but something—what was it?—in her face seemed to withhold me. She rose and faced me as I came down the room towards her: it was herself, only more developed, more lovely than before. Her tall figure was the same, only more queenly; her golden-brown hair gleamed like a coronet on her brow; her eyes, those eyes that had looked into mine that awful night and given me back heart for heart,—what was it about those eyes that seemed to freeze me as I looked? We were not four yards apart as we stood there face to face. For one moment I hesitated, unable to speak: then I held out my hands to her and whispered, "Alice!" A look, almost a shadow, passed over those sweet eyes, and the sensitive lips trembled for a moment, but that was all, and then a look of gentle wonder settled on her face. "Alice?"

I repeated,—“oh, Alice, I have searched for you over half a world, and at last I have found you.” My voice, I am sure, must have expressed some of the bitter pain I felt at the moment, though I felt as if I dared no more speak loudly than I could in the room of death, but she only smiled, a gentle, friendly smile, as she said, “But why? for, you see, I don’t know *you* at all.” It was true. Oh, my God, it was true! She didn’t know me at all.

CHAPTER III.

NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

THERE are some things of which one cannot write,—things which long after the event need but the opportunity to spring into new life and to sting again with the old bitter pain almost as they stung so long ago. I cannot write of what I felt on that bright spring afternoon in the convalescent ward, when it dawned on me that I was a stranger and the fears that had haunted me so long seemed about to be more than realized. Yes, more than realized, for somehow, such I suppose is the innate selfishness of man, this seemed to me the bitterest thing of all. To have found that I had followed a will-o’-the-wisp through all my wanderings would have been bitter enough; to have found my Alice only a wreck of her former self, the mere shell without the spirit or the mind, that would have been terrible indeed; but to find her thus,—to see her more lovely than ever, her voice as musical, her words as reasonable, her eyes as full of intelligence, but not for me,—this had all the bitterness of an unexpected blow. Even now the remembrance makes me shudder.

Her gentle question remained unanswered. Had I retained at that moment the power to speak, what answer could I have found to make? I think I buried my face in my hands; I almost think I sobbed aloud. I felt a hand on my shoulder, a hand that was kindly but firm, and its touch seemed to bring me to myself. I looked up quickly into the gravely sympathetic face of Dr. Milford. There was something in that look of warning as well as of sympathy, and it flashed upon me then that I had Alice to consider. With the thought I glanced back from the doctor to the nurse. She stood still as I had seen her, only she had pressed her hand to her heart as if to still a throb of pain, and her eyes were dimmed with a cloud and seemed to swim in unshed tears. I was a stranger, yet her tender heart was sore for my disappointment. The doctor’s hand was still upon my shoulder, and I felt that there was insistence in his touch: it was time to go. I looked into her face in the hope of seeing some change that would have bidden me stay, but there was none. I muttered something, I don’t know what, by way of excuse for my mistake, and then I turned away and followed the doctor from the room.

He preceded me to his own room once more, and pointed silently to a chair, as he closed the door behind us. He took his own seat at the table, and began to turn over some papers without speaking. I

felt that he was kind, and his kindness helped me to recover myself. This man, I thought, as I looked at his strong, clever face, bearing that indescribable air of alert self-reliance which one sees in the best type of doctors' faces,—this man, if any one, can help me. He looked up, and his eye caught mine. "I fear you have had a great disappointment," he said. "If you will tell me its exact nature, possibly I may be able to be of some service to you."

There was that in Dr. Milford's face which could not fail to inspire confidence, I think, in any one who looked at him,—something of power, yet, I think, something that spoke still more of tenderness for suffering of every kind. I felt by a kind of instinct that I might rely on this man: I knew that I could safely trust him with whatever I had to tell. "Thank you, doctor," I said, simply; "you are very kind. Yes, I have, as you say, had a great disappointment." Then I paused, rather because I hardly knew how to explain than from any reluctance to do so.

"May I ask," he said, after a moment's pause, "whether I am right in supposing you have found the lady you were in search of?"

"Yes," I said; "yes, certainly; the lady—Miss Ramsey—who was lost in the Tanjore."

"Miss Ramsey," he repeated to himself, in a low tone. "And her Christian name is Alice, I gathered from what you said when you saw her?"

I looked at him as he spoke, and at that moment it seemed to me that I understood many things. There was an inflection in his voice, a softening of the expression of his eyes, as he repeated the name, which I seemed instinctively to understand. This man loved my Alice too. It was a shock, there could be no doubt it was a shock to me at the moment, and yet as I looked at him it somehow did not destroy, it did not even lessen, the confidence I had already placed in him.

"Yes, her name is Alice Ramsey," I said: "she is the only daughter of General Ramsey, now commanding at Lucknow."

"Ah," he said, slowly, "and was on her way home, I presume, in the Tanjore when she was lost. And," he hesitated for an instant, I thought, and I seemed to divine what was coming next, "and may I ask, Captain Jervis, your precise relation to Miss Ramsey?"

I had known all along that the question must come, and yet now that it had been asked I felt as if it was hardly possible to answer it. I hesitated for a moment, my eyes resting on his face and noting what seemed to me the signs of controlled agitation with which he waited for my answer. Half a dozen answers passed through my mind, each of them such as should give me some title to Alice superior, if indeed, as I thought bitterly, any title could be superior, to his own; and each was dismissed, thank God, in turn as dishonorable. Then I said, impulsively, "Pardon my hesitation, doctor; you will perhaps understand it when I tell you that I love Miss Ramsey, and until a few minutes ago had thought my love was returned. It would not be true to say that I was engaged to her, but with her father's consent I did not doubt that I could be."

There was a dead silence in the room when I ceased speaking;

it lasted for a minute or more. I didn't look at the doctor: I was so certain of what I had already imagined that I felt as if I didn't dare to observe how he took it. When he spoke it was in a steady but rather low voice, some of the tones of which had to my ear a ring of suffering in them, but he said, "You have done me a very great favor, Captain Jervis, in treating me with such confidence, and I should be less than worthy of it if I did not speak as plainly in return. Miss Ramsey is very dear to me also. Believe me, I had no idea that anybody else could have had any prior claim upon her affections, for she must be very young, but I—you see, my relations have been so very exceptional with her—I have done my best to win her affections in return."

I looked at him as he spoke, and I confess I found myself unable to withdraw my eyes from his face. There was something very noble about it. There was an expression of suffering, too, which I could not understand, but it was the self-control and frank sympathy with which he spoke that appealed to me and carried me away. I rose as he finished, for I felt as if it was maddening to sit still, and impulsively I held out my hand to him. "And," I managed to say as he grasped it, "and you have succeeded?" I asked.

His hand closed almost convulsively on mine as he replied, "Honestly, I can hardly answer that question; but she has consented to be my wife."

I looked at Dr. Milford. I am ashamed to say it, but it is true, I looked at him with surprise. "And you advertised for her friends?" The sound of my own words made me blush, yet for the moment they had been the ones that came most naturally to my mind. I thought of Alice,—Alice as I had seen her standing before me in all the tenderness as well as loveliness of her gracious young beauty. She had promised, promised no doubt of her own free will, and in the fulness of her gratitude for his goodness to her, to give herself to him, and yet he had deliberately imperilled it all by seeking those who were only too likely to interfere. I looked at him, and I confess I wondered. I think he followed my thoughts, for I noticed that he colored slightly. "Yes," he said, "I felt that it was due to her as well as to others to make every effort to discover her friends."

"Pardon me, Dr. Milford, for my question," I said; "it was a hasty one; and yet—and yet, I don't know whether under the circumstances I should have been generous enough to risk it."

"Yes, you would, Captain Jervis," he said, with a half-smile on his lips that was melancholy, "yes, you would; at least you certainly would if you were a wise man, and most of all if you had been a doctor. There was the future to consider."

"The future?" I replied, a half-perception of his meaning dawning on me. "The future? I don't understand you. If she were your wife of her own free will, what had you to fear from the future?"

"Would you mind sitting down again for a few minutes, till I explain?" he replied; "because it is due to you as well as to her and her other friends that I should do so. And besides," the same half-smile came into his eyes as he paused for a moment, "besides, I don't

want credit for a generosity which in the position of another man I might not have been capable of. Miss Ramsey, as you have seen, has been the subject of a mental injury which, although very rare, and perhaps in no two known cases exactly alike in its symptoms and effects, is not by any means unknown to science. In her case it would seem as though the effect of some great, probably some sudden, shock had been the almost entire obliteration of the memory. The effect is no doubt due to a paralysis of some portion of the brain-tissue. In some cases such a paralysis extends to everything which enables the memory to work, and in these cases the mind becomes practically a blank as much as that of a young child. Fortunately, this is not Miss Ramsey's case. Her loss of memory seems to extend only to the events, and with the events, of course, to the actors, in her past life: in all or nearly all other respects her mind is quite unimpaired. At first sight this loss, terrible as it is, may seem less important than it really is, because few people really grasp the truth that we are almost entirely the creation of our past lives. Now I think you can understand my position better. The Miss Ramsey you have just seen is for the most part the creation of the past few months, and if the memory of her past life were to return it is probable that this new person would be swept away as completely as the original one has been in the mean time."

I gasped. "And, doctor, can she be cured?" I asked, in breathless excitement, a thousand half-dead hopes crowding back upon my mind as his words seemed to open the door to hope once more.

"No," he said; "there is no known method of cure; but I am bound to tell you honestly that she may recover.

"Recover?" I repeated; "recover; but how?"

"That is impossible to say," he replied; "and I will not deceive you into the belief that there is any certainty of its happening at all. The brain is too wonderful and delicate an instrument to be roughly handled with impunity, and as yet our knowledge of its operations is in a very rudimentary condition, but experience seems to show that in most cases of recovery from the effects of shock leading to paralysis of this kind the recovery is also sudden and seems to be consequent upon a second shock, counteracting in some as yet unexplained way the effect of the first."

It sounded very hopeless, and yet, feeble as it was, it was a hope still. I sat silent for some minutes, and the doctor, after glancing at me, returned to his papers, though I fancy with but little idea of what they contained. At last I rose, saying, "You have given me much to think about, and very much to feel grateful for, doctor; but I feel as if I must think it over quietly before I can fully understand it. When would it be convenient to you to see me again?"

"You can, of course, see me here at almost any time of the day, but I should like—that is, if you cared to do so—to ask you to let me introduce you to my aunt. Miss Ramsey has lived with her ever since we arrived here."

"Thank you," I exclaimed, warmly; "you are more than kind."

"To-morrow, then," he said, "if you will meet me here at five and

will accept my invitation on my aunt's account, I will hope to see you. We are not ceremonious people in the colonies, as I dare say you have heard, and we dine at half-past six."

It was not until I had said good-by and was on my way back to Sydney that the full significance of this arrangement occurred to me, and it was with a thrill of delight that I remembered I should thus be brought into contact with Alice again. True, it would be the new Alice,—the Alice who regarded me as a stranger. But might not this be overcome? Might it not be possible to become to the new what I thought I should have been to the old Alice? And then the thought of Dr. Milford came back to me, and I shuddered. Could I attempt to take from him the reward he had earned so well? Was he not entitled to the life which I had lost and he had regained?

That first night spent in the far Australian city was perhaps the worst I had yet experienced. Doubt, indeed,—the doubt that had racked me so long,—existed no longer, but it had given place to one which was almost more harassing, because more purely personal. The doctor himself had suggested a hope on which I scarcely dared to dwell: my own mind had suggested another, which it seemed base ingratitude on my part to entertain. Morning found me still undecided. I sent off messages informing the general of Alice's safety, and summoning Miss Selby as we had arranged, and even as I did so I felt as if I was guilty of an act of treachery to Dr. Milford. And so I waited for five o'clock, and prepared to meet my new acquaintances.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHADOW OF THE PAST.

CHARLIE had undertaken to write this, but for some reason he has asked me to do it in his place. I cannot help thinking this a pity, for I am quite sure he would have done it so much better than I can hope to do; but I am beginning to fancy Charlie has found out, just as Elsie did so long ago, that I am very easily persuaded to do things for people I care for. Charlie says it was all my doing that Captain Jervis ever came out here at all, and so it is only fair I should tell all about it,—just as if I had sent that advertisement to the *Times*, a thing I'm quite sure I should never have thought of as long as I lived, though it was the very best thing to do, of course. All I had to do with it was suggesting that he ought to make inquiries about her friends before he married our dear Helen—I ought to call her Alice now, of course, but I think she will always be Helen to me. He didn't say another word about it to me, but just went and telegraphed home that advertisement after he had spoken to Helen.

At any rate, I was glad when he came home one evening in October and told me that he had found out all about Helen's relations. I had heard from Helen herself, who came home more than an hour before him, that a stranger had come to the hospital and had mistaken her for somebody else, and, she said, had seemed so sorry when he found out his

mistake. She had seemed so sorry for him that for the moment I had been startled ; but then, poor child, she was the very tenderest-hearted girl I ever saw, so that one didn't think so much of it. But when Charlie came home I knew the first moment I looked in his face that something really important had happened. When he told me about it I was glad for his sake, though very sorry for the other poor young man, and I was almost puzzled to understand why Charlie seemed to feel it so much. Of course I know what he is about anything that suffers, just as he used to be for the broken-legged cats and things he was always bringing home as a boy ; but when I looked at his pale face, and saw the way he looked at Helen now and then when she was looking somewhere else, I couldn't help thinking there was something more in it than even sympathy for Captain Jervis. Helen wasn't quite like herself, either, and I am sure Elsie noticed it,—that girl always did notice everything like a flash,—for I could see her glancing first at one and then at the other that evening till she made me quite nervous.

I didn't ask any questions, but I was all the more anxious to see Captain Jervis for myself, and I waited rather impatiently for the next evening. I told Elsie about him, so far, that is, as to make her understand who he was, though not about his being in love with Helen before ; but somehow I didn't like to mention him to Helen. I don't know whether I did wisely in that, but as for Elsie I might just as well have told her all about it. There never was any use trying to keep anything back from that girl where she had ever so small a chance of using her own eyes and ears : she was perfectly sure to find it out.

I liked Captain Jervis at once. Perhaps I was a little prepared to like him when I thought of his having hunted over the world for the girl he was fond of, and then finding her in the terrible way Charlie had described. I suppose it is true, as Charlie says, that I am a romantic old woman ; but I feel sure I should have liked him at any rate. For one thing, he was a gentleman. I don't mean, of course, a man who knows how to come into a room and can use his knife and fork at table ; anybody can learn that, as they teach the girls to enter a carriage at the fashionable boarding-schools. I mean a real gentleman,—the sort of man one could trust. Then he was good-looking. You may say what you please, every woman in her senses likes a good-looking man,—not a merely handsome one, you know, but one with a face that is good to look at ; at any rate, I don't mind owning that I do. Elsie liked him too, and Elsie is rather difficult to please with gentlemen, I've noticed.

As for Helen, it was really very strange to watch her that evening. Just at first I would have said that if it had been possible for her to look awkward she would have done so. I fancy we had all rather overlooked the fact that, whatever she may have forgotten in the past, Helen doesn't forget what happens now any more than other people, and of course she remembered his coming to the hospital and making the strange mistake of thinking her some one he knew very well indeed. I am sure she felt that it was both awkward and strange that she should

meet him here, and really I don't wonder at it. However, she seemed soon to get over the feeling, and then to like his being here quite as much as any one else. Captain Jervis, after just the first, seemed to try hard to make himself agreeable, though I could see that it was an effort, and no wonder. I think he must be a clever man, however, for he really was a very pleasant companion in a quiet, gentlemanly way, and some of his anecdotes of Indian military life were better than anything I have seen in novels.

We were all pleased with our new acquaintance, I think, and very willing to see as much of him as we could. He told Charlie that he had telegraphed to Helen's father in India, and also to the grand-aunt by whom she had been brought up, and would wait until he heard what they decided on doing. In the mean time there seemed to be no reason at all why the poor fellow should not see as much of Helen as he liked. Charlie seemed to wish it, although he didn't tell me why, and I couldn't help thinking it was perhaps as good a way of curing him of his old feelings as possible to grow accustomed to looking on her as engaged to somebody else. Not that Charlie and Helen were much like an engaged couple, perhaps, after all, because, though she spoke of it quite frankly, it always seemed to me she was too frank and matter-of-fact about it. I don't really think there was anything one could exactly call love-making, such as other men and girls do and seem to enjoy, and I think Charlie was always afraid to hurry her by showing how much he felt: so that perhaps after all it was hardly so likely to cure Captain Jervis as I had thought. I feel sure Elsie was wiser than I was, for I could see that she thought it a strange thing for me to do to be forever asking him to the house. Of course she had shown that she knew so much after that first evening that I had been forced to tell her about his having been in love with Helen before; but she evidently didn't object to his company herself, and of course, like a silly old woman, I began to think that perhaps—but there, I suppose it isn't necessary to put down all the foolish fancies I may have had.

And so it went on. It is extraordinary how these army men get to know one another, and, what is more, seem to know all about one another. It was no time before Captain Jervis found out that he knew one member of the staff slightly, and then he was at once rushed by the military set. It was in this way that we first learned that he was the eldest son of one of the richest baronets in England, and was, besides, a distinguished young officer and a V.C. man, things I am sure we should never have learned from him. I don't quite know how it happened, but he managed to draw me into a number of the smaller gayeties that are always going on in that set. Elsie seemed to enjoy these polo, cricket, and lawn-tennis matches, which were the order of the day, and even Helen seemed really to take quite a new interest in such things, now that Captain Jervis took so much pains to make them agreeable to our party. We saw a great deal of the captain, and through him of several other young men, and our house was really quite gay during that six weeks or so after he came. Charlie said he thought it very good for Helen, and it certainly did seem to

make her much more like other people, I mean in caring for things that are natural for young people to care for; though, after all, I can't say that she cared for anything so much as her afternoons at the hospital, which nothing would induce her to give up. I fancy Charlie would have given a good deal to get her to do that, for he seemed to feel almost jealous of her love for those children, and I think he felt as if that was the great thing that stood between them now.

I suppose it was natural, too, but every day I grew more and more sure that he was quite wrong in this. The girl was certainly wonderfully fond of these children, and I think it was the very prettiest sight to see the welcome she got from them when she used to go there; but there was more than that that stood between her and Charlie. I think she was very fond of him, you know, but it seemed to me to be just such a fondness as one might have for a very good, kind, elder brother, not at all the other feeling. After the first week or two I began to see that she liked being with Captain Jervis quite as well, and as time went on I wasn't sure that she didn't like it even better. It wasn't anything one could mention that made me think this, for Helen was just as kind and sweet in her ways as ever to Charlie and to us all, but there was a look that sometimes came over her face when he was there—I mean the captain—which I never saw at any other time; a sort of rested, contented look, that was new to me, and made me feel as if perhaps, after all, there was some recollection lying hidden deep down in the child's mind of what had been.

And little by little other people saw it too. Elsie, I am sure, was the first: I could never be quite certain that she didn't notice it as soon as I did, for Elsie had changed a good deal too, and now one couldn't be at all sure what she saw and what she did not see, for she had somehow learned to notice things and to say nothing. I could see that she noticed this, for I have often seen her eyes rest on Helen's face when Captain Jervis came, and at other times do the same when Charlie came, and once or twice I saw a little flush on her cheek and a look in her eyes as if she felt angry at what she saw. Yes, and by and by, though not nearly so soon, I felt sure that Charlie began to see it too. Men like Charlie are slow to see some things, especially those that concern themselves, I suppose because their minds are occupied with other people's interests and troubles. But he did see it at last, I am sure, although he said nothing. I have seen his eyes rest on her when she was with them both, and it quite pained me to see the quietly observant look that seemed to have less and less of the hopeful glad expression I had so often seen two months before whenever it appeared that she was taking a new interest in anything. There was more of that to be seen now than ever, but I could see that he felt as if it was not for him.

I don't believe Helen had the smallest idea of it. She was the same dear sweet child as ever, just as full of affection and gratitude to us all for the least love and kindness as at first. The change was not in that way at all; indeed, I hardly know that one could call it a change in her. It looked to me rather as if little by little the shadow of the past was creeping over her, and, while it didn't alter her to us,

it was bringing back something of the old feelings that had been there before she had known us at all. It was the strangest thing to watch that you can conceive, and if it hadn't been for Charlie's grave face, which grew graver and sadder every day, it would have been a delightful study. One thing was very curious, too, and that was the way it affected Elsie. The child was quite changed. Sometimes you would have thought she almost disliked Helen, and then again that she liked her more than ever. She was very uncertain in her humors, too,—much more so than she ever used to be,—until I really fancied she must have something serious the matter with her. It was useless to take any notice, however, for that only made her worse, besides being angry.

Altogether, those six weeks were a very disturbing time and worried me very much. There was really nothing I could do but look on and wish and hope for some change, though what change I couldn't have told myself. Sometimes I wished General Ramsey or old Miss Selby would come and take Helen off my hands, for I felt as if the responsibility was growing very heavy. At other times I was afraid that their arrival would only make matters worse for Charlie and all of us, and was quite willing to put it off as long as possible. And so the weeks slipped away, and, whether I liked it or not, I knew that one or other of them was sure to come, and then that something or other would happen, though I couldn't believe that it would be happy. More and more, as the days went by, I thought impatiently of poor old Bridget's prophecy that Helen would bring a blessing to the house that sheltered her. I confess it didn't look much like a blessing then.

BOOK IV.—COME ASHORE.

CHAPTER I.

AN UNREASONABLE JOURNEY.

I WAS very unhappy when my Alice went away to India, and no wonder. I am not such a very old woman yet,—I should hope not, indeed,—and yet I almost cried my eyes out on the way back to Selby. The first thing that did me any good, I think, was a visit from that young man Mr. Chasuble to speak about the school. The clergy are all very well in their place, you know, and of course one didn't mind his talking about the new school-mistress,—though I do consider her rather a forward young woman; but when he ventured to console me for Alice's going to India, I confess I thought he rather forgot himself. Just as if a young man like that knew anything about it. And then to bring in that everlasting Providence. But I think I let him know my opinion of that kind of thing pretty plainly, that's one comfort. After he went away I felt better, and I gradually got to live in a sort of way without Alice.

I will admit that her father showed a very proper politeness in letting me know by telegraph when she arrived, and then afterwards

when his wife died he sent me word again; but you may notice that I never denied that the man could be polite. What I wanted to know then, and what I have been wanting to know ever since, is why he kept that child in India for months, positively for months, after her poor mother's death. It's all very well to say that he did all he could to see my Alice sent safely home to me; perhaps he did, and it may have been that old military person Lady Stewart's fault rather than his about choosing a ship; but what I want to know is why he didn't send her two months sooner. However, I have never received any answer so far, and I suppose I shall get none now, though he did have the grace to ask me to Grimshaw this autumn, and if I should go—which I don't think at all likely, in spite of Arthur's coaxing—I rather think I should get an answer to one or two questions before I left.

You all know the story of that wretched Tanjore ship already, so I needn't go over that again. I had heard from Lady Stewart when she left, and the woman had the audacity to tell me that Alice couldn't possibly have had a better ship. Better, indeed! a vessel that burned like a box of vestas the moment she caught fire! Then I heard no more, though every day I went over the shipping in the *Times*, and, besides, the agents had instructions to telegraph the very moment they heard of the ship. At last there was a paragraph in the *Times* one morning to say she had been burnt at sea: fancy exposing one of our family to a thing like that! The moment I saw it I knew how it would be. The paper said that two boat-loads of passengers had been rescued, but I felt sure that my Alice was not one of them. I had known it from the first. I knew it when I stood on the wharf to see her off and begged the poor child to come back. I had partly forgotten it afterwards, I admit, but I knew it at the time.

Of course I was right; but somehow that didn't make it any better, and then one couldn't write to her father to tell him what one thought of his conduct just then. I did write to that self-satisfied old woman Lady Stewart, but even that never went, for I got a note from her that was really so properly expressed that I was compelled to tear it up, and didn't even have that small satisfaction. I was very lonely and very miserable that spring, so much so that I believe even Mr. Chasuble used to call and say pretty nearly anything he liked. I fancy I must have been pretty low when it came to that. Let me see, when was it Arthur first came to Selby? I am not quite certain, but it must have been some time early in autumn that I saw him first. I was getting a little better, I know, because I had let Mr. Chasuble know that he needn't call quite so often at the Hall, and that was a good sign; but Arthur's call nearly made me as bad as ever. It wasn't his fault, I admit. It was kind of him to come, and all the more kind because the subject was such a painful one to him, as I could see in a moment. Under any other circumstances it would have been a liberty to come as he did, without an introduction or anything, but as it was I felt really grateful, though I am sure I must have cried for hours after he had left. I liked the young man, I confess, and when I had got over my crying-fit and was able to look at Alice's little

embroidery-case which Adelaide Stockton had given her—I should have known that case among a thousand—without breaking out again, I looked up the family,—they don't belong to our county, you know,—and was glad to find them perfectly satisfactory.

Of course it was natural I should suppose I had seen the last of Arthur Jervis: so you may imagine I was astonished when he was announced again only three days after. He may say what he pleases now, but then he gave one the impression of being hardly responsible. Of course I am not much of a judge of such things,—thank heaven, *that* sort of thing doesn't run in our family,—but I really thought when I first saw Arthur that time that he must be in need of soothing treatment. The time he had come before I had noticed, of course, that he felt it a good deal, but this time he was excited,—positively excited. He had been half-way round the world before I saw him at all, in the hope of hearing about Alice,—just as if he was likely to hear of my Alice at Mauritius or any of those outlandish places where they grow sugar and, I am told, wear hardly any clothes,—and now he was positively going to start again. He had seen an advertisement in the *Times* from some doctor in Australia saying that a young lady, name unknown, had been picked up at sea and could be heard of by her friends on personal application. It was exactly like one of those strayed-dog advertisements, and I could hardly help laughing when he wanted me to believe that it was my Alice. Fancy one of our family being advertised like a stray poodle!—name unknown, too, just as if they had been trying a lot of names and she wouldn't answer to any of them. It was no use laughing at Arthur, however, he was in too deadly earnest, and in spite of the absurdity of the idea I am not sure that after a time he didn't infect me just a little with the fancy that it was barely possible it might be Alice.

One thing was plain enough, at any rate, the lad was just madly in love with my Alice, to be ready to rush off like a madman to the other end of the world on such a chance as that. I confess I liked him all the better for it, though of course it did seem very foolish; but one does like to see a young man nowadays who has the courage to do foolish things when he is in love. It wasn't the least use telling him that it couldn't possibly be Alice, because the lad had made up his mind already that it must be, and he had gone home and said good-by to his mother—it isn't every young man in these days that has the grace to do that—and was just ready to start off to Sydney. No, I couldn't persuade him that he was wrong, and besides, you know, there was just the very faintest hope he might not be, and that was almost worth a journey round the world, even at my age. Of course it was very good of him to do it,—though, for that matter, you know men will do a good deal if they are in the state of mind Arthur was in then. Of course he tries to laugh it off now, but there again—all men are just alike afterwards.

Before he went I told him that if by any wild chance he should turn out right, and it really was Alice, he was to let me know at once, and I would come out for her myself. Of course one couldn't allow a child like my Alice to travel on a ship alone, and, though I suppose

there must be some good people occasionally travelling, it would be quite out of the question to trust her to the care of any merely colonial person. Of course Arthur did talk of telegraphing to her father to come for her. Her father: I dare say! Fancy my leaving it to that man to look after Alice, especially after what had taken place. Of course I put a stop to that idea at once, and insisted that in case of its being Alice—though I will admit I should as soon have expected to have a message to say it was an angel, only he had forgotten to mention his name—he should telegraph to me at once. Her father, indeed!

I never was more astonished in my life than I was when that message actually arrived. Mr. Chasuble had just called about some idea the school-mistress had of allowing the children to have their feast in the grounds, and I was just going to give him my opinion of that very forward young person for making such a proposal, when it was handed to me by Robins. To say you might have knocked me down with a feather is nothing at all: why, to this day that young man Mr. Chasuble says that I consented, actually consented, to those children having their feast under the chestnuts and playing games in the park. If I did I must have been mad, you know; and perhaps I was a little, for I really can't remember enough to contradict him, though, as I have told him, he ought to have known that I couldn't be myself when I said such a thing.

The telegram said to come at once, for it really was Alice, and it added that she was in good health. Just at first I forgot everything but that, and thought only of going at once, and it wasn't until I met that disagreeable and, I must say, silly old man, Lord Caunthorpe, in London, that I began to have doubts about how things really were. Of course I shouldn't pay much attention to him in a general way, and I need hardly say I wouldn't have gone near him at all if it hadn't been that, owing to that extraordinary will of my poor brother's, he was still mixed up with the property and Alice. As it was, I thought he ought to know: so I sent him word that I should be at the Cavendish and wanted to see him on business. I confess I couldn't in the least make out what the silly old man—you know, since he has taken to wearing a wig he really is worse than ever—was looking so triumphant about when he called, and I needn't say I didn't give him a chance to explain until I had shown him the telegram and explained that I was just starting. He read the telegram and listened to all I had to tell him about it, and then he looked at me as if he pitied me very much. "Well," he said, at last, "I suppose matters might be worse, but it really is very sad, just at this time too, when I was about to congratulate you." Was the man mad? He didn't look like that exactly, I must say, in spite of that ridiculous wig,—on a man of his age, too; why, the man must be seventy-five if he's a day,—but what on earth he could mean I was at a loss to understand. I needn't tell you that I asked him, and I fancy I made myself pretty plain, too. "Why, don't you see," he said, smirking at me, positively smirking, with his old screwed-up eyes, "the girl's out of her mind in some way. How else do you suppose she wouldn't have known her own name?

And why doesn't she telegraph herself?" It was like a blow, for it had never occurred to me before, and, though it wasn't very likely I was going to admit such a thing to him, it was a shock. Of course I said it was all nonsense, and then the old wretch said, "Well, I only hope you are correct, Miss Selby, for in that case I may congratulate you on the result of our good judgment, with which, if I recollect rightly, you didn't agree at the time. Old Lord Grimshaw is dead, I hear, and you know his grandson died last year."

What was the silly old man talking about? Old Lord Grimshaw, indeed! I knew that the Selbys were not related to anybody of that name, and of course I said so at once. "No," he said, smirking worse than before, "I never ventured to hint at such a thing; but Viscount Grimshaw was Major Ramsey's uncle, and now of course the general succeeds to the title."

"Oh," I said, when I had taken just one moment to recover myself; "oh, that Scotch connection, about which I remember you made such a fuss long ago. Well, I don't know that it is of much importance, is it?" I do think I annoyed the foolish old man by that, which was some comfort, but, after all, it was a vexatious thing, for of course it made it appear as if they had been right about Alice and Major Ramsey. He didn't stay long after that, but he had contrived to make me very uncomfortable; not about that silly Grimshaw business, I need scarcely say, but about my Alice. I thought of telegraphing to know; but then, of course, one couldn't send such a question through the office, for all the giggling clerks and operators to see,—why, it would have been all over London, no doubt,—and Arthur hadn't sent me any address in Sydney, and I supposed they would have addresses even in an outlandish place like Australia: so I gave it up.

I had said I would go, and of course I went, but of all the ridiculous and unreasonable journeys that a gentlewoman of sixty ever undertook to make I think it was the very worst. They tell me the steamer was a good one; it was the *Paramatta*, and, as they told me the governors nearly always went out in her, I thought she must be endurable. All I can say is that if the governors like travelling by the *Paramatta* I don't admire their taste.

CHAPTER II.

A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS.

I AM told that our voyage was a good one. Thank heaven, I never made one before, so I am not in a position to say, but I can and do say that if it was a good one I should feel sorry for any one—yes, I do believe, even for old Lord Caunthorpe—if he had a bad one. Of course people always will be absurd, and there were actually people on board, and not by any means such bad sort of people as you might expect, who were forever finding things to admire. I really don't know how often I was dragged on deck to look at things that were

either silly or ugly, simply because one hadn't seen them before. Fancy taking an interest in a horde of screaming savages, with scarcely a rag to cover them, carrying bags of coal on board, and every one as black as Satan, and I dare say much less clean. I was actually brought out of the saloon at Port Said for that. Then there were huge black rocks at Aden without a green thing on them; just as if one couldn't see thousands of just as ugly rocks in Scotland any day without going so far from home. I think I did manage at last to make people understand that I really did prefer people—even if they must be black—to have some clothes on before I was asked to look at them, and that I took very little interest in porpoises and ugly fishes of that kind. After that I got a little more peace and quietness.

In spite of everything, we did get to Australia at last. I confess I was a little surprised to find that it was really not such a very bad place, after all. It was very hot, certainly, but as long as we were sailing along the coast and kept under the awnings it was endurable. I went all the way to Sydney in the steamer, though most of the people got off at Melbourne and went by train. That might be all very well for them, but I knew the worst of the steamer by that time, and it wasn't very likely that I was going to risk myself in one of those colonial trains in a country where, for anything I know, they might have been always meeting kangaroos and other horrible animals. By the time we were getting near Sydney I confess I had begun to grow nervous. Each day on that horrible voyage the awkwardness of the whole thing had been coming home to me more and more, until I almost felt as if it would have been better to allow Arthur to send for her father, after all. I had begun to fancy all sorts of things, each worse than the other, until I had actually conjured up a picture of Alice in a mad-house of which Dr. Milford was the keeper, and half expected to find her chained against a wall in a dark cell, making ugly faces at me, when I went to see her.

It was an absolute relief to reach Sydney, if it was only that I might know the worst. People are forever talking about the harbor of Sydney and all that sort of thing, and I suppose I was asked a dozen times by as many silly old women—they were generally old women, I will say that for them, that troubled one in that way—what I thought of their beautiful harbor. Well, I may just say once for all that when I first got there I thought just nothing at all about their beautiful harbor, and probably shouldn't if it had been twice as beautiful and three times as big. Of course I didn't come there to see harbors, as they might know very well: just fancy me coming all that way to look at a harbor! What I was looking out for was a glimpse of Captain Jervis, for by that time I had begun to think what a nice position I should be in if anything had happened to him since the time he sent the message. Fortunately, I wasn't kept long in doubt, for I will do him the justice to say he was on board the very first boat that reached the steamer from the shore. Annoying as the whole thing was, I was really glad to see Arthur, and, though I know he won't admit it now, I feel certain I told him so. He says I catechised him before I let him go into the saloon; and I shouldn't be at all surprised if I did ask just

one or two questions. Hadn't I come thirteen thousand miles to ask questions? and who had so good a right to know all about things as I had, I should just like to know? Catechise, indeed! I should think so.

One thing I will say, that, however many questions I may have asked, I got not a single reasonable answer to any of them till we were down in the saloon: then Arthur told me. Lost her memory, indeed! Lost a fiddlestick! Who ever heard of anybody, especially a girl, and that girl a Selby of Selby, losing her memory? Why, our family has always had the very best of memories. Of course I simply didn't believe it, and I insisted on seeing Alice at once. I believe Arthur did try very hard to prepare my mind for the shock, but really the thing seemed so childishly absurd, you know, that it wasn't of any use. At last he lost his temper,—I'm quite sure he must have lost his temper to do such a thing, you know,—for he took me ashore to Miss Milford's house, where Alice was staying.

Now that I knew Alice wasn't in a madhouse, as that old wretch Caunthorpe had suggested, and had only lost her memory, as Arthur said,—why, my own memory's not what it used to be by any means, if you come to that, and I should just like to hear anybody hint that I was mad,—I was able to look about me and enjoy putting my foot on shore again, even if it was only Australian shore. There could be no doubt the place was a pretty one, and the drive out to Elizabeth Bay was a treat after the quarter-deck of the *Paramatta*. The house was a nice one, too, and the garden looked as if it was properly cared for in spite of its being in such a place. We were shown by an old woman—a very Irish-looking old woman she was, too—into a drawing-room that might have been one's own, except for the view through the palms and shrubs, that looked as if they belonged to the conservatory. Arthur had spoken to the servant, and I suppose he had asked for Alice, for after a few minutes my child came into the room. I could have cried out loud when I saw her. It was my very own child, only she had grown up a good deal and looked older and—yes, really, though I could hardly have believed it—handsomer than ever. I just held out both my arms to the child and exclaimed, "Oh, Alice, my darling, why have you been so long away?" She stood quite still and looked at me, while the strangest look came into her eyes,—they were the same beautiful eyes as ever,—as if she wanted so much to remember, but wasn't able. And there I was standing, like an old goose, with my hands held out, saying, "Oh, Alice, my child, you do remember me, don't you?" just as if I couldn't see that she didn't remember me in the very least. It was quite heart-breaking. I know I was crying just like a baby, and the big tears were running down my poor child's cheeks out of sympathy. It is all very well for Arthur to laugh now about it, but I know he wasn't so very far from crying too. I had never thought of anything like this, and I'm not one bit ashamed to say that it was too much for me. Arthur says I stood there with my arms out until I went into hysterics. I don't believe that, of course. Hysterics, indeed! Fancy me being such an old fool as that! But I admit I was very much upset, and I really don't

remember exactly what did happen until I found myself lying down on a bed in a very pretty room with a bow window looking out on the sea.

Presently a tap came at the door just as I was thinking what an absurd old goose I must have made of myself, before Arthur too, and a very pretty girl put her head in at the door and asked me if I felt better, and if she could do anything for me. I suppose I must have been pretty bad, for I felt quite glad of her coming and of her help in getting up, and even when I was up my head ached and swam so that I was quite grateful to lie down again. Well, that was the beginning of it, and there I was positively laid up in a strange house, among people I had never heard of in all my life before, for nearly a fortnight before I was even decently fit to go down-stairs. And I will say that they were the best and kindest people in the world. If Miss Milford had been my sister she couldn't have been kinder; and as for that girl—well, people may say what they please, and I dare say I may have done it myself, about the colonies and colonial people, but I will say that some of them would look well in the best houses at home. I must say I liked that girl. She was bright and clever, and when I was sick and in low spirits—for I don't mind admitting that my spirits were low just then sometimes—she was like a sunbeam in the room.

But of course it was no use giving way to that kind of thing. If Alice had forgotten me, why, it couldn't be helped, and I had just got to make her know me again, of course. To sit down with one's hands folded wasn't likely to do much good, so far as I could see, and I had made more than enough of a goose of myself already about what couldn't be helped. Only let me once get her home again to Selby, and if she didn't remember things it shouldn't be my fault. I had seen the doctor more than once since I had been sick, and I must say he seemed the sort of man one could trust. A little young, perhaps; but, after all, there are worse faults than that: look at that old creature Caunthorpe, now. Fancy any one in their senses consulting him! I had seen the doctor about myself a good many times, and now I began to think it was quite time I saw him about Alice. Of course it was time to do something, but the difficulty was what to do. Here the girl was, just as good and sweet and even prettier than ever, and though she had heaps of money and relations she might just as well have had none, for anything the poor child knew about it. She mightn't even be willing to go home with me; and as for Captain Jervis, of course he was of less than no use in such a state of things.

As soon as I began to feel at all like myself, I sent for Dr. Milford, and just told him exactly how matters stood, and asked how he thought I was to get Alice home again. He sat and looked at me for a minute, I should think, without saying anything, till I began to wonder what the man was thinking about. Then he said, very quietly, "Perhaps I should tell you, Miss Selby, before you consult me in a matter of this sort, that Miss Ramsey is engaged to marry me." I have been surprised more than once in my life,—I think you will admit I have had reason to be, too,—but nothing had ever astonished me like that. I just sat and stared at the man. There he sat, quite

cool and collected too, and the worst of it was that one couldn't deny that he was a fine-looking man, just the very man that might have taken a girl's fancy. At last I gasped out, "But, good gracious, doctor, you know you can't be. Why, she's only a child, and—and her father's a viscount; and besides, you know, she doesn't know what she's doing, nor anything." I dare say I was incoherent,—I know I felt like it,—and the man only looked at me and listened. I could have thrown something at him.

He did look sorry, though,—I must say that for him,—and at last he said, "Yes, Miss Selby, I know it is a most painful position for us all. As for her youth, you know she is hardly younger than girls often are when they get engaged, and, though I am sorry to hear that her father is a peer, I don't think I should accept that as a reason altogether. But I am not sure that you are not right about the other thing, however painful it may be to me to say it. I scarcely think now that she does fully understand, and I hope that as a gentleman I should not wish to take any advantage of a feeling that is perhaps no more than one of gratitude for some little kindness." I don't know who the Milfords are, nor where they came from, but I do know that, if I hadn't lost the use of my eyes and ears, the man was a gentleman. I got up from my chair and shook hands with him, and when I did it I saw the tears standing in his eyes, and I felt so sorry for him that I'm not quite sure that they didn't stand in mine too.

CHAPTER III.

MISS SELBY GIVES IT UP.

I HADN'T seen Alice while I was ill, and of course I had seen nothing of Captain Jervis. After Dr. Milford had spoken as he did about that dreadful engagement of his to Alice, I scarcely liked to speak to either of them, because I hadn't a single idea what in the world I should say. The very thought of such a thing had brought home to me as nothing else had done how very helpless one must be in dealing with the child. It wasn't only that she had forgotten us all, but she had got new friends, who were for all the world like relations to her now. She might refuse to leave them. She might even take a hatred to us if we tried to make her come home. I knew that Alice—the old Alice, my child—had a will of her own; she wouldn't have belonged to our family if she had not; and even the doctor didn't think this horrible loss of memory was at all likely to have altered that. There she was, engaged to the man,—and, I must say, owing him and his aunt a great deal, too,—and it was hardly likely she would throw him overboard because I wanted her to do so. And then, you know, one could hardly ask *him* to break it off. I could see that in spite of what he had said to me the man was fond of her: of course he was: who wouldn't be fond of a girl with a face like that? And I suppose, like all these men, he had hopes that she would come to care for him in the way he wanted her to, if only she had time.

Upon my word, I wonder that I ever got well at all, when I think of it; but I did, of course, after a while, and then something had to be done. I thought perhaps Alice would have forgotten about me claiming her that day, and I had quite begun to wish that she might, for it did seem to make matters worse somehow to think that I should have made such an exhibition of myself before the child. It did seem hard, when she had forgotten everything one wanted her to remember, that she should remember this; but there, what is the use of wishing things? Of course I could see the moment I saw her again that she remembered all about that,—of course she did,—and that she was more than half inclined to shrink away from me in consequence. She was very gentle and kind, I admit, but she looked at me as if she was half afraid. I suppose the child was always expecting me to hold out my arms again and beg her to know me.

To make matters worse, that father of hers had telegraphed to Arthur at last. It appeared that he had started for England before the message sent to him in India got there, and he knew nothing about it until he got home, and of course saw that old wretch Lord Caunthorpe. Then he telegraphed to Arthur, and, strange to say, Arthur got it. And now the question was—so Arthur told me as soon as I was well enough to talk to him—whether he mightn't be actually on his way out. Fancy that! Here was a man who had married my niece in spite of all I could do, and then got us all into this terrible difficulty through sending for my Alice to India, of all places in the world, coming, actually coming out here to interfere, and of course to make matters worse than ever. Well, he might come if he pleased; of course I couldn't prevent his doing that; but on one thing I was quite determined: in that case I should wash my hands of the whole business. No, nothing would induce me to have anything to do with that man; and so I told Arthur plainly. I should think not, indeed! To have married my niece in spite of me twenty years ago, and then to have got us all into this difficulty through his wrong-headed obstinacy in sending for the child to India, and now to have come into that title, just as if on purpose to annoy one—for of course you see a title *is* a title, Scotch or not, after all. No, indeed; if General Ramsey, or Viscount Grimshaw—or whatever his outlandish Scotch title might be—came out, I was determined to go home and leave him to manage matters in his own way.

He didn't come, however, so perhaps it isn't worth while to make one's self angry now by going over it all again. I know I was annoyed at the time, and I dare say I showed it, too. I believe Arthur telegraphed him not to come, though he won't admit it now, for after a day or two he showed me a telegram he had received from Alice's father, saying that he left matters entirely in Miss Selby's hands and should hope to hear of their sailing immediately. I should think so, indeed! So now the thing was how to get Alice home again. The child had forgotten me, of course,—that was plain to be seen; though why such a thing should have happened to one of our family I could not conceive then, and, in spite of all Mr. Chasuble can say, I confess I don't at all understand it yet; but, unless the child had lost her

senses altogether, that was no reason why she shouldn't be made to remember.

For two or three days I didn't really know how to begin. It seems absurd enough now, but I was positively afraid to tell the child who she was, though she had been like my own child most of her life. It was partly Arthur's fault, I think, for he was always begging me not to do anything hurriedly:—hurriedly, indeed, when here I had been for the best part of three weeks, and even now my child didn't know that I wasn't an old impostor! If it hadn't been for that girl Elsie I don't know that I should ever have done it. I liked that girl, for there was no nonsense about her, and somehow it always raised my spirits to talk to her about things. Of course she had known all about it from the first, so one could talk to her comfortably, and it was quite a comfort to hear her laugh at my fears. "Oh, nonsense!" she used to say: "it won't do her any harm to hear that she is the daughter of a viscount. I only wish somebody would come along and tell me that papa had turned out to be an earl or something. I don't think I should faint, or bear an eternal grudge against the person that told me,—not very much!" Of course one couldn't help feeling that she was right, and, after all, I grew almost reconciled to the idea of the viscountship, if it would only help us out of the difficulty.

I don't say I didn't feel nervous about it, after all. Somehow I couldn't quite get over the shock of Alice not knowing me when I first saw her; but in spite of that I made up my mind at last to tell her. It was only two days before Christmas, though, of course, one could scarcely believe it in the midst of that ridiculous weather,—a perfect blaze of sunshine day after day, without a cloud in the sky. And, as if to make matters worse, the people were just as absurd as their climate, and seemed to me to spend most of their time out of doors. One day it was a riding excursion, the next a boating picnic, and the third a flower-show: so that it was no easy matter to get a chance to speak to the child. I had made up my mind at last, however, that it must be done, and of course I wasn't to be stopped in that way: I should rather think not, indeed! Besides, Alice had grown much more natural and friendly, and it seemed so much easier now that she didn't seem to shrink from me.

So at last I talked to Alice. There was to be a boating party that afternoon, so I got Elsie to manage so that the child came into the room where I was sitting before lunch to do something; then I asked her when she would be ready to go home. She looked up from what she was doing, with such a strange, startled look in her eyes, and said, "Home? Why, this is home." I had been a little frightened at that look in her eyes, I confess, but, when she said that, of course I saw my way at once, and began to tell her all about our own home at Selby, and a lot of the little things which I felt sure a girl was quite certain to remember if she had any memory at all,—about her old life, and the things she had done, and the people she knew at home. When I had once begun it seemed easy enough to go on and on, telling her of one thing after another, and perhaps I was just a little afraid to stop, and nervous about what she would say. And all the time the child

sat and gazed at me, her great eyes looking into mine, and shining with a strange far-away look as if she was following it all, but rather as if it was a story about somebody else she was listening to than anything about herself. Somehow those eyes of hers gradually affected me so that I didn't seem to be able to go on. I felt as if I must hear what the child was thinking of it all,—as if she must say something, or I should scream out.

I stopped and looked at her, but she only went on looking at me with that same look in her eyes that was growing so terrible to me. I could bear it no longer, and I almost gasped out the words, "Oh, Alice, and you know we did love one another so much then." I suppose I am a weak old woman after all, for I believe I sobbed out the last words. The poor child jumped up from her seat and came over to me with her hands held out in just the pretty way I had seen her do it, oh, such hundreds of times before, and the great tears were standing in her eyes. "Oh, don't cry," she said, "please don't: she will come back, I'm sure she will, some day, and then you will be so happy again together."

I stopped crying then. I looked into the child's eyes, and then I gave one great gasp. It was true, then, quite true, and my child was lost to me. She had heard it all, and this was the end. To her it was a story all about somebody else,—a story to cry over, perhaps, but not her own. She might go home, perhaps, if we could persuade her; she might even like the thought of being "My Lady," as Elsie had hinted, and she might be willing to go for that; but not for love,—not because she remembered. She might even learn to love people again; but what was the use of that? It was *my* child I wanted, the child I had loved, the child who had loved me; and now she was gone, gone, and I could never bring her back again!

It all passed through my mind in a moment. I just gave one gasp, and then I dried my eyes. Where was the use of crying? It was all over. I patted the poor child's shoulder, and managed to say, "There, there, my dear, don't vex yourself about it; I dare say you are right." She had been kneeling on the footstool beside me, but then she got up with such a sad wistful look in her eyes that I felt as if I had been unkind, and left the room. Just then lunch was announced, and I went down-stairs. The first person I saw was Captain Jervis. He had been talking to Elsie, I think, for he came forward with such an eager look on his face to shake hands. "You are coming with us this afternoon," he said, "in the boats?" I looked at him, and I think his bright eager face made it all seem worse. Yes, he might hope to make her know and love him yet, for he would have all his life, and hers too, before him; but with me it was different: if the past was quite lost then all was lost for me. "No, thank you," I said, shortly: "I don't like boats."—"But you don't object to Alice—Lady Alice—coming? I will take the best possible care of her."—"No," I said. "No, perhaps it's as well she should go with you. I know you will take good care of her, and she knows *you* a little, at any rate. I don't think she will ever know me any more." I turned quickly away and left him standing there.

CHAPTER IV.

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

It has fallen to me to tell it,—to me, Arthur Jervis. When Miss Selby spoke as she did and turned away, I confess that my heart sank for a moment. I knew that she had told Alice her history then, and I knew that she had failed to stir any memory of the past. She had failed,—I could see it in the poor old lady's face, and hear it in the tone of her voice; and she had been so certain of success that I had begun to feel confident too. And now what was left? The old lady's words came back to me with a new meaning. The past was really gone, then, beyond recall, but she knew me a little, and she liked me, I thought. Why should I not build up a new memory that would all be my own,—my very own?

I glanced at her face when she came down to lunch presently. I think she had been crying, but the face was bright now, and such a face,—so innocent, so childlike, yet with such latent possibilities of all a woman's tenderness in the future. Yes, if the past were really gone, it was not all loss, at least for me, if only—ah, if only! It was part of her new character that nothing seemed to affect her deeply or trouble her long, and in a very few minutes she was as merry as any of the party and full of anticipation of the boating excursion on the harbor. Two faces only of the party were grave: one was that of Miss Selby, which I couldn't bear to look at, and the other was that of Dr. Milford, which wore a quietly, almost sadly, observant look.

It was a relief to lose sight of these two faces and to join the others who were to form the party and sail down to Manly to the show of wild flowers, which is said to be one of the sights of Sydney. It would be hard, I think, to find a scene less calculated to encourage anything like melancholy than that presented by the harbor that afternoon. If it were only the sunlight on the water, with its gay procession of steamers, yachts, and sailing-boats of every sort and size, it would have been hard indeed to find a scene more full of life and all that makes life cheerful to the young at least. And when to these were added the glimpses of the shore, with its almost endless bays and headlands, the bright sun flashing upon its summer foliage and its thousand romantic villas, it was no wonder that the spirits of our party rose high and fun and laughter were frequent.

We had seen the flower-show, with all its wealth of wild flowers, for which the country is celebrated, and had strolled about the romantic suburb, facing on one side the still waters of the harbor and on the other the mighty roll of the vast Southern Ocean, until it was time, as even I was forced to admit, to return. I needn't say I had enjoyed myself, for I had taken full advantage of the trust committed to me, and constituted myself, more than ever before, Alice's companion and guide; and I confess I had abandoned myself to a species of intoxication in her society. And she too had seemed to enjoy herself. True, it was in the gentle innocent way in which she always did, like a free-hearted child, but even that was delightful, so long as one could feel that it was one's self who was the companion with whom it was shared. At

last we turned homeward. There were three boats, and we had lingered so long that only the last was left when we arrived, and our only companions were one naval and two military officers who, like ourselves, had been left behind. The breeze was light, and we drifted rather than sailed up the long reaches of the harbor in the warm glow of the evening light. Alice didn't seem at all annoyed at having been left behind by the other ladies of the party, and enjoyed herself with her new companions in the same light-hearted way as before; but perhaps it was this very thing that made me feel uncomfortable. She was so innocent and childlike—so utterly without any of the embarrassment which would, I told myself, have been felt by another girl left thus alone with us in the slowly drifting boat and the gradually falling twilight—that I asked myself again and again the question, was she doomed to a perpetual childhood of feeling, such as would render my dreams as empty as those of poor Miss Selby?

I don't doubt that I was but indifferent company, for I certainly was the quietest of the little party, the other members of which seemed to enjoy their slow progress as much as the finest breeze that ever curled the waters of Port Jackson. The breeze had almost died wholly away by the time we had drifted abreast of one of the men-of-war that lay at anchor, its tall spars mirrored darkly in the glassy water, still faintly colored with the last crimson tints of the evening sky, and its black hull rising high overhead, like the effigy of a ship carved in ebony. We had long ago discovered that our improvident boatman had neglected to provide oars against the contingency of a calm, and now the lieutenant, who was one of our party, proposed to go on board the *Swordfish* and borrow a pair. The suggestion was hailed as a good one, and after a good deal of coaxing we succeeded in getting our boat under her stern, and, having hailed the deck and made himself known, our companion was accommodated with a rope ladder lowered over the stern, up which he, and afterwards our two military companions, climbed, leaving us for the moment alone in the boat with the boatman.

Alice, who had been laughing at the efforts of the military men in climbing the ladder,—a feat to which she had incited them by her expressed doubts of their ability to accomplish it,—had followed the movements of the last of them as he slowly ascended and disappeared, and then had grown suddenly silent. I too looked up, moved perhaps by some subtle sympathy of feeling, at the dark hull that towered above us. The great ship had swung with the tide, so that she headed due west, and the water lay black in the shadow around us cast by the stern of the vessel, while on either side, at no great distance, the crimson glow thrown by the sunset sky rested redly on the still surface of the water. I looked, and I almost started. It was so like the last sight I had got of that other boat on the wide Pacific. Involuntarily I looked round at my companion as she sat in the stern-seat of the boat. I couldn't see the expression of her face in the dim light, but there was something in the rigid attitude of her body, in the fixed position of her head as she gazed upward, that startled me. I spoke to her hastily, but she did not appear to hear, for she took no notice and never moved

her head from its position of painfully rapt attention. I was just about to speak again more loudly, when suddenly a bright light flashed out from a stern cabin window high above our heads, no doubt from an electric light just turned on. The effect was strange and startling at the moment, as it poured a stream of intense white light across the darkness into which we had been gazing an instant before; but somehow my eyes had instantly turned to my companion, and it was her action that really startled me. As the light flashed out overhead she sprang to her feet, her eyes still riveted on the vessel above her. So she stood for perhaps half a second, and then, throwing up her arms wildly above her head, she gave a scream so wild and despairing that it rang through every part of the ship, and brought a hundred or more of the crew at a run to see the cause. Then she reeled and fell backward, fortunately into my arms.

The boatman was by my side in a moment, and with his assistance I laid her gently down, supporting her head still on my arm. In half a minute our companions were back, accompanied by the surgeon of the *Swordfish*, and a score of questions were hurled at me on every side. The doctor listened to what I had to tell, and examined her face by the light of a lantern. "She has had a severe nervous shock of some kind, I should say," he said at last, "and she may be insensible for some time. The best way would be to get her home at once, and I will come with you; it's no distance to Elizabeth Bay from here, and Milford's house is quite close to the water." Two sailors were sent on board with a pair of oars from the man-of-war, and we were rowed quickly to the landing-place. She never moved, she never seemed to breathe, as we glided quickly over the smooth waters. Her head rested on my arm; her face, white and beautiful, like a statue of the purest marble carved by the greatest of sculptors, looked blindly upward into the violet-blue sky overhead, where the first few stars already glittered faintly like a braid of pearls. In a few minutes we had reached the landing and carried her to the house, where we were met by Dr. Milford, who had been summoned from the dinner-table.

I still supported her head as we laid her on a couch in the room nearest the entrance, and I stood looking stupidly on as her aunt knelt at her side and sobbed over her in unrestrained misery until Dr. Milford drew her gently away. Then he asked me two or three questions about how it had happened, and I thought there was a strange mixture of expressions on his grave face as he listened to what I had to tell. Then he felt her pulse and placed his ear over her heart, and at last took a candle and examined her face with a close and critical attention. The light fell full upon her features as he drew back, and—yes, as I too gazed into her face I saw a change flit across it for a moment. I grasped the doctor's arm convulsively as I pointed to her and whispered hoarsely, "She is coming to, doctor." He nodded gravely, and held up his hand to caution me not to speak. So we stood for what seemed a long time to me, though probably it was but a minute or two, after all. There was no sound in the room but the low sound of Miss Selby's sobs in the background, and I seemed to hear the labored beating of my heart as I stood and gazed. How was it going to end?

"A severe shock," the doctor had said: what if it should have destroyed the last delicate fibres of the brain already so severely tried? What if the life that was faintly fluttering back again should be forever divorced from all that makes life worth having, and those dear eyes that were already trembling with the return of consciousness should open without intelligence? At that moment the childlike innocence that had somehow chilled me an hour before, as I thought it might be all of which her mind was ever again to be capable, seemed a thing to be prayed for and prized indeed.

It was but for a few moments, after all, yet so quick is thought and such is the electric speed of feeling that I found time for a thousand regrets and another thousand fears before her eyes opened slowly to the light. Mine searched her face hungrily as they did so, to catch the first sign of returning intelligence. Slowly they seemed to open, yet wider and wider, with a wondering look of surprise, and almost of fear, as they rested on Dr. Milford's anxious face, which bent over the couch. A troubled, anxious look passed across her face as she shut her eyes again quickly as if to clear away some vision that still clung to the awakened senses, and looked again. She moved impatiently; she looked beyond the doctor, and her eyes rested on my face. As they did so her face lighted up with a smile—ah, it was the very same smile I had seen in that dear time that seemed so long ago. She knew me, she knew me at last! The conviction came to me like a lightning flash, and I knew. I forgot everything then but her, and in a moment I was on my knee beside the couch, her hand in mine, and as my hot tears dropped upon it I murmured, "My darling! my darling! Come back to me at last!" It was true.

EPILOGUE.

I DON'T know why auntie should have been so tiresome as to insist upon my writing this, because I know she was asked to do it, and I'm quite sure she could have done it a great deal better than I shall. Auntie says, however, that she has put down her foot this time, and I know by sad experience that when auntie has done that it is no easy matter to get her to take it up again. I suppose it would disappoint Alice—Alice Jervis she is now, of course—if somebody didn't write it, so I suppose I must. After all, it isn't much to do for her, for she was the very dearest girl I ever knew, and I don't suppose being the Lady Alice, or even having got married, will have made one bit of difference in her. I hope not, at any rate, for we are going home to see them at Grimshaw Castle, and I should hate to find Alice altered even the very smallest tiny bit in the world. Did I say *we* are going? Well, that's just like me, and now you'll have to wait ever so long before you get to know who "*we*" are. Didn't I say auntie would have told it ever so much better?

Of course it's no use my going over anything you know already,

so I can leave out all about the party to the flower-show at Manly, which is just as well, for, however much Alice may have enjoyed herself,—she had Captain Jervis following her round like her shadow all day,—I thought it a very slow affair, I can assure you. It wasn't my fault that we left them behind, either, though when I got home without her you might have thought, to look at Charlie's face, that I had been the shepherd in charge of a prize lamb and had let it go astray on the run. We waited dinner for some time, and we had hardly finished when it all happened. I wasn't there when they carried her into the breakfast-room, though I did follow poor Miss Selby to the door, but of course I was dying to go in, and when I heard the old lady give almost a scream, "Oh, my child, my darling child!" I just risked Charlie frowning me down,—for he could, you know, sometimes in a very unpleasant way,—and rushed into the room. I stopped just inside the door, for it was the strangest thing you ever saw.

There she was—Alice I mean, of course—sitting up on the couch, and old Miss Selby hugging her in her arms and crying—actually crying out loud, you know—over her. That was at the head of the couch; and further down Captain Jervis was standing, bending over her and holding her hand in his in a very lover-like way, I must say. Charlie was standing a little way back, and he certainly did look rather out of it. He didn't see me, I think, for he was looking at Alice's face with the strangest expression on his own, and when I looked at her I really was not surprised at it. You never saw such a strange change come over a face that yet wasn't changed at all. It was all in the eyes, I think. They were always beautiful eyes, you know; indeed, that queer child Doris used to say they were just like the stars one sees shining in dark spots in the sky, so still and so steady; but now they were changed. How it was I don't quite know, but they seemed to dance and sparkle with a great light that made her face look—oh, so beautiful, I never in my life saw anything like it. I think she was looking at Captain Jervis, and I don't wonder the man looked almost dazed. She knew him now: anybody could see that in a moment, and they could see a great deal more too. Such a look as that was enough to spoil any man with pure conceit, I should think.

Then she looked into Miss Selby's face and said, just in her own gentle sweet voice,—*that* hadn't changed at all,—“But, dearest auntie, what does it all mean? Have I been ill, or what?” Then Charlie stepped forward, and she looked at him so strangely, almost as if she was afraid of him, as she said, “And this—this gentleman, who is he, auntie? Are we on board ship, or where?”

I looked at Charlie, and I could have cried at the look on his face when she said that, and when she looked at him with that strange expression of half-fear in her eyes. He turned quickly away, poor old fellow, and I think his eyes met mine, but he only went quietly out of the room. It was hard, after all he had done for her. She didn't know him; she didn't know him in the very least. I have found out since that he had expected it, but, I don't care what he may say now, I know that it was very bitter to him at the time, and no wonder at all.

It was the strangest thing in the world. She didn't know any of us, nor the place, nor anything at all that had happened all these months, but just took up everything where she had left it that night when the ship was burned. I don't feel sure that even now she fully understands that it wasn't Captain Jervis that somehow had saved her, after all. Of course she didn't know auntie or me any more than the rest, but it was astonishing how soon she got to know us all, and, I do think, to be very fond of us too, for somehow, though I'm sure she always looks on Captain Jervis as the one who saved her, she mixes us all up with him, and is, oh, so grateful to us all.

Of course they stayed with us—I mean Alice and Miss Selby—until they left Sydney. We got to know Alice—the new Alice—Lady Alice Ramsey, you know—quite well, almost better than we had known the old one we had known before, and to like this one even better, I think. One could really know her more, I think, and had quite got rid of the old strange uncomfortable feeling that one was all the time looking at the surface of a mystery that might any day disclose itself and astonish one in some disagreeable way. Another curious thing was that we found out she could play beautifully and sing so sweetly that I was quite ashamed to sing after her. She had never played a note nor really sung once all the time before.

Well, at last they all went home early in February by the Orient, and I will say they left us all as flat and stagnant as a water-tank in summer. I stayed a week or two, just to keep auntie from getting the blues, and then wasn't I just delighted when papa came down and said I must go home with him or he would put the Run up to auction. All this time, you see, Charlie had been just as melancholy as an old bandicoot, and no more company than an old man kangaroo. Sorry—of course one was sorry for him, but you can't live on being sorry for people, and besides, you know—but no, I won't say that, for perhaps it wouldn't be quite true, after all. Anyhow, I was glad to get away for some reasons, although auntie did look at me so reproachfully out of her dear soft old eyes, and even Charlie woke up and looked as if he was sorry I was going.

It was delightful to be at home again; at least it was very delightful at first, for of course there were Doris and Kitty, who were just wild to have me back, and there were the horses and everything; and even the boundary riders seemed pleased to see one again. And didn't we have a grand kangaroo-hunt, and a dance after it, where half the people within thirty miles of us enjoyed themselves,—really enjoyed themselves,—I mean as people can do in the bush. But somehow, I don't know why, after all, it wasn't quite the same as in old times. One did seem to grow just a little tired of it and to want something more. I know I felt ashamed of myself when I felt it coming on at first, and used to scold myself for the feeling, but I didn't find that it made much difference: it always would come back in spite of me, and I found myself wondering what auntie and Charlie were doing, and whether he was getting over it, so that I often didn't hear one word of what Doris was saying to me till the child got quite annoyed and said I was always wool-gathering since I came home. I couldn't

understand it one bit myself, and many a time I have just gone to my own room and had a good cry over it.

So it went on for months. Auntie wrote often, but somehow she didn't tell one much about Charlie or anything, only about stupid people one had known but didn't care much about. Then we had letters from Alice—at least auntie and I did, only auntie wouldn't let me read hers, which was mean, as I sent her all mine down directly I, and of course Doris and Kitty, had read them. So we heard all about the wedding, which kept one going for a bit, but of course that went off and seemed to leave things even more dead than before. But at last in September auntie wrote to say that she was coming up to see us. Weren't we just delighted! She didn't say anything about Charlie, but then she very seldom did in her letters, so I thought that perhaps he might come just for a little while, if he wasn't too busy.

He did come, to our surprise, along with auntie, and the moment I saw him I knew he was all right. I can't tell you how glad I was. It did seem such a shame that he should have been treated like that, and yet of course nobody—nobody at all—was to blame. However, we did enjoy ourselves for that fortnight, and then, you know, he had to go back. It was just horrid, and so I told him that night in the garden by the great fig-tree. He turned round suddenly and looked me full in the face. The moon was full that night and very bright, so I could see the expression of his face, and somehow it quite startled me. "Horrid?" he said, in a tone I had never heard from him before: "do you think it isn't more horrid for me, when I think what I might have had, perhaps, but for my own folly?" It wasn't the words, it was something in his face, that made me tremble all over in the silliest way: if one could shake one's self, I'm sure I should have done it then. I think he must have seen me, or was it something in my face, I wonder, that told him? but the next moment I was in Charlie's arms, and he was murmuring the sweetest, silliest things into my ear.

There, that is all. I can hardly feel as if it could be true, but they tell me that to-morrow will be my wedding-day.

THE END.

HOLY WEEK IN MEXICO.

WHO that has ever resided, or even visited, in the city of Mexico has failed to realize the charm of its matchless climate, its invariably beautiful mornings, its bright sunshine? One awakes to new vigor each day, and forgives the sunbeam that stole in and kissed away his slumber when he feels how crisp and fresh is the morning air and thinks of all there is to see and enjoy. There is an utter absence of the lassitude known to the dwellers in a far higher latitude after a night of closeness, and one is ready for any amount of effort to carry out a wish or plan. So it was not surprising to find the streets at eight A.M. on Palm Sunday alive with foreigners, anxious to see all that was going on in the various churches that day. Rumors of fine music had filled the air for a week beforehand, and to loungers in the Alameda, as well as on the thoroughfares, palms had been offered, and had been freely purchased by Protestants and Roman Catholics alike. In various ways interest had been quickened, and the tide of expectation was naturally largely turned towards the grand old cathedral. But the strangers, most of whom were lodged in the upper part of the city, found much to divert them as they wended their way thither,—beautiful flowers displayed in the windows, notably rare and curious orchids, native women going to or returning from the early mass, most of them wearing the becoming "mantilla," and many a church worthy of a visit and close study. In the "Profesa," for instance, the scene was most impressive,—a weirdly realistic picture of the Crucifixion revealing itself amid the general gloom. There were the rocky ascent to Calvary, rough with real earth and stones, the fateful hill itself, and the three crosses boldly outlined against the sky, each bearing its terrible burden. The bodies of the malefactors were twisted out of all shape, as if by the writhings of the men in the vain effort to find some relief from the intolerable tension, but that of the Christ hung straight, the torture patiently accepted, only the complete relaxation, and the position of the head, fallen forward on the breast, indicating the utter prostration of the sufferer. Just beneath the central cross knelt the faithful women and the beloved disciple, while behind it was the centurion on an uprearing charger. All these figures were of wax, larger than life-size, and with natural coloring, rendering the illusion perfect and causing a beholder who believed the grandly simple story of the Atonement to turn away subdued, feeling almost as if he had witnessed the very act.

Outside again, one noted the Sunday aspect of the streets, and could almost have believed that business was suspended on this "first day;" but the early hour alone accounted for it. The Mexicans never hurry; they take their time about rising and getting breakfast, consequently stores and offices are not opened until the day is well advanced. Two hours later traffic was going on just as usual.

The scene changed when the Zocalo, the great square in front of the cathedral, was reached. From every direction the people were

wending their way to the church, while about the lovely grass-plats were scattered Indian men, women, and children, each with something to sell, crucifixes, beads, palms, and flowers; and so generously were they patronized that few of those entering the vast building failed to carry with them the triumphal branch with its adornment of poppies or roses. About the doors were laid the maimed, the halt, and the blind, that they might "solicit alms from those going up to the temple," and among them were faces so revolting in their disfigurement, and forms so distorted, as to cause one to turn away in sickening horror and to wish that even here He might pass with healing in His touch. Within the portals, one of the first objects to greet the eye, stood the money-changers' table, its piles of coins ready for use; and one who was already under the glamour of the illusion created by his own imagination, in conjunction with the recall of the scenes of nineteen hundred years ago, felt as if surely the scourging must come here too.

Already were gathered about the various altars hundreds and hundreds of kneeling worshippers, and it was really a touching sight to behold the old wrinkled Indians in their humble posture, the men in white cotton clothes, with blankets about their shoulders, the women wrapped in their rebozas, reverential and devout. Equally in earnest in their devotions seemed the young peons, and even the little children were subdued and quiet. Their faith, whatever others may think of it, is a vital thing to them, and no looker-on in that Mexican cathedral, largely built by the self-sacrificing devotion of this very class of people, could have failed to be impressed with their sincerity and reverence, the simplicity of their confidence in their Church and its teachings. A very forlorn and hopeless case is theirs, a daily struggle for bare existence, with no chance for betterment, and one must rejoice that in their religion they find some comfort, something to lean upon.

Those gathered about one altar seemed in no wise distracted by what was going on at another, but followed their own service, the nodding palms swaying with every least motion of their bearers. While the mass was being said here, the blessing of the palms was in progress yonder, and at the grand central shrine a sermon was being delivered. Suddenly the swelling peals of the mighty organ told that the Procession of the Palms had begun, and along the outer walls of the vast building, beyond the kneeling congregations, its course could be traced by the crosses, the banners, and the graceful palms borne aloft by those composing it, but by these alone, for the throng of onlookers was so dense as to obstruct observation in every direction. The fumes of the incense, combined with the closeness of the atmosphere in the ever-increasing mass of humanity, became overpowering, and the strangers were glad to make their way, with much difficulty and real danger of being crushed in the pressure at the doors, to the outside air, a little disappointed that none of the promised fine singing had been heard, but feeling repaid, nevertheless, for the sacrifice of the morning nap and the expenditure of energy involved.

Without, one was promptly brought back to the present, and a very gay and pleasant present. On the seats beneath the shade of the

trees well-dressed people sat side by side with the meanly clad, all enjoying the bright sunshine, the lovely flowers in the parterres, the moving picture before them, the groups of merry youths and children playing leap-frog, jumping the rope, or vaulting on the green around the band-stand, and chiefly the delightful strains from one of the justly celebrated regimental bands. A leisurely stroll across the Zocalo, and along the most fashionable thoroughfare, to and through poor Carlotta's beautiful Alameda, was a fitting finish to the morning's pleasure.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday the constant ringing of the bells, their curious tinkling filling the air, told that the Church and the faithful were recalling the events of each hour of the memorable week, and the pavements were thronged with hurrying worshippers; but there was nothing marked enough to attract those not of the Roman Catholic communion. On Thursday afternoon, in the cathedral, the feet of twelve beggars were washed by the archbishop, and in the evening there was a brilliant illumination of all the churches,—a custom whose significance we could not learn. Strangers were told it was the proper thing to visit seven of these churches during the evening, but when asked "why seven?" the reason was not forthcoming. Was it in recognition of the seven churches mentioned in Revelation? At ten o'clock of the forenoon of this day the church-bells ceased to ring: their chimes were to be hushed until the same hour of Saturday, Easter Eve; and there was something mournful in this silence.

Good Friday in an exclusively Roman Catholic city one would naturally have expected to be observed in the most solemn manner; but the suggestion of the scene about the cathedral on that day was not of fasting, not of a mournful memorial day, not of men humiliated by the recollection of the blind folly and ingratitude of their fathers, and penitent because of their own failure duly to appreciate the love and mercy expressed on Calvary, but rather of rejoicing,—of a festival of mirth and gayety. The Indians from the interior towns had metamorphosed the great square; their booths lined the pavements, and great heaps of their wares overflowed from these away out into the open space. Buyers thronged the walks, and brisk was the transfer of lovely Guadalajara pottery, of the paste representations of Mexican men and women of high and low degree, so true to life, of curious toys, of metracas and Judases. Huge piles of peanuts attested the fact that here, as in the States, there existed a partiality for this homely fruit of the earth. On every hand parrots were screaming as if they shared in the general excitement, and women were busy with their little charcoal furnaces, frying the indigestible messes so unattractive to foreigners, but so eagerly sought after and so keenly appreciated by the natives. Young men and boys moved about among the crowds of people, deftly handling their trays of colored ices and jellies, while almost countless others walked to and fro, rattling their metracas, or holding on high the tree-like frames from whose branches dangled the Judases. The two commodities mentioned last needed explanation to strangers, as they were evidently a part of the season. The metracas were a kind of whirligig, and every one had some attachment to enhance its value,

or its price at any rate,—all sorts of pretty or curious devices,—a monkey made of a kind of chenille, swinging by his tail and holding in one paw a tiny brass parasol,—an ivory and sometimes a really beautiful onyx vase with artificial flowers,—a miniature upright piano or tiny book-case or cabinet exquisitely carved from ivory,—a pearl-handled knife,—countless conceits. Each vender of these kept one constantly twirling, producing a harsh, rasping sound. They were supposed by the ignorant masses to be efficacious in driving the devil away. The idea seemed to be that from the hour of the Crucifixion to that of the Resurrection the powers of darkness held sway over the earth, and this hideous noise was to aid the faithful in frightening off the spirits of evil: so everybody purchased one. The Church so far countenances this superstition as to substitute for the silent bells in the church towers, on this day, huge metracas.

The explosion of Judas is a custom peculiar to the land of the Montezumas,—at least if it ever existed elsewhere it is obsolete now,—and a most curious one it is. The Indians make, according to their own ideas of ugliness, figures somewhat resembling the human form, from three or four inches to eight or ten feet in height, of a kind of paste on a paper frame. To these they attach a fuse, beginning at the finger-ends, extending up the arms, around the neck, and down the sides to the feet, with strong explosives at intervals along the line. It was curious to observe the horrible effigies as they were borne about, and note each individual maker's conception of the hideous. Some had the faces of animals, others had merely grotesque human features, while others had bat-like wings, and horns, and hoofs; but all were ugly as sin, which they represented.

The whole scene was suggestive of Christmas Eve in other cities,—the bustle, the gay stalls, the good-natured crowd, the smiling children with hands full of treasures, the mothers bearing the most wonderful creations,—huge ducks with a monkey, a frog, or a dog mounted on their backs, and similar conceits; and so bright, so full of life was the whole square, that many of those who had doubtless expected to go into the cathedral loitered until it was too late.

In the evening the "Profesa" seemed to offer the strongest attractions, and not only was every seat filled, but standing room was in demand, and all available space was crowded with those eager to see and hear. The Stabat Mater was rendered, not indeed as it might have been, nor as the imagination of some of the listeners had anticipated it, but quite impressively; and again, as on Palm Sunday morning in this church, the scenic effect was striking. Calvary and the Crucifixion had disappeared, and now the picture presented was a single female figure standing out from a background of gloom,—a pathetic appealing figure, clad in clinging garments of sombre hue, the white face and meekly folded hands gleaming ghastly white amid the surrounding blackness; and one felt with a realization so keen as to be painful how lonely, how utterly forlorn, that poor mother of long ago must have been at the close of that dark and dreadful day. The young priest who delivered the sermon had a dark, impassioned face, and his utterance was rapid and vehement, while his expressive gestures and emo-

tional tones, and his frequent glances at the mournful semblance of the mother, told, even to ears not familiar with his language, the theme of his discourse. The influence of the Zocalo in the morning was counteracted; it was not Christmas, but Good Friday, the time for sorrow and penitence; the people wended their way homeward subdued and thoughtful.

On Saturday, Easter Eve, at ten o'clock, the spell of silence which had held the church-bells for forty-eight hours was broken, and again from countless towers the curious din rang out. Then began the explosion of Judas: all over the quaint old city the reports were heard, some weak, as if from ordinary fire-crackers, others sounding like huge bombs. Those not on the streets rushed to windows and balconies to see whence the noise came. The effigies were strung on ropes or wires suspended across the public ways, the fuses lighted, and as we gazed at the dangling forms and saw them blown to pieces the feeling was almost as if veritable men were before our eyes, and we even found it in our hearts to pity Judas. Not so with the natives. Many of them were wrought up to a pitch of religious frenzy, and if an arm or a leg was thrown off intact they seized and tore it with their teeth, as if it were in truth a part of the misguided traitor of centuries ago.

Thus ended the observance of Holy Week in Mexico. Looking back over it, the mind was impressed with the vivid manner in which the closing scenes of that quiet life in Palestine had been brought before the people,—how they had been made to feel almost as if they had taken part in that first Procession of the Palms, had learned the lesson of humility at the Last Supper, had witnessed the scene on Calvary, and had sorrowed with the mother in her hour of darkness.

O. L.

PENAL ADMINISTRATION IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE constant increase of crime in the United States in excess of the increase of population, coupled with its diminution in some other countries which have introduced modern reforms both into their criminal jurisprudence and their penal administration, renders it certain that there is now no branch of the public service which makes louder demand for the study of competent statesmen.

In the effort to maintain the superiority, both as respects moral treatment and pecuniary economy, of prisons constructed for the separate confinement and individual treatment of criminals, the writer has elsewhere endeavored in a general way to distinguish three prominent classes of convicts, each with essentially different characteristics, and requiring corresponding discrimination in treatment. These are the infirm of will, who are both deterrable and curable, the accidental offender, who is often reclaimable, and the habitual criminal or crime class man (recidivist), who, being usually defective in body or mind, is

incurrible, and for whom punishment has no other value than as a means of segregation from industrious society, upon which it is his sole object and occupation to prey. Of course such a generalization, like all others, has its limitations and modifications. The several classes are separated by narrow boundaries, across which they continually merge, and moreover include peculiar or abnormal cases not readily reducible to classification. But there are few well-conducted convict prisons where such an analysis is not consciously or unconsciously made; and, whether or not scientific virtue be conceded to it, no one can fail to perceive the immense practical advantage of recognizing facts, whether we like them or not, and basing thereon discriminative methods of generic and individual treatment. And it is important always to remember that for such discriminative methods the cellular or separate system of construction and confinement alone affords the essential means.

An illustration of the classification referred to is found in the history of three convicts now confined in the Eastern Penitentiary. A. 8340 is a lad of twenty-one, who had five years in the public schools, which he left at fifteen. Bred to no trade, but industrious and accustomed to steady and productive work. Reasonably intelligent. Does not drink. Parents respectable and industrious, and family affords no crime instance except his own. Having drifted into too lavish expenditures,—a folly not unusual at his age,—in a moment of pecuniary straits he stole a portion (not the whole) of his landlord's savings, whose place of deposit he had long known and had dangled, as it were, before his eyes. He was ashamed to return home, was immediately arrested, admitted his guilt, and received a sentence of two years. This lad's contrition was immediate and has been sustained. His sorrowful reflections, respectful manners, and willing obedience all testify his anxiety to atone and satisfy his conscience. He belongs, of course, to the first class. Though of sound moral ideas and preferences, he is moderately infirm of will, and may again yield to temptation in a moment of extreme difficulty, but never with deliberation. Had he been mixed indiscriminately, after sentence, with a mass of hardened criminals, his moral standards might, and almost certainly would, have suffered permanent contamination, and he would probably have descended to the third class, and become a crime class man for the rest of his life. Fortunately for him and for society, the separate system of the Eastern Penitentiary afforded the means of separating him entirely from such companionship. No other convict has seen his face since his confinement, or ever will see it in that prison. His visitors will be of the best, and sufficiently numerous to keep his reflections wholesome; and when discharged he will be free to follow his accustomed industry, absolutely uncontaminated by criminal association while under State control, and in no danger of recognition and blackmail from fellow-prisoners, who are the worst enemies of the repentant convict. He might even be liberated "under surveillance" during the last third of his term with advantage to himself and the tax-payer, if the prison inspectors possessed legal authority therefor.

A. 5291 is fifty years old and on the fifth year of an eighteen years' sentence. His army service was good, family respectable, and otherwise free from crime. He is reasonably educated, and is an expert machinist, able to earn much more than a living. While intoxicated and reckless, he committed a shameful offence against the person, probably quite equal to murder in its consequences to general society; yet it was his only crime, and he has never otherwise shown such tendency. He is undoubtedly honest and trustworthy as respects property, has retained a certain amount of self-respect, and could be safely sent alone to any distant place on his promise to return. This man belongs to the second or accidental class of criminals, and is probably as safe from crime during the remainder of his life as any of us. And yet, had he been turned into a congregate prison, subject to daily association with confirmed, boastful, and jeering criminals, he could scarcely have failed to fall to the third and hopeless class, and, whether he did so fall or not, would have found it impossible to escape their recognition after his discharge.

A. 8136 is a fair example of the third class, or the habitual criminal of the hereditary and irreclaimable crime class. His age is sixty-three years, of which forty-eight have been passed in this country, and thirty-nine in different American jails, on ten State prison and five county jail sentences for petty burglaries. His son, nephew, and brother are also low-class burglars, and have been repeatedly convicted. It is believed, and he admits, that he has never followed any honest occupation, has no other resource but crime for his support, and does not desire any. Nothing is more certain than his speedy return after discharge to this or some other prison. Confinement has no terrors and is no real punishment for him. He has no other ideal or expectation for the future. He would prefer a congregate prison and the society of other criminals, but makes himself contented where he is, as he would anywhere, does his work, and carefully observes the rules; for experience has taught him the futility of resistance and the advantage to himself of giving the least trouble to the authorities. His depredations when at large probably cost the community many times more than his detention and support in jail, and yet under our existing system of criminal jurisprudence he will, as long as he lives, go on in the same career, receiving when caught a succession of petty sentences of a few years each. Is it not perfectly obvious that the commonest regard for the public welfare demands the permanent though humane segregation of such a character, where he can do no further injury to the public and can be made to support himself by such labor as can be got from him? The separate system can do him no good, and no other system much harm: hence mere economy should be the chief care in his detention, accompanied with efficient precautions that he shall not be made worse than he already is by evil association while under State control.

It is the continued study of cases like these, reproduced in every variety of circumstance, that has produced the belief, steadily growing in all enlightened countries, that the separate mode of confinement is essential for the moral treatment and improvement of the reclaim-

able convict, for the proper and economical segregation of those who are irreclaimable, and for the reasonable protection of the public and especially of the tax-payer.

The pecuniary economy of the separate method is shown at a glance in the following statement compiled from the Report of the State Board of Charities for 1893 (the latest report published):

1893.	Separate.	Congregate.	
	Eastern Penitentiary.	Western Penitentiary.	Huntingdon Reformatory.
Average number of convicts . . .	1133	941	413
Number of paid employees . . .	48	79	76
Number of convicts to each paid employee	24	12	5½
Salaries paid per convict	\$41.71	\$75.11	34.81
Cost per convict per day, in cents .	.20	.34	.43

The penal institutions of Pennsylvania are now crowded to their utmost capacity, and another penitentiary is inevitable. If located in the county of Philadelphia, as it should be for many imperative reasons, it can be built chiefly by prison labor, like the recent additions to the Eastern Penitentiary, which were entirely constructed in that manner, costing the State nothing but the materials. It should be easy of access, located on gravel subsoil, with independent water-supply, and should contain at least one thousand cells. In the light of our own and the world's experience, there is no longer any excuse for more congregate prisons. They are costly to build, extravagant to operate, and make reform practically impossible to the inmates.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the best prison results are only to be had by keeping them free from party considerations and party patronage. A prison official is never done learning. The greater his observation and experience, the more his value to the Commonwealth and its prisoners. Struggles for political power through control of party patronage and spoils can have no just place in prison polity, where the temporal and eternal welfare of thousands is concerned, and where training and experience are the qualities most required. In such a great semi-charitable public interest, where questions of individual temperament and character hold the first place, the introduction of selfish considerations would be even more baleful than in a school or a church, because convicts are subjected to them while under forcible restraint, and because they are more concealed from public scrutiny and less accessible for popular correction. Any plan of prison management whatever must prove a moral and pecuniary failure unless all personal and selfish considerations can be absolutely and permanently excluded by effective law.

Isaac J. Wistar.

BETWEEN RELIEFS.

IT all occurred in a moment. Nixon lay dead. He probably never knew what hurt him. Two of the non-commissioned officers of the troop packed Matson off to the guard-house.

"He's dead, damn him!" was all he said. He was perfectly sober and quiet.

The day of the burial he was out at work, strongly ironed and guarded. The sentinel straightened up and stood at attention as the improvised hearse (a dead-axle wagon) came creaking and groaning through the sand *en route* to the little cemetery on the bluff.

"He don't deserve that," said Matson, pointing to the flag covering the pine-box coffin. Then he went on with his work.

There was a Board convened to investigate and report upon the circumstances attending the killing. After a careful consideration of all the known facts, the Board found "that Private William Nixon, Troop D, 11th U.S. Cavalry, came to his death from a pistol wound at the hands of Private Jason Matson, same troop."

But then—everybody had known this before.

The proceedings, however, were very carefully prepared, properly red-inked and ruled, and embodied innumerable affidavits.

The indorsement of the post commander was beyond compare. The department commander, in forwarding the proceedings, paid a glowing tribute to the discipline at Fort Lanton, and the division commander concurred therein. The demands of red tape had been satisfied; and yet everybody was still wondering why Matson had killed his comrade.

All sorts of devices and means had been used to get at the truth, but in vain. The prisoner was stubbornly silent on that one topic.

The civil court of the Territory seemed not inclined to take cognizance of the crime. "It was committed on the reservation, and most properly comes under the jurisdiction of a court-martial," said the United States attorney. "The Territory has no money," wrote the marshal. "Act according to your own judgment," blandly said the authorities at Washington; but the colonel was a wise man, and read between the lines. He insisted on definite instructions, and ultimately got them: "Send the prisoner to Santa Fé and turn him over to the civil authorities;" and it was a relief to the entire garrison.

The killing occurred in July, but it was late in August before the order for Matson's transfer came. Previous to this trouble he had always been a quiet, retiring, and decent man, somewhat superior to the ordinary trooper in point of education. At the time of the killing he had been in the troop almost five years. Nixon was virtually a recruit. The day previous to the prisoner's departure for Santa Fé I was sergeant of the main guard, and had received special instructions regarding him. For the past week he had not been sent out to work, and all that day I had heard him shuffling up and down, up and down, like some caged beast.

The keys to the cells were in my personal possession, and when dinner was brought from the troop I superintended its delivery. Never a word. He took what was given him, ate with apparent relish, and then silently handed back the tin cup and plate.

"Can I do anything for you, Matson?"

A shake of the head, and the weary, never-ceasing shuffling began anew,—up and down, up and down.

It was a relief to get back to the guard-room.

After supper I inspected his irons, searched his cell very thoroughly, and posted No. 2, whose beat extended around the corridors of the prison room.

The night came on, hot and stifling, with hardly a breath of air. It was a parting shot of the almost defunct summer. The members of the guard were lounging about on the porch, smoking, yawning, and waiting for the second relief to be posted.

The soldier is always waiting, though at times no one seems to know for what.

"Fall in, the second relief!" There was a moving and shuffling of feet, putting out of pipes, tightening of belts, grasping of carbines, and then, with a rather listless air, the men fell in and were marched off.

"Corporal of the guard No. 2." I answered the call myself.

"Prisoner Matson wants to see the sergeant of the guard," said the sentinel.

The sight that met my eyes is yet before me, vivid, clear, and distinct. Matson was standing close to the cell door, both hands raised above him grasping the iron bars. The moonlight streaming through the prison room windows threw an almost uncanny light on his face; his eyes were shining and blazing with excitement, and every now and then his upper lip twitched nervously. He was ironed, hands and legs.

As I approached him he moved, and the clanking of his chains sent a thrill of pity through me. He was a murderer. No doubt it should have been a thrill of horror, but all things are not plain to one at twenty.

"My God! I can't stand this any longer. I must talk to some one," he said, in answer to my inquiry.

I instructed No. 2 to stay on the other side of the prison room, and then drew up a small box from one of the corners of the corridor. It was not altogether unexpected, and my instructions from the officer of the day covered this very possible occurrence.

"Go on," I said, after I had seated myself.

He shifted his position slightly and commenced. "No doubt you are all wondering why I killed Nixon. I know it seems cold-blooded and unprovoked, but when you've heard my story it may change your opinion somewhat.

"I'll have to go back a number of years. No, I never knew Nixon until he came to the troop,"—this last in response to a query of mine.

"It was six years ago, and I was living back in West Virginia in one of the railroad towns on the B. & O. I was an engineer on the

road. When I got my promotion from fireman to engineer I married a girl I had known all my life. I don't know when I began to care for her. Always, I suppose. There was no beginning; there has been no ending. We had gone to school together, played together, grown up together, and—well, I married her.

"Did she care for me? She certainly did not care for anybody else. She never went with anybody else. Every one seemed to understand it. I loved her better than anything else I knew, and I married her. Did you ever care for a girl?" he suddenly asked me.

My cigarette dropped from my fingers at the abruptness of his question.

"No." I could truthfully say it, then.

"Well, you will some day," he continued, "and when you do, you'll understand how I felt. Love her, if you must; worship her; adore her; but don't marry her. The chances are she'll never forgive you if you do. I married Annie, you know. Did I tell you her name was Annie? Pretty name: don't you think so?"

He was silent for a while, and when I looked up his face was calm and peaceful in repose, and his eyes had a dreamy, far-away look. But the cruel irons were about his wrists, and he felt them as he raised his arms above his head.

"Annie," I heard him mutter, "Annie."

Some women have a great deal to answer for.

"I married Annie," he repeated, "and for a year I was the happiest man in the world. Then I noticed something in her manner that hurt me. She was always quiet and reserved, but apparently glad and happy to have me with her.

"Well, after we had been married a year or so she seemed to grow more and more distant. Missed kissing me two or three times when I came home from my run. Didn't mean much? Well, perhaps not to her; but I loved her, you know—I noticed and felt it. Of course I didn't say anything. I had heard women were queer sometimes. I never knew any woman but Annie. But it grew worse. Once when I put my arm around her, meaning to kiss her good-by, she turned her cheek to me. Then it was very plain, even to me, and I only touched her hair with my lips. One day when I came back unexpectedly I found Annie on our bed sobbing and weeping bitterly. She gave no explanation: I asked for none. I'm a proud man: the troop knows that.

"The end came unexpectedly. I had been ordered to take a special through to W——, a longer run than my usual one. Annie was very sweet to me that night, quite like her old self. Just before I left she came of her own accord and kissed me. 'Good-by,' she said, and kissed me again. It made me very happy. I took that special through in short order, and came back the next evening about six. I found the house open, but no Annie.

"She's at her mother's," I thought, and busied myself lighting the lamps and starting the fire in the kitchen stove.

"An hour or more, and no Annie. It was only a short walk to her mother's.

"She had not seen my wife all day, she said.

"I went back to the house, sat down very quietly, and tried to think it all out. If anything was wrong I didn't want it known. Anything wrong? What could be wrong? Annie was visiting somewhere, and I was a fool to worry about it.

"Later I went out in the kitchen and cooked some supper,—enough for two. When eleven o'clock came I lost heart. Something had happened to my wife. She was dead, perhaps. I lay down on our bed and waited until daylight.

"In the morning I had to tell Annie's people, and of course the whole town knew it almost immediately.

"No one had seen her. The river, some one suggested. It sounded horrible, but hopeful. We did everything possible, but no traces of her could be found. I had got a substitute to make my runs for me, and gave up every moment to looking for my wife. I advertised her, hired detectives, sent out hand-bills and posters, and searched everywhere, high and low.

"A week passed, and then I gave up: Annie was dead.

"How did I know it? I felt it. If she wasn't dead, where was she? She hadn't even taken an extra dress with her. Her money was still in the savings-bank: one can't go anywhere without money.

"The river alone probably knew her secret. I gave up all hopes of finding her, and went back to my engine; but it was hopeless; I couldn't work. The place had grown intolerable to me, and the pity of the people was maddening.

"One day, to everybody's surprise, I resigned. And then? I changed my name and came into the army.

"What my life has been in the troop you all know. I liked soldiering, took to it naturally. You know my record in the troop: it's an honorable one, isn't it?"

I nodded assent.

"After a year or two in the troop I had got over the rough edge of Annie's death, became somewhat reconciled, and determined to go back to my engine when my time was out. I could have been a sergeant had I cared to, you know that, but I didn't want it. I was satisfied to peg along, do my duty, and give what affection I had left to my horse. How is the poor old fellow?" he asked me: "does he seem to miss me?"

Matson's affection for his horse had always been pronounced. In fact, the affection was reciprocal, and the animal had been perfectly unmanageable the first few days of his absence from stables. Grain is grain, however, no matter by whom administered, and a horse is, after all, strongly human in many particulars. He had grown accustomed to his new master long ere this; but I did not tell Matson so.

"He missed you very much," I said, which was not untrue.

"I hardly know how to tell you the balance of the story," he continued, after a short pause. "There's not much more to tell, only that I killed Nixon, and—why? You remember when he joined the troop about six months ago? Well, by some strange fatality he got the bunk next to mine, and I necessarily got to know him pretty well. He was

a rather helpless sort of a recruit,—butter-fingered and afraid of work. I showed him how to clean his piece, polish his kit, and keep his horse equipments in order. Not a bad fellow in his way; easy-going, generous, and handsome. He called himself a gentleman. I don't pretend to know much about gentlemen, but Nixon wasn't one, I'll swear to that. He talked too badly about women.

"Still, as I said, he wasn't a bad fellow, and I grew to like him fairly well. The day that I killed him we were on herd-guard together, and rode in to dinner at noon. As we entered the dining-room Nixon said, 'There's that dashed cabbage for dinner again.'

"I laughed: he was always growling about the grub: you know that. After dinner we came into the quarters and sat on my bunk. I lighted my pipe, and Nixon rolled a cigarette. We had half an hour's time before going back to the herd. We smoked for a few moments, and then he said, 'I was a fool to come into the army: do you know that?'

"I had enjoyed my dinner, and felt lazy and contented. I pulled at my pipe and said nothing. 'It is the cabbage that makes him so savage,' I thought, and reached over and moved my revolver and belt from off the blankets above my head to the bunk. I don't know why I did it: it was purely mechanical on my part.

"'Yes, sir,' continued Nixon, 'I left the dandiest little woman in the East to come to this hell-hole and live on cabbage. Pshaw! I hate the whole damn outfit.'

"'I didn't know you were married,' I said.

"He laughed quite heartily. 'Why, you poor old innocent, I wasn't,' he answered.

"'Engaged to be?'

"'Well, no, not exactly. You see, we lived together as man and wife.'

"I had always lived a clean and decent life, and I turned from him with a rather disgusted air.

"'Though Annie wanted me to marry her,' he continued.

"'Annie?'

"'Yes, that was her name: Annie.'

"The name rather softened me. It must have been a surprise to him when I put my hand on his and said, 'Go back to her, Nixon, married or not; go back to her. It's very hard to lose any one you love.'

"He threw away his cigarette and laughed. 'No, I don't think I'll ever go back to her; she had grown to be such a snivelling little wench; always in tears; always whining, and always pining, I really believe, for that brute of a husband of hers.'

"'Why, was she married?' I asked, in wonder. I really knew very little about the ways of the world, in spite of my age. An engineer's world is a small one,—his engine, and his wife—if he has one.

"'Yes, she was married when I first met her. She seemed quite above her station in life, very pretty and very dissatisfied.'

"'A bad combination for a husband.'

"'What's the use of going into details? She wanted to see the world, and I was in a position to show it to her. I was travelling for a large house in the East, and chanced to run across her in one of my trips to ——,'

"By God! I knew the truth at last.

"I was quiet, very quiet, and Nixon suspected nothing.

"'Here's her picture,' he said, taking it out of his blouse and handing it to me. A glance showed me what I already knew. It was the picture of my wife.

"I wanted to know all about Annie,—where she was, what she was doing, how she looked; but I knew he could not live long enough to tell me.

"There were a thousand devils dancing and jumping in my brain, —a thousand hot, angry, prodding devils, that cried, 'Kill him! kill him!'

"He was so close that the powder burned his face. When I picked up Annie's picture there was a drop of his blood on it. Here's the picture." He shoved it out through the bars.

One sees a thousand such faces in a lifetime,—vain, silly, and common; and yet this man had risked his very soul for her.

While I gazed, there was a commotion among the men in the guard-room, and the next instant—

"No. 1. Eleven o'clock."

"No. 2. Eleven o'clock, and all's well."

It was time to post the third relief.

"I'm very sorry for you, Matson," I said, rising.

"Would you mind shaking hands with me?"

I grasped the fingers he stuck through the prison bars.

"Good-night, Matson."

"Good-night, sergeant."

They hanged him at Santa Fé.

Thomas H. Wilson, U.S.A.

THE DRAMA OF ONE HUNDRED ACRES.

I.—THE BEGINNING.

IN the darkness the blind earth forms, and finds its path in space, and over what is now this beloved farm the mountains of waters roll. Through the blackness the sun at last bursts his way to the surface of the sea, and for the first time the stars are mirrored there. No life!

Now life! The creatures of the slime crawl and swim; and a hundred billion tiny things live and die to form this rock of lime. Glaciers, loosened from northern anchorage by the sun, on their travels scoop this valley and score a way along this rocky ridge, and flounder and dwindle, to swell the retreating ocean.

The waters are gone, and the sun for the first time smites, and breaks his lances upon, the loam. These acres are left a horseshoe ridge of hills shelving inward to a valley. This soil is the sediment and deposit of the sea.

Lo! the arrows of the sun, sticking in the ground, have sprouted like twigs of willow, and out from the sides of the hills and from the vale they rise by millions and clothe the mould in green. Yonder the cheek of the hill dimples in a spring; a stream trickles clearly out and cuts its way right down the strath to join its fellows and the river thirty miles away, and to go west and south two thousand miles to where the salt water is.

The sun shines; the stars look down; the moon bends low. The seasons have their birth in snow and ice, in rain and dew, in heat and cold. The green shoots grow; and there are grass, the dandelion, the mullein, the blackberry, the dock, the wort, and the cress. Yonder wave the white oak, the black oak, the walnut, and the hickory, and on the knobs of the hills are the beeches. And the sun still shines.

II.—ANIMAL LIFE.

Coming from somewhere are little fishes in the puny stream, and there are lizards in the spring. In the trees squirrels play, the raccoon suns himself, and the opossum hides. Moles burrow in the ground, and the musk-rat digs the banks of the brook, while the ground-hog sits erect by his hole. In the thicket the red deer feeds on the leaves, while the brown bear sleeps in a fallen tree. In the rocks the fox screens himself, while now and then wolves yelp on a scent and a panther lurks in wait for the deer. In the weeds glide the snakes, the copperhead, the spotted snake, the blacksnake, and one small one green as the grass. There is a buzzing of insects in the air, the note of the grasshopper sounds, while already the worm gnaws at the root of the tree. Low down flies the robin, the woodpecker hammers at the limb, the thrush sings in the bush, and light glances from the wings of the bluebird, the redbird, and the blackbird. Yonder the crow caws, the owl hoots, the quail whistles, and the pheasant drums on the storm-thrown tree. And the sun still shines.

III.—THE RED MEN.

Thousands of years are gone, and here are new forms moving among the trees. They are men and women and children, and their faces are red. They are clad with coverings from the deer, and their shelter from storm is also these skins stretched upon poles. These men create heat like the sun: it is fire. They speak to one another; a new sound is on the air, and it has a meaning. They take the stones in their hands for weapons; they make them bows of wood, and tip their arrows with flint. They watch the deer when he stoops to drink, and they snare the birds and beasts. They gather about blazing logs when it is cold, and they cook the flesh of their prey before they eat. They take the seed of corn and plant it in the ground that it may grow where they can find it without search, and that it may bring forth more

than when it is wild. They take the leaf of the tobacco and touch it with fire that they may breathe its smoke. They talk and sing, they tell each other of their deeds, they dance about their wigwams, while the young braves and maidens sit apart in the shadow of the trees and look upon each other with eyes glowing with love.

Across the hill-top, from among the beeches, come others like themselves, with weapons in their hands. A mighty cry goes up, and as the catamount and bear had fought upon these acres, so these men fight. They send their arrows into each other's breasts; they strike with clubs and stones; they shriek and yell and die. There are confusion and noise, as when the waters once rolled over these hill-tops, or as when thunders are loudest.

By the coming of darkness the invaders are driven back; many lie still forever, and the others slink away over the hill. The invaded gather their dead, and watch them through the night. They cut the scalps from their enemies, and leave them to the beasts which snarl, quarrel, and bite in haste to devour. The stone arrow-heads and axes lie on the ground red with blood. When the day comes again, the friendly dead are buried, and stones are heaped upon their graves, lest brutes should desecrate the beloved flesh. And the sun still shines.

IV.—THE PIONEERS.

The tramp of the white race has long been heard on the Atlantic shores, and in their great strife with nature they have come off conquerors. War also comes and goes, and its last sound is the plash of oars of a defeated and retreating foe, as they pull for their ships and set sail toward the rising sun.

Penn's forest State, in common with her sisters, gives the soldiers land for loyal service against the tyrant George,—a goodly gift, and all she has to grant. Beyond her great backbone of mountains is much goodly soil, that has known as yet only the rude and sporadic tilling of the savage. Here lie the acres we have watched emerge from primal waters, and these are patented to a certain Captain Anegrav, who had seen the Brandywine red with his own and many another brave man's blood. Over the mountains, with the pioneers, comes he to take possession of his tract. On this frontier he helps to fight and drive away the red men from their woods, and bravely battles to win and build a home among the trees and beasts. In dangers many and in hardships more, he clears a space, and gladly sees against the sky his house of logs, and mixing with the air the smoke ascending from the fire upon his own hearthstone. With infinite patience he plants the cherished seeds, nurses grain for food, and amid all perils stands as guardian of his wife and babes.

Here on these acres now are tools of iron, powder, bullet, and the gun. Here now are dog and horse, in the grass are kine and sheep. Here bloom and ripen now the apple and the peach, the cherry and the plum. Here wave the wheat, the oats, the barley, and the rye; and the hill-sides are green with the Indian's maize.

A new mode of worship of the Infinite is here, other than the red man knew; while the forest was his temple, these levy tribute on the

trees and build a house with hands. To this, far through the woods, the captain with his household walks, in moccasined feet, and with rifle on his arm.

These stout men crave, too, that knowledge among them shall have its roots and drop its fruits into their children's minds. A school is planted near and nourished in the clearing as men would water and tend a seed from the tree of life. They have an inspiration from some books, and through log-chinks the sunlight upon the Bible falls.

From a green island over the sea, Henry Drave, a lover, comes, to woo and win the daughter of the captain. So in age the settler hears the music of the harvest song and the strong blows of the chopper's axe, while he enjoys the twilight of his years where he had been the first to break the silence. A larger house, but still of logs, succeeds the first cabin, as lusty children cry for room. But that spectre that waits on frontiers, as in ancient towns, for all, soon makes havoc here as there, and breaks the happy circle, and there are fresh mounds in the churchyard where before there had been none.

Love comes, but trouble comes, and both these come,—the last in dangerous forms. The red marauders sometimes bring both fire and death. The Insurrection brings the strong hand of law and guns of soldiery. There are arduous journeyings. There is the shadow of the War of 1812.

The yesterdays fast multiply, and woovers come, and laughing girls bid home good-by. The thirst of knowledge, which seeks and finds men everywhere, lures two clear-browed boys from the furrows of the fields to the great school near by, expanded to a college. Another goes to live by needle and awl, while one bides by the plough.

In vacation-times the student-boys bring home new ideas within their heads and books. They excite wonder by telling how far away the sun dwells and how vast he is in bulk. They call the stars by name, and know the sciences of rocks and plants. They shout across the fields in strange tongues, the Roman and the Greek. Under the beeches they sit and read from *Æschylus*, who wrote so strangely that the old folk peer through spectacles in vain to understand. The boys are to their parents prodigies, and they doubt if earth doth hold the like. Rambling over the fields, they find the weapons of the red men, and wonder if Hector and Achilles used flint arrow-heads.

The world, when school is done, beckons them away for fame, for fortune, and for experience. Far from the dimmed eyes of parents they make their homes, and carve their way in the thick cities of men; and by their hearths a new generation rises distant from the farm.

The rumors of the war with Mexico only stir the air about the place. But agitations deep strike all these hearts when civil war arises, and takes some young ones of their blood to front the cannon's roar,—one to lie forever in the Wilderness, and one to groan for weary months a Libby prisoner.

The spectre visits the farm again, and Henry Drave and his wife are carried to the churchyard where the other mounds were made. And William, who bode by the plough, remains alone awhile, and then takes heart to build anew, to marry, and to face the coming years. The

multiplying days and the kindly earth hide him too at the last among his kin.

And the old acres which since the world was made had never been sold or bought are dickered for in coin, like any common thing, a coward's conscience, or a laborer's tool, at sale. Far away are the children of the old stock, and a stranger, to whom the farm is but soil and rocks, buys and owns the sacred ground. From the patent's date more than a hundred years have passed, and the acres are an alien's goods. And the sun still shines.

V.—THE NEW ORDER.

On a time, pilgrims, children of the sons and daughters, come back to muse and look on desolation. The fields are gone to waste; the house is tenantless. The roof-tree rots; the briars make a tangle everywhere; thickets are springing up; weeds hide all. The apples lie ungathered under the trees; the berries, plums, and cherries wither on their branches; the spring bubbles up only for the birds.

And as the pilgrims stand with uncovered heads where the pioneer had come and bravely striven, where their people had lived and loved and died and passed from sight, they lift their eyes, and see that the sun is bright as on creation's day, with no reminiscence on his face and with no regret.

And reverently the pilgrims unite in the chant,—

We, O Nature, depart:
Thou survivest us,
Watchest us, Nature, throughout
Mild and inscrutably calm.

One speaks: These acres have proved a seed-plot for men now taken and planted in other parts of the earth. New scenes are for new duties and deeds.

Another speaks: The Drama of God has the unity of all Time,—which is History.

Another speaks: The Drama of God has the unity of all Place,—which is the Earth.

All speak: Let us go.

And the sun still shines.

Calvin Dill Wilson.

LIFE AND DEATH.

OF our own selves God makes a glass, wherein
Two shadows image them as might a breath:
And one is Life, whose other name is Sin,
And one is Love, whose other name is Death.

Madison Cuwein.

DREAMING BOB.

One misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I met an old man
All clad in leather.
Mother Goose.

I.

THERE is often so little of real interest connected with the present that it is a genuine pleasure to meet with a person who can carry us back to times that had or seem to have had charms that now are lacking. We have lost all the links that bound us to the past century, and the first decade of the present one does not to so great a degree suggest "ye good old times." Nevertheless, it was before coal was used as fuel, or steam as a motive power, and electricity was little more than a name. So ran my thoughts as I approached the old man who was walking to and fro over a wet and weedy pasture and occasionally thrusting a long staff vigorously into the mud.

He was so promising a specimen for interviewing that I immediately led off with a question which I hoped would lead to a prolonged conversation.

"What are you looking for? a pot of gold?" I asked.

"Turtles."

"What kind of turtles? land or water?" I asked, not feeling disposed to be snubbed, although that seemed to be the old man's purpose.

"Mud," he growled, even more impatiently than before.

"Are mud turtles good to eat?" I asked.

"No, nor to look at," he replied.

"Then what do you want with them?" I asked, without showing a trace of annoyance.

The old man now looked up, and, after staring at me for at least a minute, said, "Young man, do you own this ma'sh?"

"I do," I replied, with a smile.

"Do you want me to go off?" he asked.

"Certainly not," I replied.

"Then will you please let me alone?" he asked, still staring intently at me.

"Oh, yes, if you wish it; but I saw you were a stranger and an old man, and I like to talk to old people," I replied.

"Why?" he asked, in reply to my last words, with a slight change of tone indicative of a trace of amiability.

"Because they usually tell me of days long gone by, and of customs now almost forgotten," I told him, adding, "Old people, whether they do or not, seem to know more than men of my own age, and do know more of old times, of course."

"Umph!" grunted the old man, and then repeated the half-smothered ejaculation several times, looking, as he did so, towards the three huge beeches that towered above the other trees on the wooded

hill-side near by. "I'm not as old as them beeches," he finally remarked.

"No, I should say not," I replied.

"Then why don't you go talk to them? I heard a man say once 'there's tongues in trees.'"

I was a good deal taken aback. The old man was getting the best of me, but my interest in him was growing, and I did not feel like beating a retreat. Still, I could not find anything to say, and I stood before him feeling very much like a child before a stranger. Meanwhile he continued probing for turtles, but eying me at the same time, I fancied. At last I hit upon one more question, and rather timidly asked, "Do you live near by?"

"Dog-town," he muttered.

"As far as that?" I asked, with some surprise.

"Just that far; and, if I must talk, instead of tortlin', why, let's go to the hill-foot and sit down."

"All right." And, with this brief reply, I followed the old man to where a tree-trunk lay upon the ground, and there we sat down.

"Yes, young man," he commenced, "I am a stranger in these parts, and yet I ain't."

"How's that?" I asked.

"I was born back in what's called 'Dog-town' in '20, and moved off when not more'n a baby, but not 'fore I had a notion o' what the place was like. It's been rough-and-tumble ever since, and now I've drifted back. It's all changed but just round there, and folks ain't yet grudged me my shanty."

"Do you live alone?" I asked.

"Say, please, young man, don't question too close. Do I live alone? 'Alone': that's a word that means too much for me. I don't like to hear it. Yes, I live by myself," said the old man, in a voice quite different from his brief words when on the meadow.

Before I could find anything to say, he continued, "I drifted back to these parts, and there's just one thing I want to do 'fore I slip up——"

"Slip up?" I repeated after him, in a way that showed I had not caught his meaning.

"Slip up, yes; die, I mean," he said, somewhat impatiently.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, adding, "Go on: I won't interrupt again."

"Daddy hid what he had somewhere in the woods, and never let on to me, 'cause I was too small, and just after mammy died he slipped up, a tree he was a-cuttin' fallin' on him. Bein' alone, some folks took me, and I kind o' lost all notion of what went on when I had a home, till years and years slipped round, and then somehow it all come back to me, sudden-like; but I'd been a fool all the time, spendin' one day what I earnt the day 'fore, and it was hard work to get anywhere near these parts. I got to seein' in dreams just where daddy put what he had, but what I see now round here ain't what it used to be."

"Not around Dog-town?" I asked.

"Yes, it's sort o' the same round there, but the big timber's gone, and I can't place my dreamin' just as I want to. That dream ain't no

common one. It's just a-goin' back to when I was that little feller as toddled about after daddy when he was workin' 'bout home."

"Tell me how the place looks in your dream. Perhaps I can help you out," I asked.

"How can you?" asked the old man, giving a sudden start, and facing me.

"I know the history of these parts pretty well, and have some old deeds and documents that might throw light on the subject," I replied, with much earnestness.

"Old deeds and dockiments: them's the tools lawyers use to chisel folks out o' what they've got. They're no use," he remarked, with much disappointment in his voice and manner.

"They're not always that bad, either documents or lawyers," I suggested. "But come, what sort of a place was it?"

"You see," he continued, as if not intending to give me a direct reply or one at all, "I never saw the real spot to know it, and daddy never told, and p'r'aps he hadn't nothin', but that was my notion, and the spot was like this that I see in my dream. There was a big chestnut, and a squatty-like black oak, and an ash-tree kind o' bent over, and the ground sort o' high and mossy-like between 'em. I go there every night o' my life in my dream, and just as I find the thing——"

"What thing?" I asked.

"It's chest-like, only black, and brass nails in the lid," he explained.

"Where was your father's house? Just where did it stand?" I asked.

"That's just the trouble. I got nothin' to go by, and only sort o' guess it stood where the big clay-pits now is. I've squatted near as I could get, in an old shanty, and go pokin' round when folks ain't too near to get curious; and, by thunder!" exclaimed the old man, with great energy, "I'm a fool to give it all away, just because you pestered me out on the ma'sh."

"I can keep a secret, sir," I remarked, with some show of dignity.

"'Course you can, but can and will ain't twin brothers by a jugful, young man. You can keep it, but are you goin' to?" he asked, with a show of incredulity.

"Yes," I said, "I'm going to."

"Well, I can't call 'em back, and if I've throwed the fat in the fire it's my own fault," he remarked, rather sorrowfully.

"But you haven't," I assured him, adding, "I said I would keep your secret. Did the people digging clay ever find a chest, or haven't you asked?"

"If they did, they never let on, for I sort o' questioned round when I was lookin' at 'em dig," he replied.

"Can you find any trace of the trees you see in your dreams?" I asked.

"Only one big chestnut stump, but the ground ain't right round it," he replied.

"Did you dig round there?" I asked.

"Only a little; and I say the ground ain't right. It's no use, and I

guess the dream's devil's work just to fool me. Seems a pity he can't let me alone on airth, seein' he's got a mortgage on me due when I slip up."

"Don't get discouraged yet a bit," I replied: "go on looking for turtles, and to-morrow I'll come see you."

"What for?" he asked, with a strange look, as if he was both glad and sorry.

"Because I'd like the fun of looking for the chest you dream about, and I'll look over some documents in the mean time and see when the big woods were cut off, and so on. I'll come about noon, and we'll talk it over again." I said this in a way to show that I meant it, and hoped he would cheer up a little, for I was now thoroughly interested, even if the old man was slightly demented, which I did not think.

"And I'll go back to my shanty and dream it all over again, and that's what it'll all amount to," he said, shaking his head.

Leaving the old man to resume his turtle-hunting, I went home, with no other thoughts than of what I had been told, and all that evening I recalled the old man's words, while looking over the early deeds that had passed from hand to hand, covering the swamp-land about Dog-town.

II.

It is not strange that I dreamed that night of the old man,—dreamed I was the old man himself and hunting in the woods for "daddy's chest." I pushed through the painted meadow, breast-high in weeds,—boneset, iron-weed, and dodder,—all in bloom, and every ditch I leaped over was marked by plumes of lizard's tail or clustered rose-mallow. Never was meadow so beautiful; but I could not linger there. Ever ahead the crested tit was calling, "Here, here," and I was forced to follow. Then the brush-land, now a sombre forest, was reached, and on through the pathless woods I sped, walking by no natural means, but hurried as if shod in seven-league boots, and stopping suddenly where there grew a great chestnut, an oak, and a bended ash-tree. I looked about for the old man, but he was not there. Instead, a brilliant cardinal flashed across the open, chased by a hundred sparrows. Then a black hawk darted by, followed by scolding crows, and disappeared. It was like an engine and coal-cars rushing into a tunnel; and all the while the crested tit that had charmed me called from overhead, "Here, here." After all, the old man was not demented, and I had found his "daddy's chest." Then I awoke.

At the promised time I appeared at the door of the old man's shanty, and found him waiting. What a place for a man to live! Except that he had a fire, there was almost nothing in the hut that we call the necessities of life; but the old man gave me no opportunity to scan his surroundings closely. He came out of the door-way, where he had been standing as I approached, and motioned to a bench under the single tree that shaded the spot.

"I've had a different dream, and want to tell about it, for now I know it's no use to start a-huntin'. I was first in a ma'sh that looked like a flower-garden, and then in a big woods, and a little bird kept hollerin', 'Here,' and I follered till I dropt on a bit of mossy ground.

There was the same trees, but a lot of birds kept goin' by, and they seemed to holler, 'Fool,' and I woke up all cold and shiverin'. It's no use. You seem sort o' sent to bring me to my senses or knock me clean out o' 'em, and it ain't much matter which, seein' I'm about used up."

"I don't agree with you, old man; but first let me ask you your name," I said, in reply to his pathetic speech.

"My real name? No; but where I lived longest it was 'Dreamin' Bob,' 'cause I used to say I was goin' to be rich when my dream come true." And for the first time the old man smiled as he spoke.

"Well, I'll call you Robert, then," I replied. "And let me tell you, I had almost the same dream, last night, that you did."

"You did?" And the old man looked very sceptical as he spoke.

"I did, and I think when I was a little boy I saw those trees in the woods. If you're in the notion now, we'll start on a hunt, for I'm a believer now in 'daddy's chest.'" And I looked very serious as I spoke, to give him greater confidence in what I said.

"Whether you're tryin' to make game of me or not, I'll go 'long," the old man said; "but I don't go thinkin' you can help me out. What about your old dockiments you were talkin' of? Did they help you out any?"

"You made fun of 'em, and of deeds and lawyers and so on, but I know who you are," I replied.

"Who?" he asked, stopping suddenly and facing me.

"Bartholomew Quiggle, son of old Aunt Betsy that kept cakes and beer in her day, when this was a stage road," I said, with a steady look into the old man's face.

"Bartholomew Quiggle. It's the first time in many a long year since I heard it, 'cept when I said it to myself. Barthol—— but I'm too old to think about it now. Let's find the chest, and then it'll be time to talk it over." The old man moved forward.

For the first time since I met him on the meadows did it occur to me I might be making a fool of myself. I was interested from the start, and had made an effort to identify the old man, which had proved an easy task, but that I should be influenced by a dream was absurd. Had not what he had told me been enough to bring about such a dream? Even "Dreamin' Bob" was losing faith in dreams after many years, and now I took it up with his former enthusiasm. It was absurd, and here I was, his guide, of my own volition, and not knowing in what direction to go. I hesitated, and he noticed it.

"What's the matter?" he asked: "gettin' out o' the notion a'ready, when you was so full of it."

"Let's look over the ground you've been examining," I suggested, not knowing what to say.

"It couldn't 'a' been far from the house, and it stood close on the road, you know," he replied, and this was a clue, if we could only locate the house. No document of mine helped me here; I could only guess; and so we moved on, taking what I thought was a probable course. We were soon in a tract of sprout-land, and the stumps of the original timber growth had quite disappeared. Here and there, though, was a variation in the level surface of the ground,—a slight

elevation, and moss-covered or bright green with a mat of fine grass that showed the ground was there particularly fertile. All such places we examined with some care, but to have dug into any one would have been absurd. Every such spot was counted out because of its position with reference to the public road. At last we came to where pine woods had been, a little island of pines once in a sea of white oaks.

"Stop," cried the old man, who was a little distance off; "there's been pines here, and somehow—— But my head's all muddled." And he stood by a stout sapling and leaned heavily against it.

"You've been walking too fast," I suggested.

"No, I 'ain't; but that dream's botherin' me, and I feel sort o' queer," he said, with a trembling voice that frightened me. "I'm tough enough, seein' what I've gone through in my day. Don't you worry: it's the dream. I sort o' feel as if it was comin' true."

"We will rest awhile, anyhow," I said, "and have a bite of lunch." And I pulled a small package from my pocket. The old man evidently expected me to produce a whiskey-flask, but I did not, and with a slight show of disappointment he accepted the solid food I offered.

While we were eating, we heard voices near by, and I made a motion to keep quiet, to which he silently assented. Two men passed near us, but without discovering our whereabouts. When within hearing one was talking earnestly, narrating a recent adventure. "My dog treed something," he said, "and I couldn't call him off, so I left my work and went over. The cur was diggin' a hole where there'd been a big tree standin' once, and I went up to see what he'd got. He'd struck a root, I thought, but, lookin' down, I saw a piece of board and an iron on it; and, lookin' closer, it showed it was a box that had been buried."

"No!" exclaimed his companion, stopping in the path and looking at his friend.

"You bet; and I tackled the job quick, seein' some one might come and git it out. It was all rusty and rotten and filled with a mess o' stuff I couldn't make out, and a big double handful of money."

"Gold?" said the other man, interrupting the narrator.

"Gold! Well, I guess not. It was nothin' but pennies and a few things they told me used to be called fips and shillin's. It didn't amount to five dollars all told, except what I got extra on some of the old pennies."

While these men were talking, the old man did not move a muscle, but his face was the picture of despair. I wished myself a hundred miles away. The finder of the treasure and his friend moved on, and when we could no longer hear their footsteps I turned to the old man and said, "Well, what shall we do?"

"I'm goin' back to my shanty, and you needn't come. I'm much obliged to you all the same." He turned and left me without saying even "good-by."

I did not follow him, much as I wished to do so, and I tried in vain to turn my thoughts into other channels than those concerning him.

That night Dreaming Bob, otherwise Bartholomew Quiggle, died.

Charles C. Abbott.

EASTER CONTRITION.

THOU hast arisen, Christ, but I
 Am tomb-encompassed still;
 I cannot move my soul to feel
 The Resurrection thrill.
 Vague and impossible to me
 Thy miracle must be.

Thou hast arisen, Christ, but I,
 Insensate, cannot stir;
 No angel rolls the rock of Doubt
 That seals my sepulchre.
 In my hard heart, where faith has died,
 There is no Easter-tide.

Thou hast arisen, Christ! Ah, Christ,
 Bid me arise with thee.
 Triumphant Victor, break my tomb,
 And rescue even me.
 Restore into my horoscope
 The star of Easter's hope.

Susie M. Best.

THE VIVISECTIONIST.

ON a Lake Erie steamer Merivale sat tilted back in a chair, with his feet on the deck-railing. It was early morning; the rosy twilight that precedes a clear sunrise was just beginning to grow golden. The lake looked like thick, green cathedral glass, a soft ripple breaking it up into tiny, irregular panes. Merivale half consciously absorbed this effect, a dim idea forming in his preoccupied brain that it was monotonous; something seemed lacking.

The old earth rolled over and blinked, finding the sun in her eyes.

More passengers came up on deck, pushed the chairs about, arranged themselves in groups, and the day had begun.

Merivale was thinking. His hands were thrust into his trousers pockets in a most meditative manner. Occasionally he produced a note-book from some hidden depths and gazed despondently at its closely written pages.

"Confound it, Goodwin," he said, gloomily, "a man can't write a story unless he lives it. What a horrible thing it is to have written up all the romances one has ever lived!"

"Live more," said Goodwin, laconically.

"Of course a man may be a close observer," Merivale went on; "he may be an analyst, a physiognomist, and all the rest of it; he may have perfect models for all his characters; but unless he actually goes through the sensations himself, he cannot describe them truly. Now, you know 'The Way of the Roses' was a true portrayal of my flirtation with Dolly Carr. The very words were *verbatim*. Poor little thing, she was dead when the book came out, and no one ever knew. And 'A Bubble Burst' was my romance with Miss Cameron. She appreciated it, and considered it a compliment rather than otherwise. But those are the only girls I have ever been in love with. Now, you, you Prince Charming, have had dozens of love-affairs, all more or less available as material, and you sit there without brains enough to put them on paper."

"I'll tell them to you, and you can use them," said Goodwin, lazily.

"No, that won't do at all. It would do for a description of an afternoon tea, a picnic, or even a wedding. But if a man is going to write a real characteristic love-scene he has to go through it himself. You see, you never can tell what the girl is going to say."

"And is your book all love-scenes?"

"No, but the rest is easy. I have my plot sketched, and my note-book is full of bright conversations, epigrams, cynicisms, and all that; but for my heroine I must have a real live girl, and she must be in love with me."

"And then you would note each blush as it rises to her cheek, jot down each trembling, timid utterance; in short, take a sort of death-mask from the face of Love's Young Dream?"

"Yes," Merivale assented, eagerly; "just that. And then my book is complete, and it will be even a greater success than the other two. The public is clamoring for it, and the critics will shout to the world that this new volume more than fulfils the early promise of genius in the author. Old fellow, you don't know anything about it, this insatiate thirst for success. Why, I would sacrifice my best friends to it, as I have sacrificed myself."

"Merivale, you're a beast." Goodwin had risen, and was looking at his friend with an expression of contempt, which gradually broke into a smile. "I know you don't mean it," he said, "but you sounded so in earnest. Come on to breakfast."

Merivale looked after him. "Goodwin doesn't understand," he muttered. "I am in dead earnest."

Later in the day Merivale noticed a picturesque-looking girl standing alone not far from him. She wore a dark blue Eton suit and a most becoming sailor hat. It made a clean bit of color, as she stood beside the white railing, against the blue sky, and she seemed to Merivale's critical eye to be correct and thoroughbred. "Why," he thought, lazily, and he instinctively felt in his pocket for his note-book, "why can't I put her in my story as a study in conventional girlhood? She looks it." And then he fell to wondering what she would do or say under the given circumstances of his immature plot. She was certainly interesting, and Merivale wondered whether her quiet self-assurance arose from excessive familiarity with the ways of the world or exces-

sive ignorance of them. He was inclined to think the latter. But Merivale knew women, and he scented romance in her eyelashes.

By noon he was chatting cordially with her, and toward evening they were deep in a flirtation, which appeared serious to her, and which, if she fulfilled certain requirements, Merivale intended to make serious.

They were seated on the stern deck. Between the railing-posts were suspended old-fashioned hanging-baskets of flowers and vines, which swayed gently with the boat's motion. The soft, white-rippled wake spread out before them, and Lake Erie was producing one of its finest theatrical sunset effects. The round golden disk sank slowly, until the horizon caught its lower edge and pulled it out of shape and it looked like a great egg drawn down—down; then quickly the sea grew gray, the clouds shifted, and a few stars appeared, making ready for the moonrise scene which was to come later.

Goodwin, sauntering by, saw the pair in their significant proximity, and concluded his friend was making rapid work of his preliminaries. Merivale's hand rested on the back of his companion's chair, and Goodwin could not resist the temptation to slip a pencil into it. Merivale tossed him a glance, half appealing and half angry, and Goodwin, wilfully misunderstanding, nodded his head sagaciously, and drew from his pocket a paper, which he tucked under the pencil. Then he fled.

Late that night Merivale sat alone, smoking softly to himself. The moon, now high above, seemed like a great search-light illumining his conscience and exposing his soul. For the first time he realized, in all its enormity, the crime he was committing.

"But," he argued, "I cannot stop now, she is so exactly what I want for my model, and poses so perfectly, though unconsciously. And she is so easy to write up: she positively inspires me with ideas and descriptions I could never have thought of otherwise. And where's the harm? She is bound to fall in love for the first time. I'm sure it is the first time." (This he added reflectively and rather vainly.) "It might as well be with me as with some other rascal, confound him. And I must hear what she will say when I reach the crisis, she is so naïve and original."

And then he remembered a picture he had seen recently, called "Before the Dissection." It had made a great impression on him, the thoughtful determined face of the man, who yet hesitated to use the knife on the dead body of the girl before him. He saw it all so clearly,—the masses of golden hair, the sweet straight form outlined beneath the sheet, the cold, outstretched white arm that did not droop, though the edge of the table came between the shoulder and elbow. He had had the utmost sympathy with the vacillating figure in the foreground.

And now, how infinitely worse to calmly dissect the motions and emotions of a living soul! Then a cloud passed over the moon; his conscience was thrown into shadow, his thoughts leaped forward; he saw another story that should bring him even more flattery and renown than he had yet known, and he hesitated no longer.

The next day was divided between tentative flirting with Lilla Fay and transferring the same to paper. He learned, too, that on the fol-

lowing morning she would leave the boat at Detroit and go by rail to her home, a small town called Selding, somewhere in the wilds of Michigan.

Clearly his only course was to follow her: there among her native surroundings, and away from Goodwin's coldly disapproving attitudes, he could soon bring about the desired climax.

He told Goodwin of his determination, presenting it in the best light he could, though he had to admit to himself that it sounded dark, —deeply, beautifully dark. "But you see," he concluded, "I have thought it all over, and I am sure I am justified in doing this, for it is purely in the interests of art."

"M-m-m," said Goodwin, expressively.

"And," Merivale went on, "I must go to Selding for local coloring. My scenery must be adjusted to suit my heroine."

"What is local coloring?" inquired Goodwin, musingly. "Painting the town red?"

"Distinctly frivolous," murmured Merivale. "Your paragraphic proclivities claim you for their own. But, seriously, my story is nearly completed, and is far and away the best thing I have ever done. It is polished and finished up to a certain point——"

"The point immoral that adorns a tale?"

"Goodwin, you are unbearable." He turned on his heel and sought the companionship of Lilla Fay.

She heard him coming, and his quick eye observed her surreptitiously fluff out the little curls on her forehead, which the dampness had somewhat straightened. This pleased him as an unconscious betrayal of her interest in his opinion of her, and also gave him opportunity for what he chose to consider a masterly bit of deductive analysis of femininity. She greeted him with a welcoming smile, and gave a little sigh of content as he dropped into a chair beside her. "I am glad you came," she said, frankly. "It is all so like a lovely fairy romance. You are just the touch of realism needed to give it possibility."

"Perfect," said Merivale, and, heedless of the risk, pulled out his note-book and wrote down the speech word for word.

Lilla Fay looked up inquiringly.

"Pardon me," said Merivale, carelessly. "I just happened to think of something important, and made a memorandum of it. You were saying——"

"Nothing important; nothing worth making a memorandum of."

"Everything one says is worth that. I often wish I might have a classified index of everything I ever heard any one say. Other people's remarks are so useful. They are so unconscious and original, and—well, they are true. Truth is the only thing, after all. Fiction cannot be true."

And then they drifted into generalities, and from those into personalities, Merivale skilfully steering until he guided her cleverly into the channels he desired.

Lilla looked at him with the meaningless admiration a school-girl would give to the Sphinx, as she always did when he talked in this strain. And when he bade her a moonlit good-night he knew his suc-

cess was assured, and felt a sort of baffled irritation that it should have been quite so complete and so easily attained.

During the night the boat reached Detroit. Merivale went ashore early in the morning, before many of the passengers were astir. He did this purposely, for he did not want to rub the freshness off his acquaintance with Lilla Fay by the bristling vicissitudes of a day of railroad travel. He knew she would leave on the morning train for Selding. After a day spent in Detroit he took the evening train for the same destination.

On reaching there the next morning he congratulated himself that he had done the right thing. Such a typical, characteristic Western townlet! What a mine of local coloring! The railroad station itself, to begin with,—a long, low, unpainted building, basking contentedly in the sunlight. Merivale looked within. Dingy whitewash, broken plaster, the only bits of color being the huge red-lettered placards on the walls, and the iron arms of the settees, which were painted green. The ticket-agent cast a semi-curious glance at the stranger, and then relapsed into his normal calm. With the delightful inconsistency of Western towns, this effect of simple primitiveness on Merivale's mind was broken in upon by the clang of an electric car. The note of modernity brought him to himself, and he started for the hotel.

The main street of Selding was gorgeous with immense plate-glass windows and shining signs.

The hotel-keeper proved a character in his way, and Merivale, to whose net all who came were fish, greedily caught him and served him up in his book *au naturel*.

That evening he called on Lilla Fay in her home. As he walked along the wooden sidewalks, he was impressed more and more with the Western crudity of the place; this was accentuated rather than disguised by the occasional newer houses of brick or stone that looked proudly down on the one-story frame dwellings that surrounded them. A crowd of girls passed him, laughing and talking loudly. Merivale wondered if everything connected with the West was boisterous. The sunset sky waved its flaunting banners of gold and purple and crimson in a lavish luxuriousness of color which, it seemed to him, would never be tolerated in the East. He smiled idly at the thought that Nature, after all, is a true artist.

He turned in at Lilla Fay's white-painted gate, and walked up the path between box-trees and oleanders.

The house was a large, low building, with all its rooms on one floor. It was very white, and its window-blinds were very green. It had an effect of being fresh from its bath. The front door opened immediately into the family living-room, and in answer to Merivale's rather imperative summons he was met by Lilla herself, who blushed and fluttered in a way that pleased her visitor mightily.

Mrs. Fay proved an appropriate and picturesque mother for her daughter,—a tall, large, capable woman, tightly drawn as to hair, skin, and clothing, and, with true Occidental consistency, totally lacking in atmosphere.

She expressed herself much pleased at meeting Merivale, told him

not to be afraid of her, and confided to him that she was as easy as an old shoe. This she proved, in regard to her ideas of chaperonage, by presently disappearing and leaving the young people to amuse each other.

Merivale, to whom no time was like the present, made the most of his opportunities, and progressed rapidly in his enterprise. He invited Lilla to drive the next afternoon, and was in turn invited by her to a picnic in the evening. The girl was bewitchingly shy, but entirely free from any trace of conscious coyness or coquetry. When, at parting, he kissed her hand in a mock-gallant manner, she bowed gravely and graciously with the air of a duchess.

"Where does she get it?" he pondered on his way home, remembering her "easy" mother and her simple surroundings. "If she lived in New York two years she'd be a howling swell, but she'd be entirely spoiled. As it is, she's a most charming bit of unsophisticated beauty."

The days went by, and Merivale pursued his iniquitous course gradually but surely, until after a week they were almost acknowledged lovers. They were always together. Selding was alive with gossip, and Mrs. Fay smiled complacently when the affair was mentioned by the neighbors.

One evening a picnic had been arranged by the Selding young people: this mode of entertainment represented to the revellers the highest form of gay festivity. As Merivale drove along through the cool moonlight to call for Lilla Fay, he was impressed anew by the beauty of the scene. Selding, always lovely, was bewitching in the silvery light, and the ground, as far as the eye could reach, rose and fell in soft, undulating curves, seeming to Merivale's fanciful imagination like a lazy, sleepy, beautiful woman, stretching and almost awakening. As he drew near the house, Lilla came out to meet him, with a white, fleecy scarf framing her fair face, her eyes dancing with pleasure.

"I knew it was you by the odor of your cigar," she said. "It is so different from the other men's."

"Ah, your Indian ancestry speaks in that. You waited for me by the sense of smell."

"I waited for you with all my senses," said the girl, simply.

"Perfect," said Merivale, and coolly scribbled the words on his cuff for future reference.

Lilla had long since ceased to wonder at these eccentricities on the part of her lover, though far from understanding them.

Later on that evening, as they walked along the lake-side, away farther and farther from the gay and laughing crowd, Merivale lived the last chapter of his new book. He faltered just once, as he put his arm around the slender girlish waist and drew her close to him. Only for a moment, though. When he remembered the story that was to bring him praise and fame, he hesitated no longer. With a sort of double consciousness he watched her every impulsive gesture, every play of expression, noting carefully himself at the same time, and making accurate mental memoranda of it all. He felt a thrill of rejoicing,

though wondering slightly, that he was able to think so clearly, that his mentality still rose superior to his sentimentality. She was even more satisfactory than he had dared to hope, and he made love to her with an enthusiasm born of a kind of gratitude that this should be so.

All that night he sat writing,—writing as fast as his hand could fly over the paper. As the dawn crept in the windows he finished his last sheet, and his face was aglow with the light of working genius. At six o'clock in the morning he took the East-bound train for New York.

Carolyn Wells.

AN EXPENSIVE SLAVE.

GREAT historical events and tragedies sometimes originate in insignificant circumstances, and the seizure of an alleged fugitive slave woman once cost this country fifteen hundred lives and ten million dollars.

The United States acquired possession of Florida in 1820, and the fertile northern part, from St. Augustine on the east to Pensacola on the west, was rapidly occupied by white settlers, while the great peninsula, stretching southward to the keys and coral reefs, remained the home and hunting ground of the warlike Seminoles.

There ensued ten years of almost constant Indian war, nor can it be wondered that they fought stubbornly to stem or repel the advancing tide of immigration, for they had a paradise to defend. No part of the United States furnished so completely all that was necessary for happy Indian life; and no part, at that time, offered fewer inducements to the white man. It was a *terra incognita*,—a region of swamps and everglades, of mosquitoes, rattlesnakes, and malaria.

General Taylor, writing of it from his head-quarters at Tampa, said, "It is the most God-forsaken country I ever saw, and if we drive the Indians out, it won't be occupied by the whites in the next hundred years, if ever." General Taylor was not a prophet; but then orange groves paying a thousand dollars an acre had not been discovered.

For the savage, it was all that heart could ask. The beautiful pine barrens afforded healthful abiding places; the fertile hammocks produced maize and cassava in abundance; the lakes and streams abounded with fish, and the forests with game; the very swamps and everglades served an invaluable purpose as places of retreat from pursuing foes; while over all and throughout the year there was a climate like perpetual spring.

Jealously guarding a heritage so fair in Indian eyes, the possessors could not be at peace with the encroaching tide of immigration to North Florida, and this immigration, with the acquisitive and inquisitive instincts of the Anglo-Saxon, was constantly pushing southward, each new advance provoking new Indian hostilities.

In 1832 the strong arm of the government prevailed. The Seminoles were conquered, it was thought, and signed a treaty by which they were to be removed to reservations west of the Mississippi. A

number of them were transported, but a considerable part of the tribe repudiated the treaty made by their leaders and took refuge in the remote swamps and everglades. There followed three years of peace, however,—an entire cessation of hostilities, during which white settlements pushed southward and there was friendly intercourse with the Indians.

The incident referred to occurred in 1835, when a young woman, with a party of Indians visiting Fort King, was seized and carried off as a fugitive slave, on the ground that her mother was an escaped slave who had taken refuge with the Indians many years before. That her father was an Indian and she had been raised an Indian did not count for anything. Legal claim of ownership in the mother embraced her also. That was law at the time,—the white man's law.

Naturally, the young husband, untutored savage that he was, could not recognize its justice. Proving both eloquent and brave, he soon had every Indian in Florida on the war-path; nor was it long before his name, Osceola, was heard with terror in the exposed white settlements. There ensued a war long, costly, and bloody out of all proportion to the numbers engaged. It is probable the Indians did not number fifteen hundred warriors, but in the four years required to conquer them fifteen hundred white lives were sacrificed.

With the Indians it was a battle *à outrance*. They had many wrongs to avenge, which lost nothing in the fervid coloring of Osceola's eloquence. Defeat meant transportation to an unknown country, far towards the setting sun. Osceola claimed to have been the friend of the white man until white treachery and cupidity culminated in the brutal seizure of his wife; in digging up the tomahawk he preached a war of extermination,—till every white man was driven from Florida, or every Indian died in the attempt.

They had an enormous advantage in the peculiar topography of the country, with which they were thoroughly acquainted. Driven from the upper part of the peninsula, they made homes and camps on islands in the trackless swamps south of Okeechobee, whence they sallied to attack a settlement or cut off a detachment, and retiring left no trail that could be followed by hound or hunter. Defeated and chased down the west coast, they crossed over, by routes known only to themselves, to harry the east coast, and *vice versa*, until all effort against them was directed to penning them in the swamp country south of Okeechobee, where it was almost impossible for troops to follow. Once corralled there and hemmed in by a line of United States forts and stations, they were comparatively harmless; but with dogged persistence they watched every chance to cut off a straggler or scouting party, and occasionally a band would steal through the cordon and raid far up the peninsula.

At last General Taylor, with persistence equal to the Indians', followed them to their haunts in the everglades, and kept the trail with unremitting vigor until the tribe was reduced to less than two hundred warriors. The descendants of these still occupy the inaccessible hammock islands in the everglades, where they live, as their forefathers did, by hunting, fishing, and growing scant crops of corn, potatoes,

and cassava. How many they are is unknown. They shun intercourse with the whites, and only ask to be let alone.

The war, beginning in an act of injustice, practically ended in an act of treachery, when a flag of truce was violated, and Osceola, trusting to its protection, was made a prisoner by General Jessup and sent to Fort Moultrie, where he died. He was the greatest of the Seminoles, their wisest and ablest leader, and his loss was irreparable. From that time on the war was defensive. There were fights and battles, but no victories, and peace would have been accepted on any terms short of expatriation; against that the tribe struggled to the last, and in preference have buried themselves in a region so forlorn and desolate that to the white man it would be uninhabitable.

R. G. Robinson.

A VIOLET.

THERE was a poet of old time
 Who dwelt among, and loved, his flowers;
 He wove them into many a rhyme,
 He marked with them the passing hours,
 And lastly, by some mystic art,
 Discerned that every woman's heart
 Hath in a flower its counterpart.

Fancy the curious sense of this
 Unguessed-at knowledge in control:
 With every flower's analysis
 He looked into a living soul;
 Its passion or its pure repose,
 Its sorrow—or its sin, who knows?—
 He knew it as he knew the rose.

Whether the subtle secrets won
 From lily or from asphodel
 To some fine issue, or to none,
 Were purposed, who is there to tell?
 Uncounted centuries have shed
 Their dust upon the seer's head,
 And maids and blossoms both are dead.

Still an eternal verity
 In his fantastic lore must hide:
 Whenever one sweet face I see,
 The poet's art is justified:
 Its lingering aura gives me yet,
 Wherever that sweet face is met,
 The vision of a violet.

Mary Bradley.

ON THE WAR-PATH WITH KIT CARSON.

MY first overland journey to California was made in the summer of 1850,—a journey somewhat different from that of the present day, when the traveller, comfortably domiciled in a luxurious car and exposed to no risks worth mentioning, is whirled across the continent in five or six days; whereas our trip occupied more than four months of almost constant peril and hardships.

For hundreds upon hundreds of miles we had literally to fight our way through prowling swarms of hostile savages, in whose eyes robbery was a virtue and murder a delightful pastime. Eternal vigilance was the price of safety; and, in the case of small, weak, or badly armed parties, even this did not always suffice; for three several times we came upon the iron-work of burned wagons and the horribly mutilated bodies of their sometime owners, who had evidently been boldly attacked and ruthlessly slaughtered, in broad daylight and on the open plain, by overpowering numbers of the ever-watchful redskins.

But ours was a very strong and heavily armed party, consisting of thirty-two men, all, with the exception of the guide, "Dave" Ingram, being hardy, stout fellows under twenty-seven years of age. Hence, though frequently engaged in brisk scrimmages with the Indians, none of us, up to the time my story opens, had received anything more serious than slight arrow-wounds; our long-range, muzzle-loading rifles and heavy Colt's revolvers (the latter a lately introduced and costly weapon) having, so far, prevented the savages from coming to dangerously close quarters.

The party possessed one element of weakness, however, or, rather, a source of much solicitude, in the presence of two young women, one the newly-married wife and the other the sister of a strapping Kentuckian named Frank Ellis, for whose unique wedding-tour this trip grandly served.

Both these girls—neither was yet out of her teens—were singularly good-looking,—Kate Ellis, the sister, might, indeed, have been truly called beautiful,—and both, from long-continued immunity, had become so venturesome in making little side excursions, on foot or horseback, that we were kept in a constant state of terror lest they should some time come to harm.

More, if possible, than even Frank Ellis himself, one of our comrades, a handsome young Virginian named Marion Wyatt, took these erratic wanderings to heart; but all remonstrances were of no avail. Whenever no Indian "sign" had been seen for a day or two, the girls, each of whom had a fast pony of her own, would scamper away for an independent frolic, forbidding any one to accompany them and laughingly declaring that they were "old and ugly enough" to take care of themselves. They might at any time have had an amateur cavalry escort; for, besides their own, we had twelve excellent saddle-horses, in addition to the small army of mules required for our eight wagons.

All the foregoing, perhaps tedious, details are necessary in order that the reader may understand after-events.

We had travelled two-thirds of the way across Arizona (then a part of New Mexico), and were one morning toiling along the west end of Agua Fria Valley, when Mrs. and Kate Ellis, who had been off on one of their usual explorations, galloped up to the train and reported that, far in the rear, a horseman was following our trail, but whether an Indian scout or a white man they had not waited to see.

Owing to the swell of the plain, from no part of our extended line was the stranger yet visible: so, after ordering us to close up, the guide snatched a field-glass and rode back to reconnoitre. Returning in a few minutes, he said that the lone rider was undoubtedly a white man,—probably the vedette of a coming party, though to him (the guide) he looked more like an old plainsman than like an ordinary emigrant.

By and by the horseman came into full view, when a single glance convinced us that Dave's supposition was correct. Bestriding a magnificent chestnut stallion, coming on at an easy lope, and clothed from top to toe in fringed buckskin, the man looked the very beau-ideal of a veteran mountaineer.

When he had nearly overtaken us, the cavalcade was brought to a halt, and all of us—including the young ladies—crowded to the rear to meet him. Then occurred a very pleasant surprise; for no sooner had he come within fifty yards than Ingram, uttering a joyful shout and touching his horse with the spur, dashed forward, and next moment the two men were shaking hands like old friends, as they really were.

Presently, riding side by side, they came to where we waited, when, by way of an all-round introduction, the guide simply said, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Kit Carson."

It was enough. On hearing the well-known name we men gave vent to a round of lusty cheers, while our fair companions chirruped a graceful welcome to the brave man of whose gallant exploits on behalf of their sex they had so often read. Then both heartily shook hands with the unexpected visitor, an example which each one of us followed in turn.

At this time Christopher Carson, the famous scout, trapper, hunter, explorer, and Indian-fighter, was in the very prime of life,—a medium-sized, light-haired, gentle-mannered, low-spoken man,—one whom a casual observer would never have supposed capable of performing the hundreds of chivalrous deeds which had given him a world-wide fame. Yet a more careful student might well have detected in the resolute lines of his mouth, in the calm depths of his dark-gray eyes, and in the firm knitting of his wiry frame, indications of that daring courage and untiring energy which had rendered his very name a terror to evil-doing red and white men alike.

Though possessed of little book-learning, Mr. Carson—or Kit, as he preferred being called—was by no means an uneducated man. He spoke French, Spanish, and a dozen Indian dialects fluently; while, from long association with such men as Colonel Fremont and other well-bred gentlemen, his English was singularly good and entirely free

from profanity, slang, and vulgarisms. In an after-acquaintance of some years, I never heard him utter an obscene word nor ever knew him to lose his temper, though, when aroused by wrong or injustice, his righteous anger was terribly intense.

He explained his presence by saying that he was now returning from a trip to the Rio Verde, and, if we had no objections, would accompany us as far as the California line.

Objections, indeed! We were only too delighted by this generous offer; for, though of extremely quiet demeanor and, ordinarily, very sparing of speech, Carson was a most agreeable companion, as well as a tower of strength to a party like ours.

"But, Kit," asked one of us, "don't you run a fearful risk in riding alone through this region, where any one of a thousand hostile savages would rather take your scalp than those of a hundred other enemies?"

"The risk's not so great as you think," replied the old plainsman. "I know the country so well that I can generally avoid unfriendly bands, and if I do accidentally come upon one too strong to fight, Hector here" (patting the neck of his beautiful horse) "quickly carries me out of danger. Besides, I am, as you see, especially well armed, and lifelong practice has made me a good shot: so, unless taken by surprise, I've no reason to fear any moderate number of redskins."

Well armed Mr. Carson certainly was; for, besides a pair of revolvers, he carried a ten-chambered rifle, an accurate, though, from its light load, not very far-shooting weapon, constructed on the same principle as the revolver, but discharged by means of percussion pills instead of copper caps, and having, like all fire-arms of that period, to be loaded with loose ammunition, metallic cartridges being then unknown.

Though this gun was brought out by Colonel Colt earlier, I think, than was his famous pistol, none of us had ever yet seen it, and as it now passed around for inspection the guide exclaimed, "Why, Kit, you've always got, when loaded up, twenty-two shots on hand!"

"Yes, and I sometimes need them all in these days; but for many years I trapped and hunted through this wilderness with only an old flint-lock rifle. At that time none of the Indians had fire-arms, however. Now nearly every tribe has a few; and, though mostly cheap flint-lock 'buffalo guns,' they're a good deal more efficient than bows and arrows."

"Do you think, Mr. Carson, that we're likely to meet any more hostile savages?" asked Mrs. Ellis.

"It's impossible to say for certain, young lady," Kit courteously answered. "I've seen no 'sign' for several days, but we're not out of the Apaches' stamping grounds yet; and, for all we know, there may be hundreds of them within a few miles of us. Still, with proper precautions, there's no danger to so strong a party as this, for even a thousand of the boldest warriors on the plains wouldn't dare to attack it openly."

"That's comforting, Kate," observed Mrs. Ellis to the girl at her side. "I guess we needn't stick to the horrid old train all the time."

Shortly before noon that same day, after crossing the north branch

of the Santa Maria, we corralled the wagons and made camp close to the base of Mount Hope Range, a mountain-chain extending in a north-westerly direction for more than fifty miles. By Carson's advice, our guide had purposely left the usually travelled route in order to reach this locality, not only because of its abundant pasturage and water, but also because we should thereby cut off a great bend in the old trail; and here, to rest and refresh our stock, we decided to remain until next morning.

All around reigned perfect peace. With the exception of a small herd of buffaloes quietly feeding a mile away, no living thing was to be seen. Certainly neither white travellers nor wandering Indians had recently passed this way, for not a wheel-mark, pony-track, or moccasin-print was anywhere visible. Evidently the rich gramma grass in our immediate neighborhood had not lately been trodden by the foot of man or beast. In all respects the spot seemed admirably adapted for our purposed eighteen-hour stay.

It was late in August; and everywhere among the foot-hills, Carson said, might be found great quantities of now dead-ripe red raspberries, a wild but most excellent fruit which we had not hitherto met with.

While the two men whose turn it was to cook that day were building an ante-dinner fire, and the rest of us were busy tethering the cattle out to graze, the young women slipped unobserved from their "toilet wagon," and, each carrying a tin pail, strolled off to the contiguous hills, having, it seems, determined to surprise us and honor our guest by making for supper that evening a batch of raspberry pies.

Their absence was not noticed until, when dinner was ready, Frank Ellis went to the wagon to call them to the meal. Finding the birds flown, he laughingly exclaimed, "Good gracious, boys! those pesky girls are off on another of their tramps. Did any of you see which way they went?"

No one had done so, and even the experienced guide could detect no telltale footprints. But the moment Kit Carson joined in the scrutiny he said, "Why, Dave, it's plain as daylight! Look here, and here; they've gone straight to the foot-hills,—to pick berries, likely." And he pointed to the gray-green carpet of sward, on which not another man of us could see any marks whatever.

"Guess I'll go and hunt them up," said Ellis. "Women-folks are mighty queer; likely as not they'll forget all about dinner." And, from mere force of habit, the young man turned to pick up his rifle, which rested against a wagon-wheel not ten yards away. But before he could reach it, a terrified, suddenly checked scream rang out from the brush-covered slope a quarter of a mile distant, and then all was still.

Disregarding Carson's instant command, "Corral the stock, men, quick as lightning!" the alarmed husband dashed off on foot toward the ominous sound, but had gone barely twenty yards when Marion Wyatt, also on foot, tore past him like a madman, frantically calling upon the rest of us to follow.

"Stand fast all!" sternly ordered the guide. "Don't rush into an ambuscade of those red devils. Now, six of you go with Kit and do

exactly as he tells you, while we bring in the stock and get the riding-horses saddled."

Although absolutely fearless, Kit Carson was always extremely cautious in the face of unknown dangers, never needlessly exposing himself or others to the fire of unseen foes. Almost in an instant after the alarm was given he had bridled and mounted his already saddled horse, and now, telling us to follow in open order, he galloped away, quickly overtaking Ellis and Wyatt and peremptorily stopping both in their impetuous rush. When we six came up, he said, "It won't do, men, to charge blindly into that cover. Stay here till I signal you. The young women have surely been captured, but they're in no immediate danger; whereas you might all be picked off before you could see an Indian." And, dismounting, the skilled scout threw himself flat on the ground and disappeared in the adjacent undergrowth, not a leaflet nor twig of which, I solemnly declare, could we see move as he wormed his way along.

Twenty minutes of intense anxiety passed away without a sound, though, as we lay, well scattered, in the lee of the bushes, Frank and Marion writhed like chained tigers.

Then we heard a low whistle, and, looking up, saw Carson standing in full view on a boulder and beckoning us to approach.

As there was obviously no need of further caution, we crashed recklessly through the thicket and quickly came to where he now stood by a patch of berry-bushes; but not a vestige of the missing girls was to be seen, nor, to our untrained eyes, even any indication of a struggle. It was all an open book to Kit, however.

"See here, friends," he said: "the young women have been kneeling down, picking berries from these low bushes: two Apaches have sneaked up on them, thrown blankets over their heads, probably, and carried them off, before they could utter a second scream, to that clump of mesquite, behind which eight other warriors and ten ponies have been hiding. Then they've hurried away with their prisoners; but, as two of the ponies will always be double-weighted, they can't travel very fast; and, with proper care, we'll rescue the ladies, unhurt."

Amazed, like the rest of us, at this astounding exhibition of sign-reading, and perhaps a little incredulous, the half-crazed Ellis said, "But, Kit, if your theory is correct, we should find two tin pails here. They were missing from the wagon, and no one but the girls could have taken them."

"Yes," Carson coolly replied, "I see that a pail has stood near each young lady as she knelt. Such things are highly valued by Indians, and the greedy scoundrels have carried them off, berries and all. Most likely a big band, perhaps half a dozen bands, of Apaches have their summer camp at Blue Lake, fifteen miles or so back in the mountains, and these fellows were coming down to pick out a fat cow or two from that herd of buffaloes, when they ran across the women. But we've no more time to lose. The poor things must be snatched from those fiends before night. Let's hurry back to camp for horses; and you, Ellis, choose the two men you wish to go along. I want only three besides myself: more would be a hindrance."

Ten minutes later the three fleetest horses of our lot were led from the corral. Of course Frank Ellis took the young Virginian as his first choice, and then, to my great satisfaction, the two selected me as third man, principally, I suppose, because I was considered the best rifle-shot in the party.

When mounted, we supposed that Carson would put us on the trail of the marauders at once, instead of which he led us, on a sweeping but not distressful gallop, along the eastern base of the mountain. On being asked his reasons for this, to us, strange proceeding, he gravely said, "My friends, our only chance of rescuing the women alive is to intercept and surprise the savages. If we were to follow their trail, they'd kill both the instant they caught sight of us."

"Oh, my God!" groaned Marion Wyatt, while the horror-stricken husband and brother reeled dizzily in his saddle.

"But," Kit went on, "the murdering villains, having no idea that any of us know these mountains, will naturally expect pursuit from the rear; therefore they'll keep the prisoners in front of their line. Each will be held on the pony of a warrior, and those two men, as well as the two next following, must be shot down at our first volley, before they even suspect our presence."

"How is that to be managed?" I asked.

"Very easily, provided we shoot straight," he replied. "We are travelling three times faster than it is possible for the encumbered Indians to do. About twelve miles from here, by this route, and about eight by the way they've taken, there's a narrow, bushy ravine, which they must pass through in single file. Notwithstanding their long start, we'll be at its farther end before they come along. Then we must conceal our horses at a distance and hide ourselves by the side of the trail. Most likely the heads and necks of the foremost braves will be exposed above those of their prisoners, so as to make safe shooting. But, as Ellis and Wyatt, having so much at stake, may be over-excited at the wrong time, you" (meaning the writer) "and I had better pick off those two and let our friends drop the next pair. I'll then have nine shots left in my rifle, and, as we'll all have our revolvers, not one of the band should escape. It's not a very pleasant thing to be obliged to kill even such wretches as these; but for our own sakes and the safety of other travellers, we must give the Apache tribe a severe lesson."

During all my association with Kit Carson, this was the longest speech I ever heard him make; and it was an absolutely necessary one, under the circumstances, as any misunderstanding of his plans might have rendered the expedition wholly abortive.

After riding rapidly for nearly an hour, we turned to the left and entered a mountain defile, by which, in twenty-five minutes or so, we reached the north end of the heavily wooded ravine our leader had spoken of. Along its bottom ran a narrow, bush-fringed, but clearly defined path, and one glance convinced Carson that the hostiles had not yet passed.

Taking our horses back into the defile we had come by, we secured them in a thicket of scrub pine, and then so perfectly concealed our-

selves in the matted bushes by the side of the Indian trail that even the most keen-eyed savage could not have detected the ambushade.

Our arrangements had been made none too soon. Scarce ten minutes had elapsed before, breaking in upon the dead silence of the place, we heard the softly pattering sound of unshod hoofs, and a moment afterward, slowly ambling in single file past a bend in the path, came ten bow-and-lance-armed but not war-painted Apaches. Exactly as foretold by Kit Carson, the first two had in charge the woe-begone prisoners, each of whom, with bound limbs and drooping form, was held in place by the arm of her captor, without, however, obscuring a full view of his own head.

Though all had their bows strung, the savages seemed to have ceased to fear immediate pursuit; and, as they came carelessly along, we could see that two of them had actually placed the stolen tin pails, helmet fashion, over their ugly heads.

The terrified girls had evidently exhausted themselves by crying and struggling. Both looked frightfully pale and haggard, at which pitiful sight only Carson's and my own silently restraining grasp prevented our fiercely chafing comrades from making a premature attack on the abductors.

From the bend to where we crouched, like prey-awaiting panthers, was about forty-five yards: so that by the time the last Indian had rounded it the foremost two were almost upon us. This was the moment for action. As previously agreed upon, Kit touched my elbow; we pulled triggers exactly together, and at the blended report both brain-pierced warriors fell without a quiver to the ground, leaving their late captives swaying helplessly on the ponies' necks. But, though not absolutely simultaneous, Frank and Marion's equally fatal shots so quickly followed ours that, before either of the astounded women could fall, one was in her husband's arms and the other in those of her lover, to whose breast she now, all assumed coyness gone, sobbingly clung.

Meantime, not for an instant distracted from the business in hand, our gallant leader shot down one after another of the dismayed savages, all of whom were, for a few moments, too utterly demoralized either to fight or to fly. I did what I could with my revolver, and by the time our comrades had cut away the bonds of the rescued girls only two braves were left. These two at last wheeled their ponies for a retreat, but, as they went, both drew their bows and sent at us two vengeful arrows, one of which pierced my left shoulder just above the collar-bone, inflicting a wound from which I long suffered, and the scar of which remains to this day. That shot sealed their doom. Before either could gain the sheltering bend, Carson, firing with lightning-like rapidity, brought both down.

This wonderful man seemed equal to all emergencies. He was never at fault. To resolve wisely and act promptly were to him second nature. Cutting away so much as was necessary of my clothing, he skilfully extracted the barbed arrow-head, tenderly dressed and bound up the ragged wound, and made me as comfortable as any surgeon could have done under the circumstances.

We had now, as lawful prize of war, ten dead or just expiring

Indians and a like number of unwounded ponies, all of which, being so trained, remained faithfully by their late masters. Following Carson's advice, we made a bonfire of bows, arrows, and wooden spear-shafts, gathered up all the tomahawks and knives, selected the two best ponies for the ladies' use, formed the other eight into a string, brought out our own horses, and set off to return by the way we came, not wishing to shock our gentle companions further by leading them past the fallen warriors.

Close to the battle-ground we had found a clear spring of water bubbling out from the rocks. After all of us and the horses had drunk at this, the two girls bathed their faces, and, with little pocket-combs, always carried, tidied up their hair: so that, when we had got fairly clear of the scene of conflict, both picked up wonderfully. Kate Ellis, indeed, looked happier and more lovely than I had ever seen her do, and soon so far recovered her spirits as to observe, archly, "Well, you've recovered our precious pails, I see. They were nearly full of beautiful berries, but those awful monsters ate them all before we'd gone a mile."

We learned, in answer to our questions, that the young ladies had been captured precisely in the manner indicated by Carson. But for his knowledge of the country and of Indian ways, backed up by prompt action and good generalship, their fate would have been one too horrible to contemplate. As it was, beyond the temporarily painful cord-marks on wrists and ankles and a few slight bruises caused by their own frantic struggles, neither was at all injured.

Our Virginian friend seemed somewhat more than content with the turn affairs had taken. His days of teasing probation were over, and as he rode along, closer than was absolutely necessary, by Kate's side, no happier fellow could have been anywhere found.

Yet, with all our good luck, we were not to regain camp without encountering further perils, and it was entirely owing to Kit Carson's habitual caution and singularly keen sense of sight that a single one of us lived to reach it.

We had got about half-way through the defile, and had come to a broad, tolerably clear part of it, which, at a distance of four hundred yards, led into a narrow, rock-strewn, bush-grown gorge, when Kit, who, as usual, was riding in advance, beckoned me to his side and quietly asked, "Do you see anything suspicious at the mouth of that gorge?"

Somewhat startled at the question, I gazed earnestly ahead, but, though my own eyes were at that time remarkably good, could see nothing unusual about the place, and I said so.

"Look again," he said, smilingly. "Fix your eyes on the top of that scrubby pinyon-tree at the right-hand side of the pass."

After a prolonged scrutiny, I said, "Why, Mr. Carson, there's nothing there. I see the tree plainly enough, and part of a big boulder behind it, but, except for a particularly dense bunch of leaves in its top, it's just like other trees of its kind."

"Well, my friend, that 'bunch of leaves' is an Indian scout, watching us. If we'd gone into that trap not one of us would have

lived to tell the story. There's a band of redskins hiding in the gorge,—probably some wandering party that has heard our firing, marked our course, and is waiting to take our scalps, which, however" (smiling grimly), "I really think we'll keep for a while."

"What's to be done?" I asked. "We can't very well charge on the reds in a place like that."

"No: they'd like mighty well to see us do it, but we won't be quite so obliging. Give me your gun for a moment. Mine don't carry powder and lead enough for such a distance."

Now it so happened that my rifle had been made expressly for me by a then famous gunsmith of Buffalo. It was specially designed for long-range shooting, had a ten-pound steel barrel, which was usually loaded with three inches of coarse-grained powder behind a heavy, elongated, pointed bullet, and, when properly held, was sure death to any living target within six hundred yards.

Kit Carson took the weapon in his hand, raised the back sight to the four-hundred yard notch, and, saying, "Watch your 'bunch of leaves' now," threw the butt, with seeming carelessness, to his shoulder, and instantly fired.

Though it takes a rifle-ball quite an appreciable time to fly twelve hundred feet, the report had not ceased to ring in our ears when my supposed mass of leaves resolved itself into the form of a warrior, who, tumbling from his hiding-place, struck the edge of the great boulder and thence fell headlong to the ground.

"Now," called the marksman to our hitherto pleasantly loitering comrades, "bring the string of ponies to the front. Place them, head to tail, crosswise of the ravine, and secure each end of the line. We'll dismount for the present and use them as a breastwork. They'll prove a tempting bait; and the redskins, knowing that we're up to their game, and seeing how few we are, will, perhaps, charge out on us. If they're fools enough to do that, all the rest will be easy; but don't pull a trigger till they come within fifty yards. Then make every shot tell."

This change of front was quickly made; the women were placed in safe cover, and we then waited, with more curiosity than fear, to see if our leader's diagnosis of the situation was correct. Indeed, as no outbreak of yells had followed the fall of the tree-perching brave, some of us believed that he had been the only occupant of the gorge. But, as usual, the old mountaineer was right. For some minutes everything remained quiet; not a sound could be heard nor a movement seen in the pass. Then, all of a sudden, floated out upon the summer-air the Apaches' well-known war-whoop,—that weirdly appalling cry which has proved the death-dirge of so many hapless travelers,—and next moment, one by one, rode out of the darksome glen no less than twenty-seven warriors, all, as we could see, in full war-paint, and six of their number carrying guns.

On emerging upon the broader space, they spread out their line from edge to edge of the defile, and then, yelling like demons, dashed boldly toward us, those who bore fire-arms being in the centre, directly opposite our array.

"Drop four of that lot first, boys. I'll take care of the other two," said Carson, with no trace of excitement in his soft, low-toned voice, while on and on, faster and faster, came the shrieking savages. When within about one hundred yards, and still at top speed, they opened fire; but the bullets from their old smooth-bores passed harmlessly over our heads, and all the arrows fell short.

The whole force now slacked up a little, while the six braves reloaded their guns in the simple buffalo-hunting fashion of pouring a random quantity of powder into the barrels and dropping upon it unpatched round balls from their mouths. Then, perhaps beguiled by our strange inaction into believing us without ammunition, they came on again, until the fifty-yard mark was reached, meantime withholding their fire, possibly for fear of killing some of the coveted horses, or, if we really could not shoot, intending to despatch us with lance, tomahawk, and knife.

"All together, men; let them have it now!" cried Carson, and at the word four of the six gun-carriers went down, though I, from the fact of my left arm being disabled, had to rest my heavy rifle across a pony's back.

Closely following our quadruple discharge came two more shots from Kit's repeater, each of which dropped one of the remaining central warriors. On this the whole band halted, wavered, poured in a futile shower of arrows, and turned to fly; but before it had gone forty yards the old Indian-fighter's unerring aim emptied three more saddles.

"That will do. Let them go, boys," he said, as the screeching warriors rushed helter-skelter toward the gorge. "They'll never stop this side of Blue Lake. The pass is safe as a city street now."

After joining the nine additional ponies to our string, we smashed the, to us, useless flint-lock guns, threw far away all the other weapons, except the knives, of the defunct braves, and continued our journey to camp, where, to the great joy of our stay-at-home comrades, we arrived safely a little before sundown.

When the eventful day's story was told, the whole crowd would have made a hero of Kit Carson; but, with a humorous twinkle in his kindly eyes, he said, "Don't, boys, don't. The thing was too simple to be worth mentioning. All the reward I want is to see the end of friend Marion's romance."

And this the noble fellow did see; for, two days afterward, on the Old Spanish Trail, we overtook a large party of emigrants, one of whom proved to be a regularly ordained minister of the gospel; in consequence of which happy find, Miss Kate Ellis was quickly, but with all due ceremony, transformed into Mrs. Marion Wyatt, apparently as much to the generous Kit's delight as to that of the bridegroom himself.

Often afterward, when referring to her capture by the Indians, the young lady would laughingly declare that the only regrettable part of the affair was in being deprived of the chance to show her skill in making the purposed raspberry pies.

William Thomson.

PARIS SWINDLES.

THERE is probably no city in the world so full of clever schemes to catch the unwary as the great and gay capital of France, *auberge* of the nomads of all nations. There are swindles in business, in politics, in love; swindles for Frenchmen and swindles for strangers; huge swindles like the Panama and Legion of Honor scandals, which render the doings of the Tweed Ring insignificant, and petty, miserable swindles like the fakirs who sell disappointing photographs to Englishmen strolling under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli.

And out of all these swindles an army of men and women manage to make an excellent living. Not only that, but they flourish for years before exposure strikes them, and during that time enjoy the respect and confidence of some surprisingly decent people. It is amazing the number of these *chevaliers d'industrie* who manage to get into the confidence of social celebrities and politicians of high standing.

Take for instance the American, Cornelius Herz, that prince of swindlers, and his confederate Arton. A few years ago, before the crash came, they were floating on the top of the wave; and yet no one knew who they were or whence they came. They were clever, had money, spent it lavishly, and dressed in ultra-fashionable style. Arton was a great lady-killer, and the smallest present he ever made to one of his conquests was a diamond necklace. When his defalcations were discovered and he left Paris he also left unpaid bills amounting to one million six hundred thousand francs at his jewellers', and one hundred and fifty thousand francs at his tailors'.

From a Frenchman's point of view, everybody who lives well and dresses better than a bank clerk is put down as a spy in the employ of Bismarck, unless he is known to have any other occupation. But among these busy people without distinct professions there are those who lend their names and imposing appearance to enterprises which could exist only in a country where the "gogo" is always on the lookout for a rapid road to fortune. For example, the money-lending agencies, notwithstanding article upon article which has been written in the respectable portion of the French press, warning people against them, still go on and prosper. One has only to consult any day the smallest French paper which pretends to the largest circulation, to see the names of half a dozen persons or societies advertising to lend money on simple signatures. The simpleton replies to the advertisement, stating his requirements, and is informed that the director will be able to obtain what he desires, but that he must pay so much per cent. commission (generally very low), and deposit twenty-two and a half francs for preliminary expenses. This he does, and hears no more of the matter; or, if he becomes anxious and worries the "Society," he gets a polite letter to say that the "Board of Directors," having taken the matter into their serious consideration, regret that the securities offered are not such as to justify them in making the advance. His

twenty-two and a half francs have been expended for the postage on one letter and for the inquiries, which have probably never been made.

The old, old story of finding confidential employment for clerks at high salaries, and requiring a deposit as a guarantee for good conduct, is as familiar as the confidence trick, and yet it succeeds daily; but the sufferers in these cases have only themselves to blame.

Another scheme, perhaps more interesting than the older ones, from the fact that it was difficult at first to see where the immediate pecuniary advantage "came in," was that of a certain person calling himself a baron and the head of a syndicated financial union with a very pretentious sounding name, who gave himself out as specially charged by certain crowned heads, or princes about to become such, to obtain large loans on the royal signatures. He whispered the fact to persons having high commercial relations in and out of town, and, the security being considered all that could be desired, offers of money quickly flowed in to the financial syndicate with the high-sounding name. On various pretences, each more futile than the other, this noble Austrian director refused the proffered millions, but kept careful record of all the offers, and impressed his importance upon callers by carelessly saying that "for the last business he had in hand he required only five hundred thousand francs, and received offers of over one hundred and twenty million." This gentleman is now doing six years' imprisonment.

Women, too, play an important part in the majority of "high-class" swindles. The immediate cause of the arrest of General Caffarel was a woman. The circumstances were curious. Madame Emily Limouzin occupied a fine suite of well-appointed rooms in the Avenue Wagram, and lived in very good style. She was in secret and frequent communication with gentlemen of the highest standing in the political world and in the army. She was credited with being on most intimate terms with General Thibaudin, a former minister of war, and his portrait formed a conspicuous ornament in her apartment. Madame Limouzin offered upon several occasions to obtain decorations in the Order of the Legion of Honor for a money consideration. A trap was laid for her: one of the most stylish of the middle-aged men in the detective police force, disguised as a provincial manufacturer, called upon the lady, and, after having flattered her as to her powerful influence and high connections, requested her assistance to obtain the rosette of the Legion of Honor, the one ambition of his life. "I will recognize your good offices in a very substantial manner," he added.

Madame Limouzin paid him great attention, promised him her support, fixed the figure of the *douceur* she was to receive, and promised to introduce her new client to General Caffarel, Minister of War. Not only did she promise, but the next day she fulfilled her promise, when the distinguished-looking detective was, much to his surprise, presented to General Caffarel in the flesh, who promised to obtain for him the coveted ribbon. General Caffarel was arrested the following day. Madame Limouzin declared that she had been "peached upon" by a man who had paid ten thousand francs for a decoration and had not succeeded in obtaining it.

An instance was given lately of the ease with which a clever swindler may obtain money from such people by flattering their vanity. A man whose real name was supposed to be Arnin began his career in 1889 by calling himself the Marquis d'Alba, a grandee of Spain, etc. Living in great style at Montpellier, he managed to get capital for further strokes by swindling a jeweller out of forty thousand francs. From there he went to Nice and pretended to be a relation of the ex-Empress of the French and of the Queen Regent of Spain. His grand title and his elegant manner entirely captivated the confidence of a widow from Lyons, who had two young daughters eligible for marriage. Under the pretext of investing the money for her in a mine which he owned in Spain, he obtained from this too confiding lady the sum of two hundred thousand francs. His next name was Felix Martenis de Perreira della Tore. With this he went to Havre and managed to swindle a banker named Larue out of ninety thousand francs; but here he finished by being caught while he was attempting to break into this same banker's strong box. He escaped from prison two days after his arrest, and is probably now, under some other noble name and in some other hospitable clime, living at the expense of people not capable of taking care either of themselves or of their money.

One more very profitable scheme of swindling is that of the matrimonial agencies, which are now worked in France in a manner entirely unknown to M. De Foy, who was the real originator of marriage by intermediary. There are, of course, offices where preliminary fees are asked and where wife-seekers and ladies yearning for lords are quietly swindled after having been told to go to the Opera, the Salon, or the fashionable church of Sainte-Clotilde. The strange part of the matrimonial agency scheme is that you never know, when in society, whether some banker, priest, or old lady of fierce virtue and mystical tendencies may not be a husband- or wife-broker. There are young ladies not too thin-skinned, head-waiters in certain restaurants, livery-stable keepers, cloistered nuns, notaries, and lady doctors of the obstetric school. These are only a portion of the army of workers in the interests of Cupid. There are at present in Paris two wealthy American girls who have married titles, upon the wedding-day of each of whom a very handsome commission was paid to one of these intermediaries, of course without the knowledge of the wife.

But the cleverest marriage-swindler of modern times was perhaps Miss Evelyn Leal, a distinguished-looking Englishwoman. She has been married and given in marriage at least twenty times during the last three years, while she has been affianced as many times more during the same period, and in every case has succeeded in obtaining handsome presents of jewelry, which she has immediately sold for what they would fetch. Her system was to write to some rich bachelor merchant in the provinces, offering to introduce him to the widow of an English nobleman with a view to matrimony. Strange as it may seem, many of the provincial merchants took the bait, went to Paris, were introduced to the "widow of the English nobleman," were allowed to escort her to the theatre, and to make her presents of flowers the first

day, of gloves the second, while on the third, if the ardent would-be husband had not yet suggested it, she would choose a wedding-ring with a handsome keeper, accompanied by diamond necklace, brooch, and ear-rings, all these to constitute her wedding-present. Then she would disappear with her jewels, change her clothes and name, and start the same game with another victim the following day. She would sometimes have two proposals of marriage on-hand at the same time: she always calculated upon the frailty of human nature and the great dislike the victims would have to being publicly exposed to ridicule for having so simply been taken in by the promises of the fair English-woman. Now she is being boarded and clothed at the expense of the French state, which, upon the recommendation of a magistrate, has engaged to take entire charge of her for the next eighteen months.

Insurance is as yet in its infancy in France, yet even that has been studied and put to profit by some of these ingenious swindlers. Only a short time ago two distinguished-looking Frenchmen called at the store of a well-known jeweller not a hundred yards from the Grand Hotel, and one of them said that his friend had just come into a very large fortune and desired to invest a portion of it in some such business as that of the gentleman to whom he was speaking. The jeweller had no particular desire to sell out his business, but finally agreed to take this young prince as a silent partner, upon conditions which he considered advantageous to himself. The two distinguished Frenchmen left, apparently delighted with the arrangement they had made. The next day they returned and informed the jeweller that one little formality was necessary in order that the mother of the youth who had inherited the fortune should consent to her son's disposing of the money. The jeweller must insure his life for five hundred thousand francs. This he did not object to, especially as his newly-found associate offered to bear half the cost of the premium. There was no restriction as to the office in which he was to insure. The policy was made out, the premium paid, and he waited in vain for the arrival of the young heir. Finally, when a month had gone by and he had heard no more of the two distinguished foreigners, he went to the insurance company and asked them to cancel the policy, as he had now no use for it.

"Very sorry, sir," replied the director of the company, "but we cannot do that, as we paid the commission upon the policy to the gentleman who procured us the business."

"But nobody procured you the business: I came directly to you of my own accord, because I had heard of your office as a respectable one."

"That may be, sir," replied the director, "but five minutes before your first visit a distinguished-looking gentleman came in and told me that you were coming to insure your life upon his recommendation. As what he said was fulfilled, we believed him, and paid him the commission."

The jeweller now understood why he had had to insure his life, and also why he had not again seen his distinguished-looking would-be silent partner.

The history of Baron Wilhelm Ludwig Carl Victor von Scheurer is probably fresh in the minds of most people, as the romantic story created a great sensation at the time of its occurrence. Von Scheurer, who was supposed to have died in 1883, was in reality living and happy in the United States. In place of him, a Dr. Castelnau managed to bury a postman, and, by the aid of false certificates, Von Scheurer obtained the insurance money after the strictest investigation by the Scotch company swindled. The facts would never have been discovered had not Dr. Castelnau attempted to "do" one of his accomplices out of his portion of the commission he received.

But the gullibility of the French has become known outside of France. For many years after the war, some clever swindler with an imaginative mind wrote to different persons in France stating that upon the flight of the Empress from Paris she had confided to the care of a trusty attendant a box containing jewels, notes, and stocks for an enormous amount. The attendant, fearing arrest, had managed to hide the box somewhere, generally in Spain, and would reveal the secret of the hiding-place for a sum which varied according to circumstances. This succeeded in very many instances, until one person, more courageous than the rest, began a prosecution which rendered the whole affair public.

Whether or not it is the same gentleman, or only a vulgar imitator who is attempting to succeed him in business, the letters of which I give a translation may not be without interest. The first was addressed to a friend, who showed it to me, and then, replying at my suggestion, received the second letter.

"BARCELONA, 1st Sept., 1892.

"MONSIEUR,—

"Knowing you to be an honest man, I have decided to confide in you a secret of the highest importance, which will bring you a fortune, will save that of my only daughter as well as mine, and at the same time render me my liberty.

"Before giving you fuller details, I should like to be assured by your reply that my letters will reach you, for you might have changed your address. I am in prison, but, though with some difficulty, I am able to correspond with you by the intermediation of a person in whom I have confidence and who will get my letters out of the prison and hand me yours with perfect safety. Will you, then, address your letter exactly as follows?—

Mons. Roblin,
Calle de San Saduini 12,
Barcelona.

Instead of your signature, append to your letters the initials H. A. F. I will sign in future in the same manner, to provide against the chance of any letter miscarrying.

"Waiting your reply with the greatest impatience, please accept my civilities.

"LOUIS LEVARDE,
"Ex-Banker."

An inquiry for further particulars brought the following :

"BARCELONA, 6th Sept., 1892.

"MONSIEUR,—

"In reply to your honored letter I am going to explain to you frankly my position.

"When I was established as a banker in Paris I had a capital of three hundred and forty thousand francs, but I was also in possession of five million francs of stocks and precious stones, being a deposit that had been confided to my care.

"I will give you further details of this if necessary. I will only say that when I decided to declare myself in bankruptcy the first motive which obliged me to take such a grave resolution was to save this deposit, for it certainly would have been absorbed by the creditors : that is why I made up my mind to fly.

"I realized my assets, which amounted to about two million two hundred thousand francs, besides the stocks deposited with me. I placed all this in well-corked bottles ; these I placed, with forty thousand francs in gold, in an iron box. The iron box I then enclosed in another made of lead, perfectly air- and damp-tight. This done, I proceeded to Chaville and buried my box under the ground in the suburbs of that town, taking all necessary precautions that I was not discovered.

"I then took an exact plan of the grounds with the greatest care by the aid of a tape measure and certain notes about the ground, which would render it easy for my wife to find the place if I happened to be arrested before leaving France.

"I sent the said plan to my wife in Spain, where she was waiting for me, and a few days later I joined her.

"It is needless to tell you that I intended to return to France as soon as all danger had disappeared.

"In order not to lengthen this letter, I will explain to you in another the reverses that I have had and which have been the cause of my imprisonment in this town, where I have had to sustain a legal action which lasted a long time.

"When I was arrested at the station, as I was about to return to France, my luggage was seized, and among it was found a trunk : in this trunk is a secret drawer in which are placed the plan, the tape measure, and the notes to which I have referred above.

"This luggage is going to be sold shortly by auction by order of the tribunal. The judgment against me condemns me to two years' imprisonment and to pay the costs of the trial, which amount to four thousand nine hundred and three francs and thirty centimes. The judgment adds that if within thirty days from its date these expenses are not paid all my luggage will be sold.

"Now, as it is absolutely necessary, in order to find the place where I have buried my treasure, to have the plans and the notes which are in the secret drawer in my trunk (a secret which has not yet been discovered, but which might be discovered on the day of the sale), it is indispensable to pay the above-named expenses in order to prevent

the sale and to withdraw my luggage. As for me, I cannot pay these expenses, because I have been robbed by a servant, who after having had me arrested ran away with all my money. As if I was not unfortunate enough, some time after my poor wife died and my darling daughter was placed in an orphan asylum.

"You already know my situation. In order to bring this business to a successful result you must be disposed to come to Barcelona at once, pay all the expenses, and take my luggage before the expiration of the thirty days' delay.

"Finally, I promise you, as a just recompense for the service you render, that I will give you one-third of the property we are going to save.

"If you accept my proposal, I will send you all necessary instructions for your journey, as well as an extract from my judgment if you think this necessary.

"I would also send you some information from memory, so that you can recognize the place at Chaville.

"Once the property is in your possession, I hope also that you would be kind enough to take my daughter and be to her a second father until I can obtain my liberty, which I can easily do with money.

"You see, sir, this business is very serious, and necessitates a prompt solution.

"Answer me, then, at once. Tell me if you have decided to come to Barcelona, but, above all, be careful not to commit the imprudence of mentioning this to any one under any pretence, for I assure you that nobody but you and myself is in possession of the secret.

"Awaiting your reply, accept my sincere salutations,

"H. A. F."

A reply to this failed to bring any further communication from Spain. I need scarcely say I did not go to Barcelona: so the poor ex-banker is probably still pining in the Spanish prison, and the hidden millions still lie undiscovered in the suburbs of Chaville.

Cleveland Moffett.

AN OLD-TESTAMENT DRAMA.

THE unalterable definition of the drama is, the representation of life by means of speech and action; and this definition of the drama, a definition derived from Aristotle, we moderns can neither add to nor take away from.

Now, we all know that the origin of the drama was religious, and that the beginnings of dramatic action were in reality acts of worship. When David and all the men of Israel brought up the ark to Jerusalem, and David danced before the Lord with all his might, his act was no less dramatic than religious. And there was but a step, though that a vital one, between the priest of Dionysos reciting the glory and

deeds of the god, to the leader of the chorus, who recited the same deeds and emphasized and illustrated them by means of action.

Only three peoples have attained to the glory of a great national dramatic literature,—the Greek, the English, and the Spanish; and though these literatures differ widely one from another, and are strongly individual and representative, full of the characteristics, good and bad, of their respective peoples, yet they are alike in this, that they had their beginnings in religion, and therefore the fundamental idea in all is the same. In their ultimate and fullest development, the human element is most obvious in the English, the fancifully poetic in the Spanish, the nationally religious in the Greek; yet at bottom they are but one.

For though the drama in our day has fallen from its first estate,—which was the praise of the most high gods, whose dwelling is not with flesh,—and has descended to the amusement of men, whose dwelling is sometimes too wholly in the flesh, yet it should not be forgotten what its origin and first estate were. For the drama, more than any other art-form, touches the depths of man's nature. And it is well to remember that whenever and wherever we see ritual of any kind, from the most elaborate and symbolical to the rudest and most materialistic, we are looking upon what is essentially dramatic, and upon man's attempt to represent by means of action what is to him the deepest and most vital part of life.

It would be impossible to trace here the beginning, progress, and development of the drama of Christian peoples.

Greek drama undoubtedly owed its origin to the worship of Dionysos, and Klein, and others following in his steps, have traced the origin of the Christian drama to the central act of Christian worship, the celebration of the mass. This for its origin only; its further development shows many modifications, as well as growth by accretion.

But to trace Christian drama through Mystery, Miracle, and Morality—from the purely religious, so to speak, to the purely humanistic—would require too great time and space. Moreover, I wish to speak specifically of what seems a remarkable instance of what may be called (since it is not actually in dramatic form) potential dramatic energy.

Now, the dramatic form, which may be considered the highest literary art-form, has not been attained by all peoples. It is this declaration by many critics concerning the Hebrews, namely, that with all their genius they did not attain to the drama, which leads me to offer a word.

Of the work of the Jews during the Christian era, rich and suggestive as so much of it is, it is beside my purpose to speak. Rather is it the Hebrew national literature as comprehended in our English Bible, the literature we all more or less know, the literature which was produced while the Hebrews had a place among the kingdoms of the earth, which commands the attention of the lover of the drama.

Now, a work may be dramatic in form, yet wholly undramatic in spirit; or it may be narrative in form and yet dramatic in essence. That the ecclesiastics who were the earliest, and for some time the

only, writers of the Mysteries and Miracles so popular in the Middle Ages should have been able to dramatize the Old and New Testaments for the edification and entertainment of the people (giving instruction by means of diversion, as was also Molière's idea) goes to show what a large dramatic element both Testaments possess.

Job is sometimes spoken of as a dramatic poem; but it is rather an admirable instance of the dramatic form without the dramatic spirit. For no poem is more essentially undramatic than Job. There is no action, and we do not see life represented by means of action; the interest is purely subjective, and consists in the manifestation of soul-life and processes as revealed in the regularly recurring speeches of Job and his three friends.

There is, however, one short story in the Second Book of Kings which is wholly dramatic in essence, and the narrative form is so subordinate in feeling to the dramatic spirit that even a casual reader, if at all critical, must be impressed by this. Indeed, so essentially dramatic is the story that in closely considering it we may say it falls naturally into the necessary acts and scenes, lightly and delicately held together by a thread of narrative which almost serves the purpose of the chorus, although there is absolutely no comment,—another dramatic feature,—and the subject is left to speak directly to the reader's mind.

The story is the well-known one of Naaman the Syrian and his recovery from leprosy; and in simplicity, directness, movement, and dramatic fire the story cannot be surpassed. It is told, too, with such impartiality that we seem to be looking upon life itself, and such is its rare art that there is absolute freedom from any feeling of the personality of the author. And, though so brief, the narrative holds a great deal: first, the revelation of the political, social, and religious conditions of the times; and then within these, which are always the necessary groundwork and frame, there is seen that separate and yet at the same time interdependent play of character which is so essential to the drama.

Then, too, the narrative falls inevitably into the usual five acts, and these carry out strictly the Aristotelian analysis of dramatic tragedy,—the beginning, increase, climax, declension, consequence or fall,—and all takes place in such a way that that purification of the mind by calling forth the feelings of pity and terror, the artistic and ethical aim of tragedy, is fully accomplished.

In this short story, more than anywhere else, the genius of the Hebrew approaches to that of the Greek, and the passage is easy between them.

The story opens, as we all know, with the declaration that Naaman was captain of the hosts of Syria, a mighty man of valor, and honorable with his master; but he was a leper.

The first act begins, of course, with the scene between the captive maid of Israel and her mistress, Naaman's wife. And with fine dramatic instinct the narrator chooses for actual presentation the most salient feature of that scene and its chief dramatic contrast,—the interview between the least and the greatest,—and by his brief, masterly

touches he discloses the possibility of a much more varied scene. A turn of the imagination, and that scene is before us.

An Eastern harem with its slave attendants, men and women, and for its central figure the wife of Syria's chief warrior, who is also the favorite of the king. From the talk of the attendants we learn who and what Naaman is, and of the horror which has fallen upon him in the curse of leprosy. Then come the gentle words of the Hebrew maiden to her mistress; a spark of hope is kindled thereby in the breast of one attendant, who, loving Naaman, determines to go in and tell his lord, who is now before the king.

The next scene is the Syrian court, with the king and his train about him. The attendant comes in and repeats what he has heard; but either the king and Naaman misunderstand, or the words of the slave-girl are not rightly repeated, for both think that it is the King of Israel who will cure the leper. They both give a certain amount of credence to what is said, however, though it is but a forlorn hope at best; yet Syria will write a letter to Israel, and Naaman will bear rich gifts as a propitiatory offering.

The second act is in the King of Israel's palace, where the king and his court are assembled.

The first scene would contain the announcement of Naaman's approach upon a special embassy, followed by the entrance of Naaman and his presentation of the letter and the gifts. Then come the reading of the letter, the king's consternation and righteous indignation, the wrathful utterance of his belief that such a demand can be nothing but an excuse for war, and the consequent mortification and disappointment of Naaman, who can, nevertheless, offer no protest.

In the second scene there comes in one, probably Gehazi, from Elisha the prophet, who has quickly heard of the king's dilemma (the coming and desire of Naaman being, of course, immediately noised abroad). This messenger asks why the king has rent his clothes,—literally, why is he confounded,—and declares that Naaman must come to the prophet. The message, too, is truly Oriental in its indirectness and sufficiency: "Let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel." The promise of healing is implied, not made.

The third act is before the house of Elisha, Naaman and all his train awaiting the coming of the prophet. But Elisha does not come. By Gehazi, presumably, he sends word to the great soldier, almost casually, as it were, that Naaman must bathe seven times in Jordan if he wishes to be clean. Then follow the anger of Naaman, wounded in his patriotic pride, and his disgust, as a man of sense, at the bald simplicity, almost foolishness, of the thing imposed upon him. And how Naaman feels, and how he regards the message and the non-coming of the prophet, are admirably disclosed in the few words he utters.

Then draw near his attendants—those who may venture—with remonstrance and persuasion. Naaman gradually softens and listens, and finally goes out with but a favorite servant or two, leaving the chief part of his train and the gifts before Elisha's door. Just here

the action of the drama, or the story, pauses for a moment, while we await the reappearance of Naaman. This pause and intensifying of interest and suspense are found only in the highest dramatic art. Such a pause occurs in the *Cædipus*, when we await the coming of the blind seer *Tiresias* who shall make all plain; or in *Agamemnon*, when we expect the consummation of *Cassandra's* prophecies and forebode the dire fate of the king; or in *Hamlet*, preceding the full assurance of *Hamlet's* mind by his contrivance of the play which he calls "The Mouse-trap." And presently *Naaman* returns, healed, humbled, and convinced.

Then follow the great scene between himself and *Elisha*, the presentation of the gifts and their refusal, and *Naaman's* pathetic, self-conscious confession of weakness in that, for reasons of state policy, while in attendance upon the king, he must seem to be still a worshipper of *Rimmon*. The prophet dismisses him with the usual blessing, and the scene closes.

Now, did the story end here it would be but a story,—a story with strong dramatic elements, it is true, but not a potential drama, not a great tragedy. The dramatic action, however, goes swiftly on.

Naaman is just out of sight of *Elisha's* dwelling when *Gehazi*, the prophet's servant, follows him, lured by a desire for personal gain.

In this fourth act the first scene consists of a brief soliloquy of *Gehazi*, and the second, of his meeting with *Naaman*, a scene in which *Naaman* shows the utmost respect for the prophet by alighting from his chariot to greet the prophet's servant. He asks the meaning of his coming, and *Gehazi*, by a skilful lie, secures a small part of the treasure; and then he, and they who bear the supposed gift, but real theft, depart.

Then comes the fifth act, the consequence or close.

In the first scene *Gehazi* takes the treasure from the Syrians, and, bidding them farewell, bestows it in the tower. In the second, he stands before his master. Though so quiet, there is scarcely in all literature a scene more dramatic than this; there is none of greater dramatic intensity and reach, none which conveys a more thrilling sense of crouched and hidden meaning and of inevitable catastrophe. The dramatic contrast is great between the apparently thought-enwrapped *Elisha*, with his seemingly casual inquiry, "Whence comest thou, *Gehazi*?" and the easy self-satisfaction of *Gehazi* in his apparent success, as he replies, with all humility, "Thy servant went no whither." Then comes the lightning-flash in the revelation of *Elisha's* knowledge of *Gehazi's* guilt, followed by its stern denunciation and prediction of the consequence. And there is worse than death in the words with which the tragedy closes: "And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow."

Now, as a story it would have ended naturally and artistically with the recovery of *Naaman*; but as a tragedy it must close, as it does close, with the doom of *Gehazi*, a doom identical with that from which *Naaman* was delivered.

As a story, ending with the recovery of *Naaman*, it has all necessary dramatic elements, all necessary sequence and movement, together

with great artistic merit, yet no special moral force or meaning. But as a tragedy the sequence is closer, the movement swifter, the moral force and meaning more and more evident at every advance. For a story has an end, but a tragedy has a consummation. A story is like a line, with starting-point, direction traversed, and end achieved. A tragedy is like a circle, and must return invariably to the point from which it set forth. In a story much may be left unaccounted for, indications may be presented which are not carried out, and directions opened up which are not pursued. But in a tragedy nothing can be left seemingly incomplete, and all lines must be focussed upon the consequence or close.

The necessary element of suspense, so vital to dramatic writing, is nowhere more finely used than in this story, while the unity of the dramatic idea (the only unity which the drama need really possess) is absolute.

Not to disclose too fully nor too fast; to keep the relative parts proportionate and the movement continuous, and at the same time to increase in rapidity, meaning, intensity, grasp; to unroll and comprehend more and more, and yet to concentrate upon an inevitable end which shall be overwhelming,—these are among the dearest and closest secrets of dramatic art. And they are all here. So much for the constructive power displayed in the story; while at the same time it has that note of universality which is the life of all real tragedy, of all true art.

We have seen that the fundamental idea of the drama is religious. And the primary as well as deepest religious sense in man is probably his sense of justice. Obligated by the conditions of his nature to conceive of power in the terms of consciousness and will, man is in a measure capable of dimly apprehending an absolute consciousness and a perfect will. But man knows himself to be finite, limited, imperfect,—infinitely below his own conceptions even. And the common heritage of suffering and sin forces upon him continually the sense of justice and of his own many lapses from it, his many violations of it. Hence all the great dramas are dramas of expiation; all the finest tragedies are based essentially though unconsciously upon the sense of justice. And their appeal to us is because of this ever-living, ever-present sense.

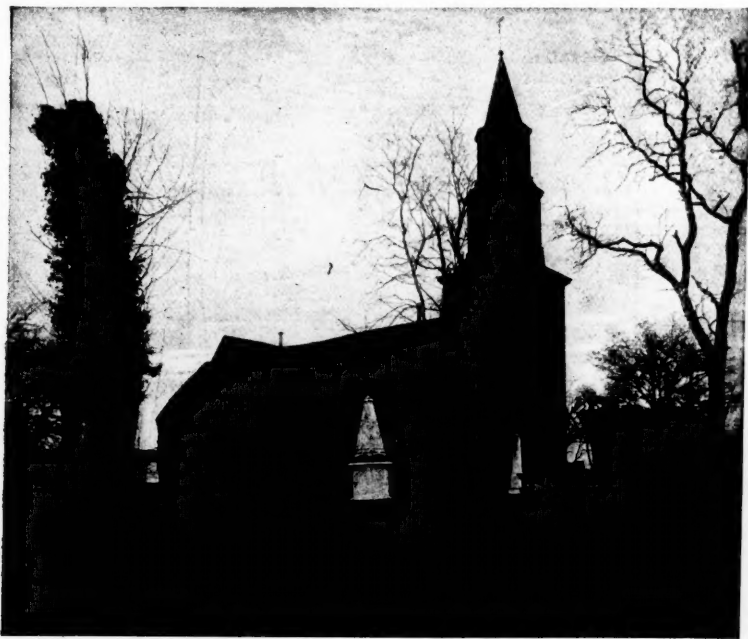
Among the Hebrews, in a far distant past, there lived a great dramatic genius, an unknown author, who wrote a tragedy in the form of a short story,—the story of Naaman and Gehazi.

Ellen Duwall.

THE WASHINGTONS IN VIRGINIA LIFE.

IN these days, when much importance is attached to the inheritance of social and family traits, more and more attention is being paid to the ancestry of our distinguished men. We seem to be waking up to what George Sand wrote many years ago: "The people has its ancestors as well as the kings. Each family has its rank, its glory, its titles: labor, courage, virtue, or intelligence. Each man endowed with some natural distinction owes it to some man or some woman who has gone before him."

Without attempting to trace the ancestry of Washington back to Bardolf, and thus to the Bruce, or to prove that he and Queen Victoria



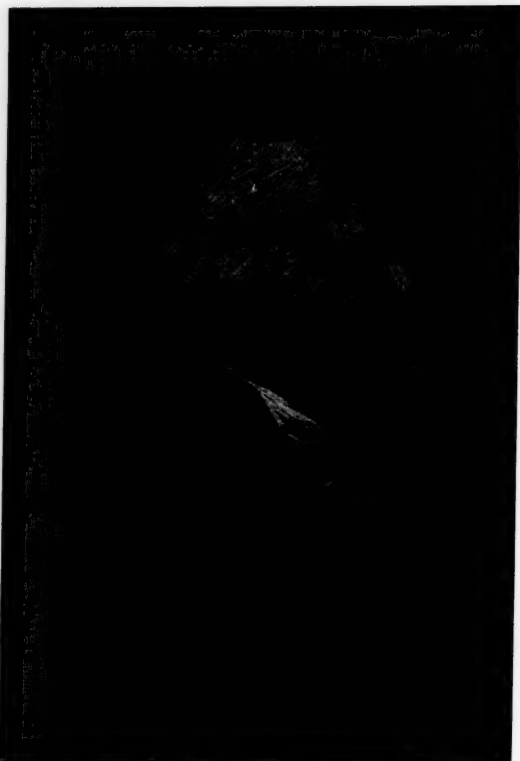
BRUTON PARISH CHURCH, WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA.

have a common ancestor in Malcolm III. of Scotland, as certain genealogists assert, or to enter into the controversy between the followers of Sir Isaac Heard upon the one side and those of Colonel Chester upon the other, as to whether the Virginia Washingtons were or were not descended from the owners of the manor of Sulgrave in Northamptonshire, it has been proved beyond dispute that George Washington came of good, if not distinguished, English ancestry.

In the new country, the home of their adoption, the Washingtons

early impressed themselves upon the community as men of probity, ability, thrift, and strong common sense. John Washington, the first settler, and the great-grandfather of George, was elected to the Virginia House of Burgesses ten years after his immigration to the Colony, while the Balls, his mother's family, held positions of trust in both church and state.

Although President Washington's reply to Sir Isaac Heard's questions about his English ancestry, that he had been a busy man and had

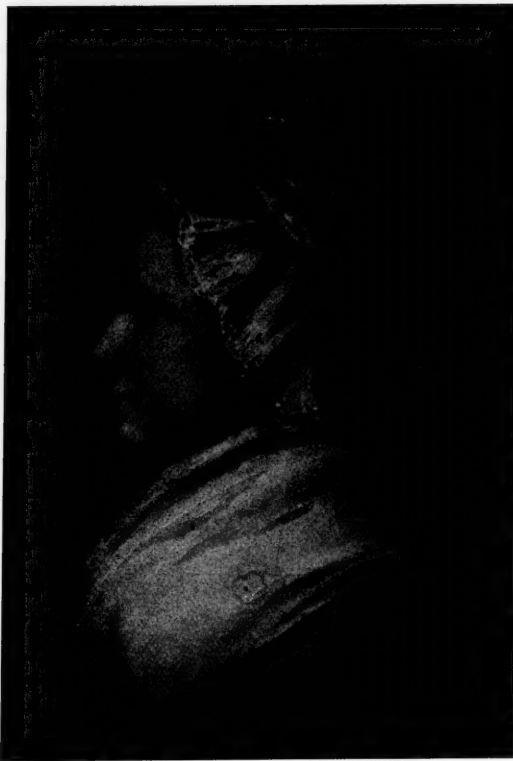


GENERAL WASHINGTON.—FROM PORTRAIT BY JOHN SHARPLESS, IN PASTEL, 1796.
OWNED BY GENERAL CUSTIS LEE, LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

paid but little attention to the subject, has been quoted as a proof of his indifference to such matters, his whole career evidences a just appreciation of the advantages of birth and breeding, as of all other good things in life. His early associates, as well as those of later years, were chosen from among the best born and best bred people of his State, while by marriage Washington allied himself with a family quite as distinguished as his own.

Descended upon her father's side from the Wests, Lord Delaware's

people, while through her mother, Frances Jones, she came from a line of scholars and divines, some of whom sleep under the sculptured marbles in old Bruton Church at Williamsburg, Martha Dandridge belonged to what was considered the most exclusive circle of the Old Dominion. She made her *début* during the administration of Governor Gooch, at what Virginia historians are pleased to call "the vice-regal court of the Colony," when she was in her sixteenth year.

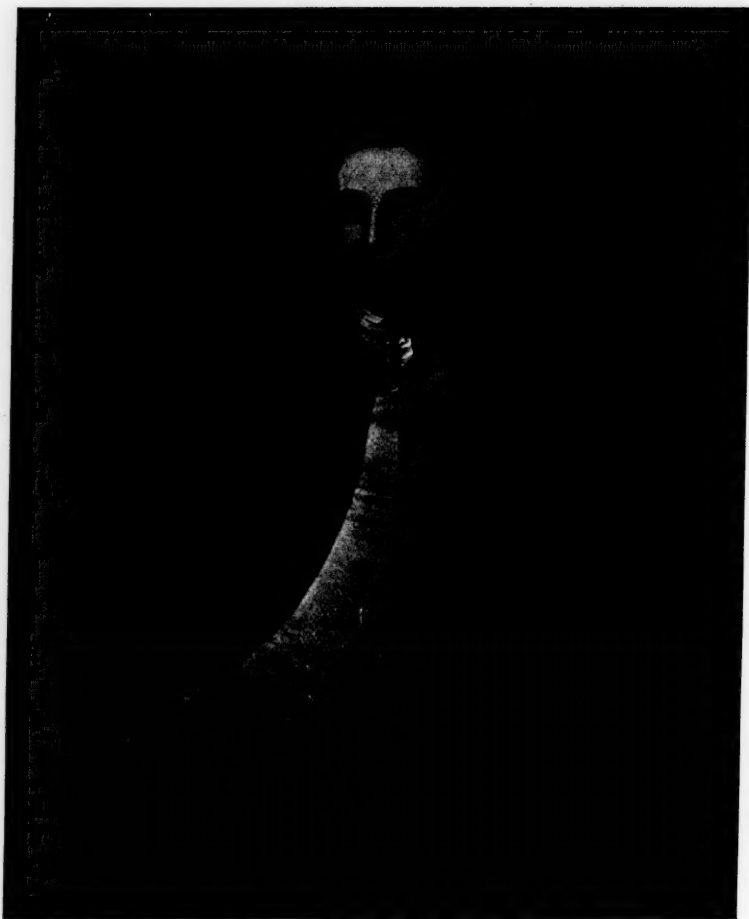


MRS. WASHINGTON.—FROM PORTRAIT BY JOHN SHARPLESS, PAINTED IN 1796.
OWNED BY GENERAL CUSTIS LEE, LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

At this time the sixteen-year-old Washington—for these two young persons were about the same age—was entering, under the patronage of his friend Lord Fairfax of Greenway Court, upon the surveying tours which proved such important factors in the military equipment of the young Virginian.

Thus, while little Miss Dandridge was perfecting herself in the graces and accomplishments which fitted her so admirably for the position she was destined to occupy, the young man who was to be her second husband was becoming more familiar with the topography of

his State than with nice points of Colonial etiquette. Later, when his distinction as a soldier made it a part of his official duty to present himself at the Governor's residence and enter into its gayeties as well as into its more serious occupations, the young surveyor from the back-

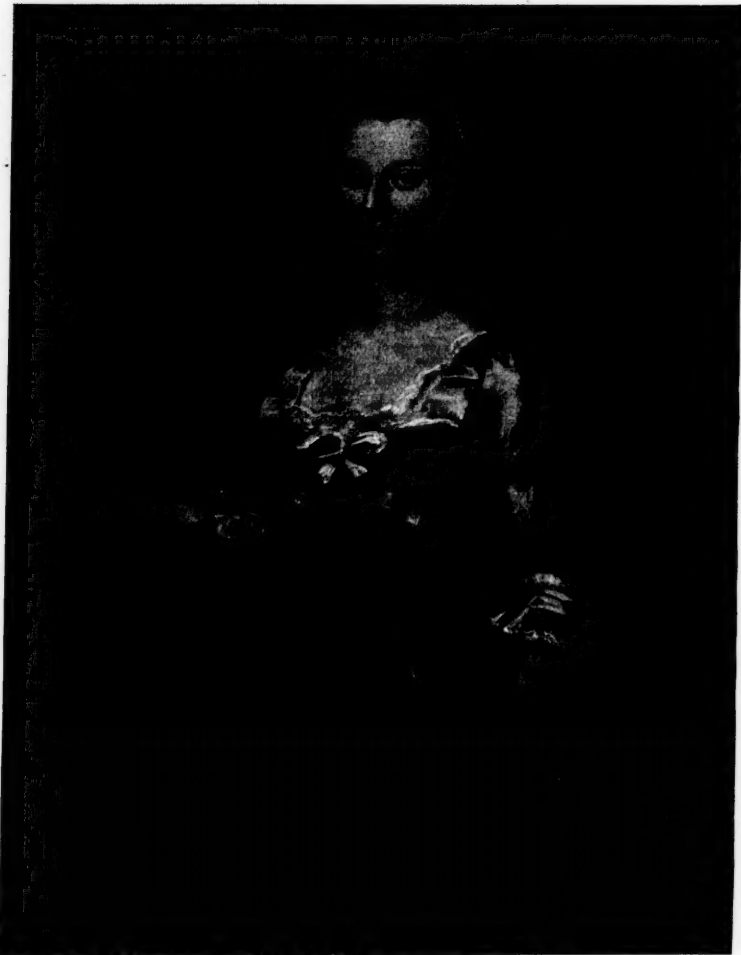


DANIEL PARKE CUSTIS, FIRST HUSBAND OF MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON.—FROM PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF HIS DESCENDANTS AT LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

woods showed himself to be second to none in the elegant accomplishments of a Virginia gentleman.

"So long ago as the days of the viceregal court at Williamsburg," says Mr. Custis, "in the time of Lord Botetourt, Colonel Washington was remarkable for his splendid person. The air with which he wore a small sword, and his peculiar walk, that had the light elastic tread

acquired by long service on the frontier, were matters of much observation, especially to foreigners."



MRS. DANIEL PARKE CUSTIS (AFTERWARDS WIFE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON).—OIL PORTRAIT, PAINTED ABOUT 1757, BY JOHN WOOLASTON, IN POSSESSION OF HER DESCENDANTS AT LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

The Stuart, Peale, Pine, and Sharpless* portraits of General and Mrs. Washington are so much more familiar, through frequent repro-

* These Sharpless profiles in crayon were pronounced, by members of the family capable of judging, admirable likenesses of General and Mrs. Washington in the latter years of their life.—*Recollections of Washington*, by George Washington Parke Custis.

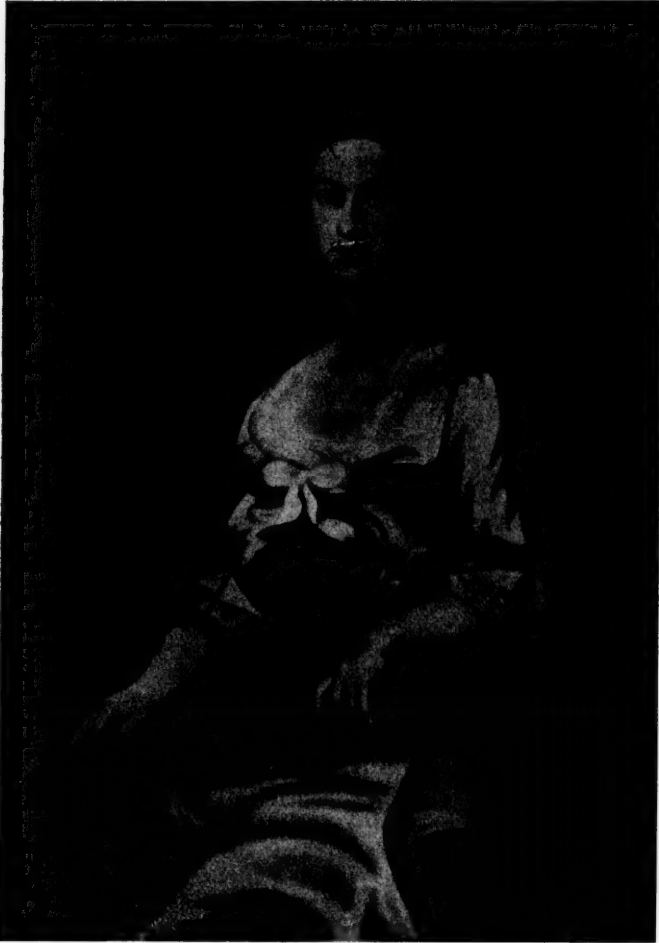
duction, than any of their more youthful portraits, that this generation is wont to think of them as a couple past middle age, dignified and perhaps a trifle stern, forgetting those years between twenty and thirty when Washington, in Virginia, performed the most daring service of any young soldier on record, or those early days of proprietorship at Mount Vernon when he delighted in riding his blooded horses, when he hunted the fox for days at a time,—“hunted him hard,” as Mr. Lodge says, and often “caught him,” according to his own concise entries in his diary. It is this George Washington, with his clear, penetrating eye, round, unlined face, and alert but always commanding form, that appears to us in a portrait painted by the elder Peale at Mount Vernon in 1772.

Mrs. Washington told Miss Charlotte Chambers, while visiting her in Philadelphia in 1795, that she had never seen a correct likeness of General Washington, and that the only merit the numerous portraits possessed was their likeness to each other. True as this last observation seems to be with regard to portraits of General Washington, a similar criticism cannot be applied to those of Mrs. Washington. Most of her portraits are unlike; even those painted at the same period have little likeness to each other; while a youthful painting by John Woolaston, which now hangs in the home of her descendants, the Lees, at Lexington, bears so little resemblance to the older portraits that some persons have doubted its being intended for the same individual. When, however, we realize that twenty-five years, or more, intervened between these early and late portraits, it does not seem strange that they should bear little resemblance to each other.*

* An interesting controversy was maintained, several years since, with regard to this portrait of Mrs. Daniel Parke Custis. Mr. Moncure D. Conway and Mr. L. W. Washington held that the Lexington portrait represented Mrs. Fielding Lewis, General Washington's sister; while, upon the other hand, Professor W. G. Brown, of Washington and Lee University, and Mr. Charles Henry Hart, of Philadelphia, insisted that the Lexington portrait was of Mrs. Custis, as had always been supposed.

There certainly is a strong resemblance in general treatment between this picture and two portraits extant of Mrs. Fielding Lewis, one by Copley, now at Marmion, Virginia, and another by Woolaston. There is, however, a much stronger likeness between these two portraits of Mrs. Lewis than either of them bears to the Lexington portrait of Mrs. Custis; and, while we realize that the final word has not yet been said upon this important point, Professor Brown's arguments seem to us to carry the most weight, especially as he and Mr. G. W. P. Custis, of Arlington, are upon the same side of the question: “Mr. Custis was born in 1781, and was brought up by Mrs. Washington at Mount Vernon, where he lived until her death in 1802, he being at that time twenty-one years old. The picture was taken with others to Arlington, where Mr. Custis died in 1857. Among other pictures taken from Mount Vernon to Arlington was one representing Mrs. Washington's two children, John Parke Custis [the father of G. W. P. Custis] and Martha Parke Custis, who died aged seventeen. Is it at all likely that Mr. Custis, living as he did from his earliest childhood until manhood at Mount Vernon, should never have discovered that the portrait which he believed was that of his grandmother was in fact that of General Washington's sister [Mrs. Lewis]?” Another point which has not been especially emphasized is that the portraits of Mrs. Lewis bear a strong resemblance to those of General Washington, while there is no such resemblance in the Lexington portrait of Mrs. Custis.

The Lexington portrait, representing a young Virginia girl in the bloom of early matronhood, was painted during the life of Mrs. Washington's first husband, Daniel Parke Custis. In the same col-



MRS. FIELDING LEWIS (BETTY WASHINGTON).—PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF HER GREAT-GRANDSON MR. R. BYRD LEWIS, OF MARMION, VIRGINIA. PAINTED BY COPLEY IN 1750.

lection is a handsome portrait of Mr. Custis, and here also is the Peale portrait of Washington in the costume of a Virginia colonel.

It was a still younger George Washington who wooed and won the young Virginia matron, Martha Custis, for Peale's portrait was painted at forty, and we know that Washington was married in 1759, when he was not quite twenty-seven. It is of this Washington, in all the vigor

and enthusiasm of young manhood, brave even to recklessness, as upon the fatal field of Braddock, where he had two horses shot under him and four bullets through his coat, that we like sometimes to think. Earnest and industrious he seems to have been in the pursuit of pleasure as well as of business, enjoying life as thoroughly as any young country gentleman with a stable full of fine horses, yet moderate in his pleasures as in all else, being possessed of a well-balanced Anglo-Saxon temperament, and always, according to the simple rule of conduct of his own Church, striving "to do his duty in that state of life into which it had pleased God to call him."

One of our most distinguished portrait-painters read in Washington's face, with its large eye-sockets and great breadth between the eyes, evidence of the strongest passions that belong to humanity. Fortunately for himself and for the world, those passions burned themselves out in a pure flame, the strongest and most enduring of them being love for his country. Not that that other passion common to mankind was unknown to the young Washington, for as early as at fifteen we find him writing about and sighing over the charms, not for him, of a certain "Lowland Beauty." Some chroniclers indeed think that they have found reference to more than one "Lowland Beauty," and the reader is hopelessly confused between Miss Mary Bland, of Westmoreland, Miss Lucy Grymes, of the same place, and Miss Mary Cary, all of whom seem to have been objects of affection more or less enduring until 1752, when Washington, in a letter written to Mr. Fauntleroy, of Richmond, says that he hopes soon "to see your sister Miss Betsy and have from her a revocation of her cruel sentence." One of these fair ladies, Miss Mary Cary, Washington met at Belvoir, the home of the Fairfaxes in Alexandria, where she was visiting her sister, Mrs. George William Fairfax. He followed her home to her father's country-seat on the James, and here, so runs the tale, Mr. Cary listened to the young man's suit in silence, and when he had concluded rose from his chair, made him a low bow, and said that "if that was young Mr. Washington's errand at Celey's his visit had better terminate; his daughter having been accustomed to ride in her own chariot." This allusion to the poor estate of the suitor, who had then only a younger son's portion, not yet having inherited Mount Vernon, is amusing in view of the fact that he was destined in his own right, and in that of his wife, to become the wealthiest planter in Virginia. Tradition says that when General Washington passed through Williamsburg after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, Miss Cary, then the widow of Edward Ambler, was standing by an open window watching the troops, and that the General saw her, raised his sword, and saluted her, upon which she fainted dead away. The story sounds a trifle problematical in view of the fact that all these unrequiting loves of Washington seem to have been blessed with good husbands and to have lived in happiness and peace, even if they did not attain to the highest positions in the new republic; but the house where the lady stood was recently pointed out to a party of tourists, and there are still good people in Williamsburg who believe the tale. Some years after these various "cruel sentences," Colonel Washington went

to Boston to confer with General Shirley with regard to the relative position of Virginia officers and those who held a commission from the king. This was in 1757, when Washington was in command of the Virginia troops, and a certain Captain Dagworthy, of Maryland, at the head of thirty men, undertook to outrank the Virginia commander by virtue of his king's commission. To have the question decided by General Shirley and in his own favor seems not to have been a very difficult matter; but on the way to Boston Colonel Washington stopped at the house of his friend Beverly Robinson, where he met a sister-in-law of the host, Mary Philipse, a young and beautiful heiress, who is said to have made a deep impression upon the heart of the Virginia colonel.

The story of this love-affair has never been fully told, and there is no especial reason why it should be; but, as Miss Philipse soon after married her cousin, Colonel Roger Morris, it is reasonable to believe that her affections were engaged before she met Colonel Washington, and as he was paying his addresses to Mrs. Custis, and inditing letters to Miss Cary, soon after, despite Colonel Cary's rejection of his suit, it looks as if serious cardiac complications had not ensued with either party. A letter written during the expedition against Fort Duquesne and recently unearthed by Dr. Edward Neill, of Philadelphia, abounds in half-sentimental and half-playful allusions to Addison's "Cato," in which Miss Cary was then playing the part of Marcia, and of which the writer says that he would be "doubly happy in being the Juba to such a Marcia as she would make," etc. As Dr. Neill points out, many sentences admirably fit the case, as when Juba says,—

And in the shock of charging hosts remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man who hopes
For Marcia's love.

To which Marcia replies,—

Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of womankind but Marcia, happy.

Lucia.—And why not Marcia?

Marcia.—While Cato lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate but as his choice directs.

Cato, in the person of old Mr. Cary, continuing to live, and his choice still directing his daughter away from glory and the young Virginia hero, Washington, as if to make good his promise that Miss Cary should hear something of him before long, planted the British flag upon the ruins of Fort Duquesne, and a bit of news that "Marcia" probably did not expect to hear quite so soon announced his approaching nuptials with the widow Custis. Mr. Edward Everett introduces this letter to Miss Cary into his article in Appletons' Cyclopædia on Washington, but concludes that it was addressed to Mrs. Custis, while Dr. Neill proves that it was written to Miss Cary. Much has been made of this letter,—more, perhaps, than is warranted by the expressions of the writer, which are not those of a lover, unless the following opening lines may be so construed :

"DEAR MADAM :

"Do we still misunderstand the true meaning of each other's letters? I think it must appear so, though I would feign hope the contrary, as I cannot speak plainer without—but I'll say no more, and leave you to guess the rest."

This letter is evidently a reply to one from Miss Cary and sent with the knowledge of her father, as it contains a message to Colonel Cary.

After giving a detailed account of the recent disastrous repulse of Major Grant, Colonel Washington enters into a lively discussion of the news contained in the lady's letter :

"Your agreeable letter contained these words: 'My sisters and Nancy Gist, who neither of them expect to be here soon after our return from town, desire you to accept their best compliments, &c.'

"Pray, are these ladies upon a matrimonial scheme? Is Miss Fairfax to be transformed into that charming Domestick—a Martin and Miss Cary to a Fa-re? What does Miss Gist turn to—a Cocke. That can't be; we have him here.

"One thing more and then have done. You ask if I am not tired of the length of your letter? No, Madam, I am not, nor never can be while the Lines are an Inch asunder to bring you in haste to the end of the Paper, you may be tired of mine by this. Adieu, dear Madam."

Had Mrs. Custis been looking over the writer's shoulder, she certainly could have made no objection to this badinage, although she might have asked for an explanation, as readers do to-day, of the opening lines of this letter which was penned by her lover only a few months before his marriage to her.

In this age of many questions a query has even been started as to why Washington was so frequently rejected, with the satisfactory results that usually attend such questions. One person suggests because he was too modest and diffident to interest the ladies; another that he was poor in his early youth, and, lamest and most absurd of all reasons, that he had not received a university education in England,—this last before the dawn of the century of the new woman, when the chief requirements that a Virginia girl exacted of her lover were to ride like a centaur and to dance like a Chesterfield! In both of these elegant accomplishments it is well known that Washington excelled, and also that he clothed his handsome person in the most suitable and becoming attire, if we may judge from the list of goods and articles of apparel imported by him, as well as from all descriptions of the young soldier that have come down to us.

In and about the old town of Fredericksburg there are stories to the effect that Washington and his future wife met at Chatham during her first marriage. There exists no proof of such a meeting, yet it is not at all unlikely, as they moved in the same circle in life and knew many of the same people. That Mrs. Custis should have been visiting at the home of Colonel William Fitzhugh, in the sociable Virginia fashion of the day, during the races, which were important social functions among the Southern planters, is not improbable, nor that Colonel

Washington should have been there at the same time. Chatham, although fallen into decay, is still a beautiful old house, situated on a high bluff which is gained by ascending a series of terraces in front and by a winding drive upon one side. The whole establishment is now so dilapidated and deserted that it is difficult to fancy it a scene of festivity and merrymaking; but at one time Colonel Fitzhugh's hospitality was proverbial, even in Virginia, and his house was so crowded, especially during the races, that he finally declared that he must "leave Chatham or be eaten out of house and home."

A Fredericksburg antiquary tells of a morning in December, 1862, when General Robert E. Lee, from his "coigne of vantage" upon Marye's Heights, swept with his field-glass the beautiful country on either side of the Rappahannock. Chatham, then in possession of the Union army under General Burnside, was filled with Northern soldiers. "As," says the narrator, "Lee gazed long and earnestly at the old homestead upon the opposite bank, Stonewall Jackson rode up to him and asked him what he was looking at.

"At our brethren across the river," replied Lee.

"Do you know anything of that fine old place?" said Jackson.

"I should think so!" exclaimed General Lee. "I courted my wife there, and George did his courting there too."

General Robert E. Lee, we know, married Mary Custis, a daughter of George Washington Parke Custis, and a grand-daughter of William Fitzhugh of Chatham. His jocose allusion to George having done his courting there too probably referred to one of the early love-affairs of Washington, most likely to his unsuccessful wooing of Lee's own grandmother, that "Lowland Beauty" of whom the young surveyor wrote to his friend Robin at a tender age, and who later married Henry Lee, Esq., of Virginia, and became the mother of Washington's favorite young officer, Lighthorse Harry of the Revolution.

The first meeting of Colonel Washington and Mrs. Custis which is chronicled in any history or record of the time was at the home of Major Chamberlayne, in New Kent County, near the Pamunkey. This house is still standing, although the White House, the residence of Mrs. Custis, was destroyed during the civil war. As the story runs, Colonel Washington, attended by his servant Bishop, was crossing Williams's Ferry, which was directly opposite the Chamberlayne house, on his way to the capital, where he had some business of importance with the Governor. Major Chamberlayne met Washington at the ferry and pressed him to accept the hospitality of his house for a day or two. Colonel Washington at first declined, in consequence of the important nature of the business that called for his presence in Williamsburg; but when the hospitable gentleman added to his persuasions the inducement that the loveliest young widow in all Virginia was under his roof, the young officer loosed his bridle-rein, accepted the invitation to dine with Major Chamberlayne, and gave Bishop orders to have the horses ready for departure at an early hour in the afternoon.

Bishop, once the body-servant of General Braddock, had been bequeathed by him to Colonel Washington.

A marked characteristic of Washington was his power of attracting to himself "all sorts and conditions of men." Braddock, although he unfortunately turned a deaf ear to his young officer's advice, was deeply attached to him personally, which affection he proved by leaving him his servant and his favorite horse. When the British commander lost his life in the western wilds of Pennsylvania, it was Washington who rescued his body and over his grave in the wilderness read the solemn burial service of the Church of England.



MAJOR CHAMBERLAYNE'S HOUSE, NEAR WILLIAMS'S FERRY, VIRGINIA.

The story of Washington's brief, soldierly wooing has been often told, but by no person who had better opportunities of giving a correct version than Mr. Custis of Arlington, the adopted son of Washington. He says, "Tradition relates that they were mutually pleased upon this their first interview, nor is it remarkable; they were of an age when impressions are the strongest. The lady was fair to behold, of fascinating manners, and splendidly endowed with worldly benefits. The hero fresh from his early fields, redolent of fame," etc. "The morning passed pleasantly away; evening came, with Bishop true to his orders, firm at his post, holding his favorite charger with one hand, while the other was waiting to offer the ready stirrup. The sun sank in the horizon, yet the colonel appeared not, and the old soldier marvelled at his chief's delay: surely he was not wont to be a single moment behind his appointment, for he was the most punctual of men. Meantime the host enjoyed the scene of the veteran on duty at the gate while the colonel was so agreeably employed in the parlor, and, proclaiming that no guest ever left his home after sunset, his military visitor was, without much difficulty, persuaded to order Bishop to put up the horses for the night. The sun rode high in the heavens the ensuing day when the enamoured soldier pressed with his spur his charger's side and speeded on his way to the seat of government, where, having despatched his public business, he retraced his steps, and at the White House the engagement took place, with preparations for the marriage."

We are all familiar with Mr. Thackeray's adroit weaving of this love-story into his "Virginians," and, re-reading the chapters in the light of later Colonial research, are surprised at his accurate presentation of the life of the Old Dominion, which he says he found more like the England of the Georges than the England of his own day. In the hands of this master of style and fancy, the simple mistake of the gossip, Mountain, who found in Colonel Washington's room some lines in which he speaks of his approaching marriage to a well-endowed widow with two children, assumes the vivid colors of reality, and, turning to the pages with trembling eagerness, we feel that the cause of the Colonies hangs in the balance, that at any

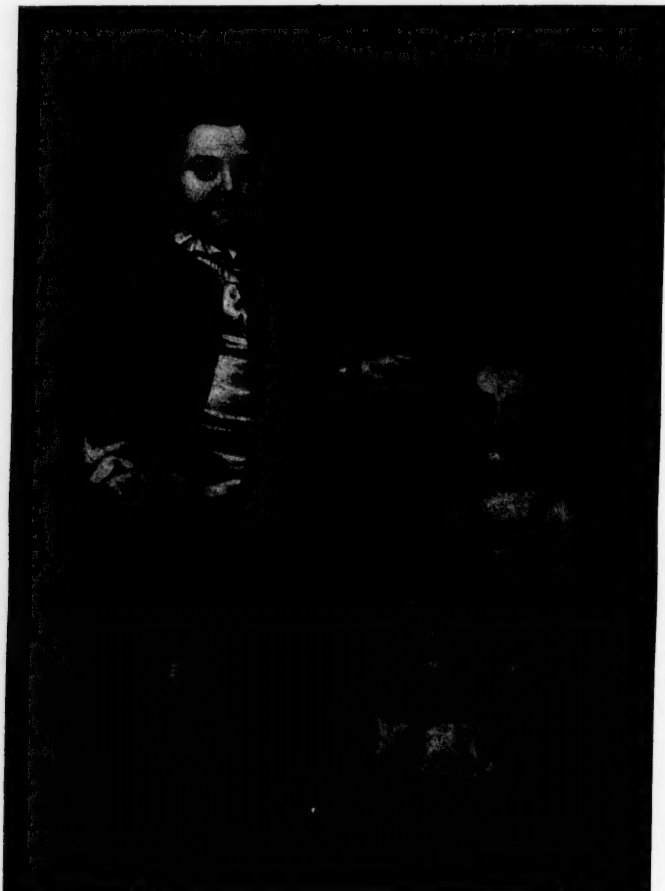


ST. PETER'S CHURCH, NEW KENT COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

moment the great Virginia soldier may fall in a duel at the hands of the young George Warrington, or that the lad's insolence may prove even too much for the forbearance of Washington, and that in an hour of just indignation he may consent to cross swords with the young fellow who has been like a brother to him. It is all so life-like, so spirited, that we forget the false chronology of placing Colonel Washington's engagement before the Braddock expedition, forget, indeed, that the whole incident is a fabrication of the novelist, and rejoice heartily over the *dénouement* when stout Mrs. Mountain arrives breathless upon the scene of action riding Madame Esmond's pony, to announce that she has made a mistake, that it is "the little widow Curtis, not Madam Esmond, whom Colonel Washington is to marry."

Mr. Lodge, in his "Life of Washington," which contains the most human and balanced picture of the great man that has yet been given to the reading world, presents a brilliant description of the wedding of Colonel Washington and Mrs. Custis at St. Peter's Church, New Kent County. We do not doubt that the bride was attired in silk,

satin, laces, and brocade, as Mr. Lodge says, or that the groom appeared in blue and silver trimmed with scarlet, and that the buckles upon his knees and upon his shoes were of solid silver; but we are inclined to follow such accurate local historians as Dr. Tyler, of William and Mary College, and Mr. W. G. Stanard, of Richmond, in their belief



JOHN AND MARTHA CUSTIS, STEP-CHILDREN OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.—FROM PAINTING, BY WILSON, IN POSSESSION OF GENERAL CUSTIS LEE, OF LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

that Mrs. Custis was married in her own house, which does away with the pleasing pictures of Lodge and Lossing, of the return of the bridal procession from the church, the bride in a coach drawn by six horses, the groom riding beside her upon a splendid horse, attended by a number of gentlemen.

As soon as Colonel Washington's official duties permitted, he took

his wife and her children to Mount Vernon, which was ever after a home to them all in the truest sense of the word.

Nothing perhaps more perfectly reveals the fine fibre of this man than his attitude toward his step-children, whose interests seem to have been his from the first. In writing or speaking of them Washington usually said "the children," not "Mrs. Washington's children," and seldom "my step-children," as if his feeling of proprietorship was a pleasant part of his relation toward them.

An atmosphere of constraint and severity has always seemed to surround the home life at Mount Vernon, perhaps because the historians of Washington have simply given us the outlines of that life without those intimate personal details which, like the lights and shadows in a picture, are as essential to its completeness as the sharper lines. Then, again, there are certain productions of artists of the period labelled "Life at Mount Vernon" that are not calculated to make that life appear in attractive colors. In one, familiar to most of us, General Washington, dignified to rigidity, sits beside a table with a map spread before him; Mrs. Washington, seated opposite to him, panoplied about with all the stateliness of which her small person is capable, has laid her fan upon the map, while she resolutely looks into vacancy; the Custis children are standing near their adopted parents, their eyes also fixed upon vacancy; while a negro servant standing behind Madam's chair gives a touch of Virginia color to the scene.

To have the Washington family pictured to us as always studying, or rather *not* studying, a map, is about as true to life as to have the Garfield family or the Harrison family presented as eternally singing hymns to the music of a melodeon, as they have appeared in certain chromos. It is, however, such pictures in books and in print-shops that often color our ideas of persons and places. While great-grandchildren and great-great-nieces of Mrs. Washington's are still living, who can recall the recollections of grand-mothers and great-aunts who visited Mount Vernon in their youth and who have told them of the simple, generous hospitality of that old Virginia mansion, some picture of the Washingtons as they lived in their own home may still be traced upon paper to serve the generations to come. Something sweet and sacred there is in these treasured family recollections, and as they are opened for us we catch a whiff of lavender and rose-leaves from the linen-closets of Mount Vernon. We seem to hear the voice of the mistress in her hall or garden, directing her numerous servants, or giving the gardener some directions about her favorite rose-bushes, while she waits for the General to come home to breakfast. He has been up for hours,



JOHN PARKE CUSTIS, MRS. WASHINGTON'S SON, AND AIDE-DE-CAMP TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.—FROM SMALL PORTRAIT IN OIL, ON COPPER, IN POSSESSION OF GENERAL CUSTIS LEE, OF LEXINGTON.

and yet it is not a late breakfast that is served at the mansion house, although the master has been riding over his farm and the mistress has already attended to many household matters. The delicious old Virginia breakfast to which they sit down is done ample justice to by the General, who, although never a large eater, was blessed with a healthy appetite, which had been whetted by a ride in the fresh air, which in the busy season sometimes extended from one end of the plantation to the other, a distance of ten miles. A most interested, energetic farmer was General Washington, and the fact that barrels of flour bearing the Mount Vernon mark were always passed without inspection was a distinction of which the owner was as proud as of some of his military honors.

The Washingtons seldom sat down to table alone, and there were always children and young people gathered about the board; in the early days of their married life there were the two Custis children, Martha and John, and later George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of the General, and Eleanor, the darling grand-daughter who was like an own daughter to both husband and wife. Scarcely a day passed without bringing guests to Mount Vernon, says Dr. Toner, visitors from the other Colonies, foreign travellers, relatives, or neighboring planters. This was so even during the early years of their marriage, when the Washingtons entered freely into the social life of the countryside. The General frequently recorded in his diary a visit or a dinner at some neighbor's, or going with Mrs. Washington and the children to Mr. Fairfax's to stand godfather to his third son, or fox-hunting with Colonel Bassett, Mr. Fairfax, and Jacky Custis, or coming home to find that a number of guests had arrived during his absence; and, although the master of Mount Vernon owned a hundred cows, he sometimes humbly records in his diary that he has had to buy butter. Such recollections and notes do not suggest dullness, but rather generous, open-handed country living. In later days, after the war, so many strangers of note came to visit General Washington in his home that he wrote to his mother that his house was little better than a "well assorted inn."

Whatever those who visited this old mansion upon the Potomac may have thought of the life there, it was ever the dearest spot upon earth to its master and mistress. General Washington wrote in his diary, when he quitted his home in April, 1789, to enter upon his duties as Chief Executive of the new nation, "About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life and to domestic felicity, and, with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York;" while Mrs. Washington always spoke of the days spent away from home amid the stir and excitement of public life as "lost days."

Anne Hollingsworth Wharton.

Books of the Month.

The Ebbing of the Tide. South Sea Stories. By Louis Becke.

One can fancy the shade of Herman Melville descending to place a wreath of approval on the brow of Louis Becke. Here is all of Melville's rare descriptive quality, his adventure and romance, his languorous love of the tropical beauty, and his knowledge of human motive, whether under a dark or a light skin; but beside these unusual gifts Louis Becke possesses one which combines and unifies them all. He has a distinctly dramatic trait which Melville lacked, and his brief, keen stories impress the mind as when a sudden flash has revealed a whole dark landscape. Melville wrote lengthy novels to say what Louis Becke condenses into a ten-page tale.

Those who read *By Reef and Palm*, published last year through the Lippincotts, will eagerly secure this further volume by the same author. *The Ebbing of the Tide* is a collection of twenty-one South Sea stories, dealing with the vagabond whites who drifted there as transported criminals or as shipwrecked sailors, beachcombers, traders, sheep-raisers, and with the natives of soft dark face and musical voice that turns the harsh British Brice into Paraisi. Love, jealousy, maternal affection, industry, duty, and religious fervor, all are illustrated as native traits, and when shown as Mr. Becke well knows how, among the sleepy seas and tall shadowy forests of tropic archipelagoes, the fascination of this far-off people so like ourselves, yet so remotely different, becomes intense.

Let one story stand for all. It shall be *Baldwin's Loisé*. She was a captive, and, being adopted by a white trader and his wife, assumed the ways of civilization. But once a skipper came who told of her distant people, and then her heart leaped back to the old savage life. She was very beautiful, and the skipper loved her, so he took her, when she secretly boarded his craft, to her own people. There on the island of Rikitea she lived with Baldwin, an old trader, who, growing penitent, at last married her. Then came Brice, young and handsome, a guest of Baldwin, and her young heart was captured. She loved him madly, and he loved her in the lawless way of the South Seas, but he was loyal to his father's old friend, and shut his eyes against her. One night as Baldwin slept he was slain. The long mat-making needle pierced his heart. Loisé disappeared; but after a while she came back, and Brice married her. When she came to die she confessed her deed: "Yes, I killed him; for I loved you, and that night I went mad!"

The titles of the tales are characteristic, and to quote a few will give the reader something of the tone of this picturesque and captivating volume. *Lutiban of the Pool*, a Ponapé legend; *At a Kava-Drinking*, introducing some ship's people on "a veranda facing the white shimmering beach," to whom is told a native tradition while they drink their kava; *Auriki Reef*, a reminiscence of the Marshall Group; *In Nouméa*, an episode of a loyal tar and a light love who jilted him; *Nell of Mulliner's Camp*, "a God-forsaken piece of country in North Queensland," and *Deschard of Oneaka*, which takes us to the Gilbert Group, "that chain of low-lying sandy atolls annexed by the British government two years ago." These are only a few of the tales, and we envy the reader

who takes them up afresh without a suspicion of the treat which is in store for him. The volume is a handsome product of the modern art of book-making, which fits it to take an enduring place in the library, public or private.

Mrs. Romney. By
Rosa Nouchette
Carey.

There are few women authors of surer literary touch and nicer moral tone than Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey, and to announce a new story by her is to spread for a multitude of readers their periodical treat. Her list is a long one now. There are fourteen novels standing to her credit, and five inimitable stories for girls; but we venture to say that there is not a sleepy page throughout the list, and the brilliant ones are countless.

This last tale, called *Mrs. Romney*, which the Lippincotts have just issued in their popular *Select Novel Series*, is the record of a fine titled family in mid-England, whose two sons are typical good fellows of a hearty stock, and whose wives are entirely deserving of them. But the betrothed of Captain Carfax is rich, and Mrs. Romney Carfax was poor,—that is the only difference in a charming circle. Mrs. Romney is the life of the great house where she lives with her husband and his parents, Sir Henry and Lady Carfax, until suddenly a cloud descends upon the happiness of the group. A secret estranges Mr. and Mrs. Romney, which for a time eclipses the day-dream of their existence. Mrs. Romney visits a strange man, sick and destitute, and Elsie, who is engaged to the captain, is unwillingly made aware of the fact. She acts like the little lady she is, and all comes out right; but the reader is pleasantly apprehensive until it does.

The Mystery of the
Island. By Henry
Kingsley. Illus-
trated by Wm
Brown.

What a matchless wealth of adventure could Henry Kingsley compress into a few hundred pages of print! Here, in his tale of "Bush and Pampas, wreck and treasure trove," called *The Mystery of the Island*, he glides from Australia to Pelsart's Island, from South America to England, as easily and as naturally as if he were navigating some threshold brook, and the reader, young or old, is never allowed to be fatigued or amazed, because the pace is so rapid and the narrative so delightful.

No recommendation is needed for such a standard as this, saving to say that each new generation will want to make the acquaintance of Captain Smythe and his son Clare, of H.M.S. War-Hawk, and of the gallant Captain Killick, who loved Mabel Smythe, the daughter. Every one knows how the War-Hawk was supposed to have gone down with all on board, and how Captain Smythe and Clare were saved; how James Pritchard was transported for a crime he was innocent of, and finally escaped from Pelsart's Island, where, later, he, with Lord Marcus D'Este, discovered the treasure; but every one has not been fortunate enough to secure the thrilling tale in so taking an edition as this just put forth by the J. B. Lippincott Company, and never before has it been so ably illustrated.

A Fight with Fate.
By Mrs. Alexander.

When Mrs. Alexander sends forth a novel for English readers the world over, it is sure to be worthy of her great reputation. She has never taken a backward step, never pandered to prevailing fads, never sacrificed the latest work to the fame of the earlier. For good, clean, entertaining, and enduring fiction commend us to the author of *Found Wanting*, *For His Sake*, and of this last of her alluring books,

A Fight with Fate. Each one is new, each one picturesque in its own characteristic way, and a shelf full of her novels is a perennial well-spring of amusement.

A Fight with Fate (Lippincotts) tells the story of a young English girl of the middle class who undergoes the immitigable dolor of becoming secretary to a rich but rather vulgar woman named Mrs. Garston. Mrs. Garston has earlier, and in India, won the temporary regard of the *blasé* but impoverished nobleman Lord Lynford, and now, as a rich widow, she determines to have his title, if not his love. But the noble vagabond has had an earlier affair of the heart with a jilting lady who much resembled Beatrice Verner, and the simple directness and sweet maidenliness of the secretary give pause to his cynical moods and make a man of him. There is a counter-plot, in which a rich Australian and his crippled grandson appear, and these, growing fond of Beatrice and giving her a lovely home worthy of her deserts, bring her at last to the consummation of the love-match which is the foreshadowed goal of the enticing narrative.

The book has all the charm of style and sprightliness of conversation so characteristic of its author, and it introduces us to a group of English people interesting in word and deed.

A Faithful Traitor.
By EMILY Adelaide
Rowlands.

The aspects of English high life are rarely presented in fiction in a more attractive, real, and lively way than in the novels of Emily Adelaide Rowlands. Her two previous novels, *My Pretty Jane* and *The Spell of Ursula*, are familiar to readers of the Lippincott publications, and they have won for their author a warm welcome whenever she appears anew.

The last story of this gifted novelist is called *A Faithful Traitor*, just published by J. B. Lippincott Co., and it introduces us to quite a new circle of English aristocrats, who oscillate between London and the provinces and do those things which all British swells are wont to do through the changing seasons. But around this social nucleus is formed a love-story full of sad and bright places, which possesses in a marked degree the power that has hitherto characterized Miss Rowlands at her best. Elizabeth Druro is the heroine, Sir Antony Peile the hero. Elizabeth is the companion and supposed heir of her rich grandmother Mrs. Latimer. This queer old lady dies, and leaves all her money to Richard Saville, who is the guardian of Sir Antony. Both he and his ward are in love with Elizabeth, and when Sir Antony seems on the point of winning her his "dear old Dick" turns traitor and reveals that the youth has a wife in America.

Based upon this difficult situation, the story proceeds to a climax which we shall not anticipate, but it is reasonable to say that in style, character, and interest readers of light fiction will find *A Faithful Traitor* one of the very best novels of its kind.

**The Failure of
Sibyl Fletcher.** By
Adeline Sergeant.

Novels of provincial England, like George Eliot's and Thomas Hardy's, always possess an innate charm for us dwellers in a newer and less verdurous clime, and in this sweet and idyllic story by Adeline Sergeant there is so much of the quiet charm, so tranquil a background for a turbulent passage in two noble lives, that we feel the leafy shadows and grassy field-ways, and recognize in them the fitting accessories for the people whom we meet in them.

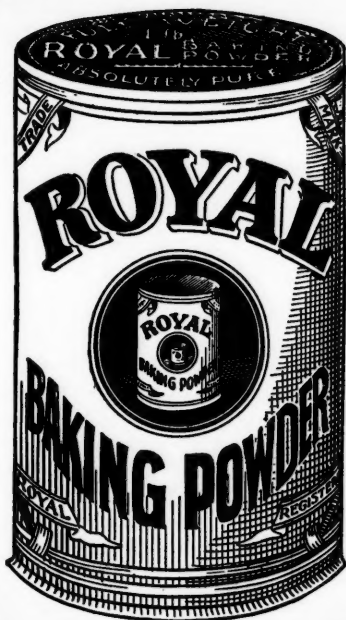
The Failure of Sibyl Fletcher would be accounted a shining success by quiet souls who love the country and whose ideas of marriage have not been developed in the hot-house atmosphere of cities. Sibyl Fletcher was an artist in water-color who was engaged to Clement Atherley, an art critic in London. But the swain grew cool in love, and preferred Ethel Brooke, a blonde beauty with none of Sibyl's intellect. This drove Sibyl away to Ashdale, where the chief man of the village was Michael Drage. He fell in love with her, though far her inferior in station, and she with him, so that they were both miserable, for neither dared tell the other. Sibyl painted with new feeling and brilliancy under this stimulus, and her failure was turned into a great London success. She went back to Ashdale, and Michael still sought her, until at last, in a moment of mad frenzy, he threatened to throw her into a bottomless pool of Ashdale caves if she would not swear to marry him. This she did under pressure; but the scene caused an estrangement. How it all came out must be left to the devices of the delighted reader, who will be glad of the pleasant ending to the grim wooing of Michael, and perhaps not be sorry for the unhappy lot of Clement Atherley.

The J. B. Lippincott Company have published the volume in admirable taste, and it adds a standard novel of character and idyllic love-making to the already long list of good stories put forth by this house.

Kitty's Conquest.
By Captain Charles
King, U.S.A.

It will be good news to the later friends of Captain King that a treat spread by him for the earlier group is to be served up anew. *Kitty's Conquest* was not only a triumph over a loyal soldier, but she conquered a world of readers years ago, and all these, with thousands more, will thank the Messrs. Lippincott for this new edition in paper covers.

ROYAL



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Absolutely Pure.

HAD WRITTEN SOME.—There never lived a man to whom ostentation and self-advertisement were more distasteful than the Rev. Thomas Mozley. There is a story told of him to the effect that when he was in treaty for the publication of one of his early books, his publisher, who knew of him only as the quiet country clergyman, and was rather doubtful as to his literary capacity, asked whether he had ever written anything for publication before.

"Yes," replied Mozley, "two volumes of sermons"—the publisher's face dropped—"and about seven thousand leaders for the *Times*."—*London Tit-Bits*.

A PAINTED LADY.—Among our ladies the custom of "painting" themselves is not uncommon, but it is not practised by most sensible women. In Japan it forms part of the ordinary woman's daily toilet. This is the way in which it is done. A thick layer of white chalk is first smeared with a soft brush over the face, neck, shoulders, arms, and hands. Then the pretty mousmee, dipping her first finger in red paint, gently rubs this on her cheek, her temples, and over the upper eyelids. The middle finger is the "black brush," and adds sentiment to the expression by a blackening under the eyes, and sometimes, when the eyebrows are not shaved, it is also used to accentuate them. A piece of burned cork is often used as a substitute for black paint. The fourth finger has no occupation that I know of, but the little one gives the finishing touches, brightening up the mouth with carmine and adding a bit of gold on the lower lip.

Most well-to-do women undergo this process daily. The Gueschas, or singers and dancers, paint themselves to a much greater extent than the generality of women, and also use much brighter colors. The Guescha in Japan is a curious institution. Her moral qualities, as a rule, do not bear very close examination, but she is usually not immoral enough to be called "fast," though too "fast" to be classed as "moral." Their music and posturing have a great charm for the Japanese, and large sums of money are spent in keeping up these feminine musicians and their establishments.

A Guescha is a singer or dancer—posturer—or both. A dinner-party or a festivity of any kind is seldom given in Japan without one or more of them attending the entertainment. Some sing with self-accompaniment of the shamisen; others display their wonderful powers of mimicking and posturing, in which, I must confess, grace is never lacking.—*Fortnightly Review*.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' VOICE.—The chief charm of Mary, Queen of Scots, was her voice. It was wonderfully sweet and attractive, and when she used it in her peculiar cooing, purring way it was impossible for the ordinary man to resist its charm. She was an excellent musician, and her rendition of English and French ballads was said to be with remarkable grace of expression.

AT LAST.—The stout party with the eyeglasses gazed with rapture at the rolling, dark-blue waves.

"At last," he said, "the dream of my life is realized! I have the glories of the mighty deep before my eyes, the moisture of the salt breeze for the first time on my cheek!"

Here he wept.

The careless loungers of the sandy shore, recognizing the celebrated writer of sea-stories, respected his emotion, and stood silent, nor jarred upon his joy with their idle babble.—*Puck*.



'Tis said that:-
 "Cleanliness is
 next" — (All know by
 heart the well worn text)
 But verily if this be so
 There's *virtue* in Sapolio

BETTER.—"It is a standing rule in my church," said one clergyman to another, "for the sexton to wake up any man that he sees asleep."

"I think," replied the other, "that it would be better for the sexton whenever a man goes to sleep under your preaching to wake you up."—*London Answers*.

AFRAID OF MICE.—A mouse in the chamber of Marat would, I believe, have deterred Charlotte Corday from her dread purpose; and the tail of one popping opportunely from the carving of Tullia's chariot would have prevented her from driving over her father's corpse; and I could cite many instances in which mice might have changed the history of the world. Who can doubt that Cleopatra and the other swarthy Egyptian beauties held the sacred cat in special veneration on account of the part he played in ridding them of their pet aversion? Every one knows that if a cat has a weakness it is for a plump, well-matured mouse, and puss has perhaps for this reason earned the affections, because the gratitude, of our sex.

The story of a prisoner who was cheered in captivity by a mouse is familiar to us all—but the prisoner was a man. Equally familiar is the fable of the grateful mouse which gnawed the net, but again—the prisoner is said to have been a lion, not a lioness. I believe there is a mutual antipathy between them.

Most women have experienced the sensation. You are sitting alone, reading, playing, writing, painting, or working. Suddenly you instinctively feel a sensation of horror of some evil influence that is present but as yet unseen.

You lift your eyes. You behold, gliding over the carpet towards you, without noise, apparently without the trouble of walking, a mouse. It stops, it fascinates you. You drop your book, your music, your brush, your needle, whatever it may be, but you make no other sound. You feel your blood freeze, and your limbs slowly paralyze, your heart stops beating, your breath ceases, a cold chill creeps over you. In your imagination you feel the soft touch of an army of mice running races over your face and hands and making nests in your back hair. You start to your feet . . . and then . . . well, women take these things so differently.

Are women afraid of mice simply because it is born in them? There is no reason why we should be afraid of them, but the fact remains that we are, and I have long since resigned myself to the fact as an evil for which there is no remedy.—*London Woman*.

THE DEACON'S EYES OPENED.—Bishop Hardhead.—"Tell me exactly what you want. Do you want a minister or a preacher?"

Deacon Wayback.—"Why—er—we want both, you know."

Bishop Hardhead.—"I can't give you both. Do you want a minister who will visit your homes, romp with the children, joke with the boys, pay compliments to the women-folks, admire your pigs, praise your cattle, inquire about crops, and on Sundays put you to sleep, or do you want a preacher who will shut himself up with his books, burn the midnight oil, and Sundays lift your souls with oratorical bursts that would thrill the throngs at a cathedral? Take your choice."

Deacon Wayback.—"I guess, bishop, a minister will be nigher our size, and we'll promise to make no more complaints 'bout dull sermons. Send us a minister, bishop; send us one that can play the fiddle."—*New York Weekly*.



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REWARDS OF LITERATURE.—Not all of the truly worthy authors of past times have been condemned to penury and vagabondage. Some of them, on the contrary, have acquired fortunes by reason of the liberal compensation they received for their work. Scott was paid for one of his novels at the rate of \$252 per day for the time employed in writing it, and his total literary earnings aggregated \$1,500,000. Byron got \$20,000 for "Childe Harold" and \$15,000 for "Don Juan." Moore sold "Lalla Rookh" for \$15,750, and his "Irish Melodies" brought him \$45,000. Gray received only \$200 for his poems, and not a cent for the immortal "Elegy," out of which the publisher made \$5000; but that was because he had an eccentric prejudice against taking money for writing. Tennyson had an annual income of from \$40,000 to \$50,000 for many years, though in the early part of his career, when he wrote "Maud" and "In Memoriam," he realized next to nothing. Longfellow sold his first poems, including some of his best ones, at very low figures, but he lived to receive \$4000, or \$20 a line, for "The Hanging of the Crane," and when he died he was worth \$350,000. Whittier left an estate of \$200,000; and several of the leading American prose writers have done quite as well. These are exceptions, it is true, but they serve to modify the general rule, and to show that in cases of superior merit, literature has proved to be notably profitable.

It is safe to say that the present rates of pay for literary work of good quality are higher than those of any preceding time, and that the number of persons who are earning respectable incomes in that way is larger than was ever before known. The late Robert Louis Stevenson made \$150,000 in twelve years; Rudyard Kipling has prospered in a similar degree, and Dobson, Weyman, Crockett, Barrie, and others are well-to-do and getting big prices for their writings. There are authors of other kinds, also, whose books are bringing them handsome returns.

COULDN'T PLACE HIM.—"Who am dis Napoleon dey're all talkin' 'bout?" said Deacon Ketchum at the supper-table the other evening as he bit his piece of mince-pie in two and handed half to the dog.

"W'y, didn' yo' nebber heah ob Napoleon?" asked his son, with an air of superiority.

"Pears toe me I has, now I kum toe t'ink 'bout it," replied the deacon.

"He robbed er bank, didn' he?"

"No, no, fader; yo're way off."

"Den it wuz er railroad he bustid," cried the deacon convincingly.

"Wrong ag'in, dad; wrong ag'in!" chuckled the superior youth.

"He ain't de billiard-player, am he?" queried the elder, with a noticeable lack of confidence in himself.

"No."

"Nor de fellah dat eats thirty quails in thirty days?"

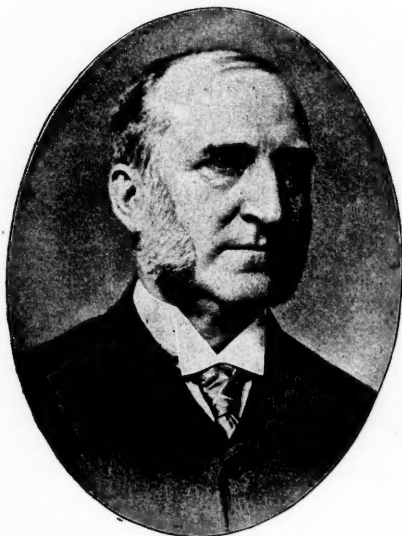
"Keep on guessin', ole man."

"Den he muster bin de man dat discobered Grober Clebeland."

"No, fader; he wuz a fighter."

"Oh, sho! am dat all? Wa-al, dere's so much trash in de ring nowadays I kain't keep track ob 'em."

And, as the diplomatic scion of degenerate ancestors wished to borrow a dime about then, he thought it policy to let it go at that.—*Judge.*



Chauncey
M.
Depew

WRITES:

GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT,
December 16, 1895.

EISNER & MENDELSON CO.

Gentlemen:—The genuine **Johann Hoff's**
Malt Extract has been used in my family
for some years.

Chauncey M. Depew

Ask for the genuine

JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT.

All Others are Worthless Imitations.

EISNER & MENDELSON CO., Sole Agents, New York.

STILL ROOM FOR RESEARCH.—“What is this new substance that I hear so much about?” asked the eminent scientist’s wife.

“What new substance, my dear?”

“The element in the air that has just been detected.”

“Oh, that, my dear,” he answered, beaming over his spectacles with the good nature of superior wisdom, “is known as argon.”

“Oh!”

“Yes. Its discovery is one of the most remarkable triumphs of the age. It has revolutionized some of the old theories; or at least it will revolutionize them before it gets through.”

“What is it?”

“It’s—er—a—did you say ‘what is it?’”

“I said that.”

“Well—ahem—you see, we haven’t as yet discovered much about it except its name.”—*Washington Star*.

CULTURE IN A BOSTON RESTAURANT.—Boston culture sometimes crops out where one wouldn’t most expect it. In a popular restaurant the other day, where the prices are moderate and the waiters girls, a middle-aged businessman, well dressed and of genteel appearance, beckoned to a waitress, pointed to some open windows, and said, loudly,—

“Can’t you shut down one o’ them winders?”

Whereupon the girl called to the head waiter,—

“This gentleman wishes to know if you won’t please close one of those windows.”—*Boston Transcript*.

GODFREY’S TANKARD.—A curious historical relic was sold by auction recently in London. It is the large tankard of solid silver presented by King Charles II. to Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey for his valuable services during the plague and the fire of London, for which he received the honor of knighthood in 1666. The tankard, which is of plain silver, has a hinged cover, and weighs nearly thirty-six ounces. Its front is engraved with the royal arms and the crest of the recipient, together with inscriptions in Latin and engravings of scenes connected with the fire, which are still in excellent preservation. The engraving of the pest-house men carrying corpses to the dismal plague-pit, and that of the crowded blocks of houses surmounted by flames, are very quaint and curious. Sir Edmund, who was born in 1621 at Sellinge, in Kent, was a timber-merchant, possessing wharves at Dowgate and at Charing Cross. He prospered, and became justice of the peace for Westminster and member of Parliament for Winchelsea. In history, as no reader of Macaulay and Green will need to be told, his name is most famous in connection with his mysterious murder, which was popularly attributed to the zeal with which he had devoted himself to unravelling the alleged popish plot. His body was found in a ditch near Primrose Hill, face downward and penetrated by his own sword, under circumstances which precluded the idea of suicide or robbery.

The excitement caused by this still mysterious event is indicated by the fact that when the funeral procession left the city, with great pomp and pageant, for the burial-ground of St. Martin’s-in-the-Fields, it was preceded by seventy clergy and followed by upward of one thousand persons of distinction.—*Boston Herald*.



The Cough Which Lingers

because of a run-down condition of the system, and is not affected by ordinary cough medicines, will yield readily to Scott's Emulsion because it gives strength to the weakened body and enables it to throw off disease.

50 cents and \$1.00
At all druggists

SCOTT & BOWNE
Manufacturing Chemists, New York

A GERMAN JOURNALIST'S QUEER IDEA.—The following paragraphs are summarized from a recent issue of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*:

"The late Professor Froude held that the succession to the English crown lies with the eldest child of the sovereign, not the eldest son; consequently that the heir to our gracious queen is not the Prince of Wales, but the Empress Frederick. The Empress Frederick is reported to have said that should she succeed to the throne of England she would make Prince Henry her heir. The Emperor, who was also made acquainted with Professor Froude's discovery, intimated that if what was put forward was true in its entirety the English succession should go from eldest child to eldest child, which in this case would be himself, and that he certainly would not waive his rights. Germans are now interpreting to each other a speech of their Emperor's that lately puzzled them, —a speech in which he said the German army and the German fleet would pass beyond the ocean. He was thinking, say his commentators, of the time when England will be an appanage of Germany."

The article says that in England the partisans of Professor Froude's opinion are Lord Lonsdale, Lord Methuen, and Mr. Stead, and that there was for some time every disposition to keep the notion secret, but that now that Mr. Stead knows it *The Review of Reviews* will proclaim this novel view of the succession.

We did not know before that the *Frankfurter* was a comic journal.—*Westminster Gazette*.

THOSE only who live with a man can write his life with any genuine exactness and discrimination, and few people who have lived with a man know what to remark about him.—JOHNSON.

SCIENTIFIC FOOLISHNESS.—There are scientific men, it is said, who are convinced that "it is not inherently absurd to believe that a hollow rubber ball with no opening in it may be turned inside out without breaking it, that a man may escape from a doorless and windowless room without passing through the walls, that a knot may be untied while the ends of the string are held, and that hosts of other apparently impossible things may be done."

Men have been sent to lunatic asylums for less than this, yet it is undoubtedly a fact that these inconceivable absurdities are put forward as deductions from mathematics,—supposably the only science in which absolute certainty is possible. "The fourth dimension" is gravely discussed by mathematicians, and one of the current scientific "libraries" has a treatise on it written by a senior wrangler of Cambridge.

Such conclusions are not put forward hurriedly. They are the result of profound study and the most intense application of which the human mind is capable. Being so, they show the great danger there is in allowing the mind to become completely specialized. The man who studies a single subject until he loses sight of everything else is always in danger of parting with his judgment. When he does that, when he is entirely wrapped up in his single idea, he almost inevitably develops what unspecialized people call "crankiness."—*N. Y. World*.

GETTING JUSTICE.—"All I demand for my client," shouted the attorney, in the voice of a man who paid for it, "is justice!"

"I am very sorry I can't accommodate you," replied the judge, "but the law won't allow me to give him more than fourteen years."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.



Thrice Blessed...

Is He Who Takes His Own Advice

YOU'VE got sense. You know it. You have told yourself a dozen times you needed a spring medicine. Were going to get that "Best" Tonic. Well, why in the name of good sense, don't you do it. Trot out now and get it. It may save doctors' bills, to say nothing of a severe sickness.

PABST..... Malt Extract

will brace, build. Give vim and bounce. Get it and thus take your own advice.

Lafayette, Ind., 8-22-'95.
Ever since your excellent "Best" Tonic has been placed upon the market, my family has been a big consumer of this preparation and I have found it a grateful stimulant, appetizer, tissue builder and tonic. I consider it one of the very few preparations that really do all that is claimed for it and unhesitatingly recommend it to my patients.

DR. CHAS. HUPE.

SUPREME AWARD WORLD'S FAIR

THE ART OF BREWING WAS
DEVELOPED BY THE GERMANS

MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS
PABST HAS MADE IT SO

It would be hard to imagine a more elaborate or attractive catalogue than the nineteenth edition of that of the Pope Manufacturing Company of Hartford, Connecticut, manufacturers of the famous Columbia and Hartford bicycles. It is typographically a work of the highest art of the printer and etcher. The cover is decorated in black and white, with a centre picture of a woodland scene and a lady and gentleman leaning on their wheels in the foreground. It is surrounded by a border of the latest and most fanciful design. The frontispiece is an exquisite little Swiss scene.

It is hardly possible to attempt a description of the various illustrations which brighten and make the history of the rise and growth of the Pope Company so thoroughly entertaining. There are views of the works and offices, cuts of wheels, tires, pedals, saddles, and etchings of the most graceful character scattered throughout in the most attractive and artistic manner, making it *fin de siècle* in every respect. It is a catalogue that is well worth a place in the library of any collector, and may be obtained by calling upon the nearest Columbia agent, or it will be mailed by addressing the Publishing Department of the Pope Manufacturing Company, Hartford, Connecticut, and enclosing two two-cent stamps.

THOUGHTLESS PEOPLE.—Elevator-Boy.—“I don’t see what dese mugs is always in such a hurry fer de elevator fer.”

Messenger-Boy.—“Nor me neither.”

Elevator-Boy.—“I wouldn’t mind if dey needed ter hurry, but dey knows just as well as I does dat der elevator runs all day till six o’clock. Dey gimme a pain.”—*Roxbury Gazette*.

DWELLING OF TUBES.—A German inventor has built a house of hollow tubes, whose advantages are, he says, a constant temperature and incidentally strength, comfort, and beauty. He first put up a frame of water-tubing, allowing continuous circulation to a stream of water. Around this frame he put up his house in the ordinary way. The peculiarity is that all floors and ceilings are crossed and recrossed by the water-pipes. The water, having passed through horizontal tubes under the floor and ceilings, passes through the vertical tubes until all have been gone through. In summer, fresh cool water circulates under pressure through the net-work of tubes, cools off the walls, and, after having run its course, flows considerably warmer than when it entered. In its course it has absorbed much heat, which it carries away. During the long and severe winter the water entering through the basement is first heated to nearly one hundred degrees and then forced through the tubing. Of course much of the heat is left all over the house, and at the outlet the temperature of the water is about forty degrees. The speed of the circulation of water can be regulated so as to allow fixing a certain temperature, equal throughout the building.—*Information*.

NOT SO VERY UNEXPECTED.—“Ada, dearest Ada, will you be mine?”

“Oh, Charles, this is so unexpected! You must give me a little time.”

“How long, darling?”

“Oh, I will just call mamma. She is waiting in the next room.”—*Fliegende Blätter*.



Dear little cooks, with
faces clean and bright,
What makes your loaves
of bread all so fresh and
light?

*"We use Cleveland's
Baking Powder."*

Sweet little cooks, pray tell me what you take
To make so rich and fragrant your spicy
tins of cake?

"We use Cleveland's Baking Powder."

Wiselittle cooks, now tell me please the way
To always have good luck on every bak-
ing day?

"Why, use Cleveland's Baking Powder."



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Solid Life Insurance

Consists in the payment of death losses out of the premiums paid by members, and embraces also the payment to members during their lives of certain sums which they have saved.

The last-named function is an important one, as the wretchedness of an old age of poverty is second only in its terrors to the condition of widows and children deprived of their support.

It takes nothing from the prudence of life insurance for others to have insurance for one's self.

Modern adaptations are such that one may protect his family and himself in a single contract, involving no greater cost than to forego a part of the interest on the premiums paid.

Here is an actual result :

Policy No. 15,986,

Issued July 16, 1874, on the life of Edward J. Ansorge, Jr., of Grand Rapids, Mich., was a Twenty-Year Endowment for \$2000.

The gross premiums were (\$96 ⁶⁴ x 20)	\$1936.80
Dividend allowed in reduction of premiums	537.43
Net cash payment	\$1399.37
For 20 years' insurance and an endowment of	\$2000.00

You may learn what you wish (no obligation imposed) by addressing

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE,
921-23-25 Chestnut Street.

HIS ITEMIZED BILL.—An artist employed in decorating the properties of an old church in Belgium, being refused payment in a lump, was asked for details, and sent in his bill as follows:

Corrected the Ten Commandments.....	\$5.12
Embellished Pontius Pilate and put a ribbon in his bonnet.....	3.20
Put a new tail on the rooster of St. Peter and mended his comb.....	3.02
Replumed and gilded the left wing of the Guardian Angel.....	4.18
Washed the servant of the High Priest and put carmine on his cheek.....	5.12
Renewed Heaven, adjusted two stars, and cleaned the Moon.....	7.15
Reanimated the flames of Purgatory and restored souls.....	3.06
Revived the flames of Hell, put a new tail on the Devil, mended his left hoof, and did several jobs for the damned.....	7.17
Rebordered the robe of Herod and readjusted his wig.....	4.00
Put new spotted dashes on the son of Tobias and dressing in his sack.....	2.00
Cleaned the ears of Balaam's ass and shod him.....	3.02
Put earrings into the ears of Sarah.....	2.04
Put a new stone in David's sling, enlarged the head of Goliath and ex- tended his legs.....	3.02
Decorated Noah's Ark.....	3.06
Mended the shirt of Joseph and cleaned his ears.....	4.00
Total.....	\$59.16

PLAYING FOR A DEAF MAN.—A long and a bitter struggle he had, this Anton Rubinstein, before he secured his fame and his fortune. He used to delight in showing his friends the portrait of an old man who once bought all the tickets that were sold for one of his juvenile recitals. And he had even a better story than this. At Nijni-Novgorod, when he was only thirteen, he gave a concert which attracted an audience of only one. Brilliantly the little fellow played for two hours, but not the slightest applause was forthcoming. Then he stopped and addressed his audience politely, asking if his playing did not deserve a little encouragement. The dilettante leaned forward to catch the words addressed to him, and the young pianist was stupefied to find that his only listener was as deaf as a post! This singular person used to frequent the concerts to conceal his infirmity.—*Chambers's Journal.*

A VICARIOUS VICTIM.—Mr. Hayseed (in city hotel).—"Waal, I guess you'll have to blow out the gas, Mandy."

Mrs. Hayseed.—"Why, Josiah?"

Mr. Hayseed.—"The porter made me promise not to do it."—*Life's Calendar.*

A WISE MINISTER.—The potentate was plainly agitated. "My couriers," said he in angry tones to his Minister of War, "inform me that all is in readiness to squelch the rebels who have dared to question our authority, and yet I find you delaying the advance. If I thought there were any treachery——"

"Have patience, O Brother of the Sun and Boss of the Moon," replied the minister, in the tone of one who was sure of his ground. "We are but waiting for them to get out a set of postage stamps, which we will rush in and seize, and by the sale of them pay the whole expense of the war."

"Verily," said the admiring monarch, "thou hast a head like a tack."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

X

THE MOST POWERFUL LIGHT



Sozodont

MISS MARIE STUDHOLME, the English actress, now in this country, has beautiful teeth. On February 20, 1896, she wrote of SOZODONT, "... It makes pretty teeth, as I can most heartily testify." What SOZODONT does for her it will do for others. A small sample free, if you mention this publication. Address HALL & RUCKEL, New York City.

BIRD-MANNA!—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



The *Home Journal*, of New York, has attained its semi-centennial anniversary, and celebrates the event with a Jubilee edition which is a notable event in the field of literature and marks a veritable culmination in American literary progress for the past fifty years. The contents are of the most diverse, entertaining, and valuable nature, an unusually happy combination of quantity, which is so much sought in these days, and that quality for which this "international" journal of literature, art, and society has become famous. It is embellished by a number of illustrations, chief among which are new portraits of the most famous literary lights of the past and the present. Besides its usual varied and interesting literary mélange, this number contains, as a special feature, a large body of reminiscences, anecdotes, sketches, and portraits of the two great poets who were founders of the *Home Journal*,—N. P. Willis and George P. Morris, author of "Woodman, Spare that Tree." Among the contributors to the Jubilee number are Charles A. Dana, editor of the *Sun*, Julian Hawthorne, Charles Dudley Warner, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Thomas Dunn English, author of "Ben Bolt," Howard Hinton, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, "Paul Siegvolk," Mary J. Safford, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren, "Joe" Howard, Jr., Gen. Egbert L. Viele, William Fearing Gill, Mrs. Lee C. Harby, Samuel Minturn Peck, "Grace Greenwood," Lillie Devereux Blake, Rev. Dr. D. Parker Morgan, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and a galaxy of others famous in the world of letters, art, and society.

DOUBTED THE BILL.—One of the principal men in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving had a somewhat peculiar experience in New York recently.

He had occasion to visit the metropolis on business, and, after a stay of several days at one of the chief hotels, he called for his bill. When it was given him he tendered in payment a brand-new twenty-dollar silver certificate. The clerk looked at it for a moment and then passed it back.

"What's the matter?" said the official.

"I can't take that," replied the clerk. "I don't think it's good."

"Not good!" exclaimed the official. "Not good! Why, man, I know it's good. I made it myself."

"Yes," said the clerk, "that's just what I thought."—*Washington Post*.

THE TREE-KILLER.—One of the curious forest growths of the Isthmus of Panama and Lower Central America in general is the vine which the Spaniards call matapalo, or "tree-killer." This vine first starts in life as a climber upon the trunks of the large trees, and, owing to its marvellously rapid growth, soon reaches the lower branches. At this point it first begins to put out its "feelers,"—tender, harmless-looking root shoots, which soon reach the ground and become as firmly fixed as the parent stem. These hundreds of additional sap tubes give the whole vine a renewed lease of life, and it begins to send out its aerial tendrils in all directions. These entwine themselves tightly around every limb of the tree, even creeping to the very farthest tips and squeezing the life out of both bark and leaf. Things go on at this rate but a short while before the forest giant is compelled to succumb to the gigantic parasite which is sapping its life's blood. Within a very few years the tree rots and falls away, leaving the matapalo standing erect and hollow, like a monster vegetable devil-fish lying upon its back with its horrid tentacles clasped together high in the air. Core-like arbors of matapalo are to be seen in all directions, each testifying to the lingering death of some sylvan giant that formerly supported it.—*Information*.

RECOGNIZED BY HIS LUNG.—An eminent Scotch surgeon and professor in the University of Edinburgh was entirely devoted to his profession. A quaint incident in his practice will show this. The poet Tennyson had at one time consulted him about some affection of the lungs. Years afterward he returned on the same errand. On being announced he was nettled to observe that Mr. Syme had neither any recollection of his face nor, still more galling, acquaintance with his name. Tennyson thereupon mentioned the fact of his former visit. Still Syme failed to remember him. But when the professor put his ear to the poet's chest and heard the peculiar sound which the old ailment had made chronic he at once exclaimed, "Ah, I remember you now! I know you by your lung." Can you imagine a greater humiliation for a poet than to be known, not by his lyre, but by his lung?—*Montreal Star*.

"My wife," he remarked, "has made a very important discovery."

"Indeed!" I said, "What is it?"

"A new substance that is apparently indestructible."

I recalled the fact that his wife had been a professor of natural sciences prior to her marriage, and inquired if she had been long at work upon the invention.

"No," he replied, "and it came about quite by accident. She was trying to make a sponge-cake."—*Chicago Times*.

Letters from the People.

I wish to praise Dobbins' Electric Soap very highly, and say it was through my mother, manager of Bethesda Home, 78 Vernon Street, of this city, that I first used this wonderful soap, and, as a labor-saving and clothes-saving soap, I consider it the best on the market, as I have tried them all, and none of them will do the work that Dobbins' Electric Soap will. I recommend Dobbins' Electric Soap to all my friends and acquaintances as I have the opportunity, and give it all the praise I can. I use a great deal of it, as I wash my baby's clothes myself, and give it to my washerwoman to wash the family clothes with.

MRS. GEO. J. ENGLISH,
86 Charles St., Springfield, Mass.

Constantly since 1877 I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap, and, though I have tried many other kinds, I have never found any that gave me such satisfaction as Dobbins' Electric. I send you 300 wrappers for fifteen volumes of your Sunset Series of books.

MRS. F. J. BOYDEN, Leominster, Mass.

I do not care to use any soap but Dobbins' "Electric." I am very glad that I am able to get it. It is the cheapest in the end.

MRS. P. A. NEBANUS, Chicago, Ill.

I, having used Dobbins' Electric Soap for the past twenty-five years, wish to say that I prefer it to any other. It certainly is a wonderful soap. It will do more and better work than any other soap I have ever tried. I have sent wrappers to Dobbins' Soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, for some of their beautiful premiums.

MRS. N. P. HOLMES, Box 156, Provincetown, Mass.

I have forwarded you to-day 60 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers, and wish in return the picture you send out for that number. You make the best laundry soap made. I have used many different brands, but yours is the best. I use it in the bath as well. I always keep a supply on hand, as it gets dry and hard, and lasts just thrice as long as the cheap, common trash called soap.

MRS. E. B. JOHNSON, Nahant, Mass.

Ask your Grocer for Dobbins' Electric Soap. Thirty years sale and reputation as the best and most economical Soap in the world.

DOBBINS SOAP MFG. CO. PHILADELPHIA.

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST CO. OF PHILADELPHIA.

Attention is directed to the new Instalment-Annuity Policy of the Provident, which provides a fixed income for twenty years, and for the continuance of the income to the widow for the balance of her life, if she should survive the instalment period of twenty years.

In everything which makes Life Insurance perfectly safe and moderate in cost, and in liberality to policy-holders, the Provident is unsurpassed.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

SOMETHING LIKE AN ANCESTRY.—"Jim, while we's a-waitin' for de sun to set afore we breaks into de church yonder, let me tell yer dat yer ain't got no ordinary every-day slouch fur a pardner. I's got de bluest convict blood a-coursin' t'rough my weins; my grandfader kilt a Hesse-Cassel dook, an' on my mudder's side I kin show t'ree generations wot have been hung by de neck."—*Life*.

GREAT MEN AND CATS.—A current paragraph tells us that Prof. Huxley's notorious fondness for cats was a fad which he shared with Cardinal Mazarin, Cardinal Richelieu, Charles Stewart Parnell, and other eminent public men. The name of Isaac Newton should not be omitted from the list of cat-lovers, nor that of Mahomet. The prophet, it will be remembered, had so great a regard for the comfort of his pet cat that once when he found her asleep on his robe he would not awaken her, but, cutting out that part of his robe upon which she lay, removed the other mutilated part carefully and left tabby undisturbed.

Robert Southey was an ardent lover of cats. Have you ever read the letter he wrote to his friend Bedford, announcing the death of one of his pets? "Alas, Grosvenor," he wrote, "this day poor Rumpel was found dead, after as long and happy a life as a cat could wish for, if cats form wishes on that subject. His full titles were: The Most Noble the Archduke Rumpelstitzchen, Marquis Maobum, Earl Tomlemagne, Baron Raticide, Waowhler, and Skraatch. There should be a court-mourning in Catland, and if the Dragon (your pet cat) wear a black ribbon round his neck or a band of crape *à la militaire* round one of his fore-paws it will be but a becoming mark of respect." Then the poet-laureate adds, "I believe we are each and all, servants included, more sorry for his loss, or, rather, more affected by it, than any of us would like to confess."

Byron was fond of cats; in his establishment at Ravenna he had five of them. Daniel Maclise's famous portrait of Harriet Martineau represents that estimable woman sitting in front of a fireplace and turning her face to receive the caress of her pet cat, that is crawling to a resting-place upon her mistress's shoulder.—*Chicago Record*.

NO DESIRE TO PROCEED.—A prisoner was in the dock on a serious charge of stealing, and, the case having been presented to the court by the prosecuting solicitor, he was ordered to stand up.

"Have you a lawyer?" asked the court.

"No, sir."

"Are you able to employ one?"

"No, sir."

"Do you want a lawyer to defend the case?"

"Not particklar, sir."

"Well, what do you propose to do about the case?"

"We'll-ll," with a yawn, as if wearied of the thing, "I'm willin' to drop the case, fur's I'm concerned."—*London Tit-Bits*.

MARINE INFORMATION.—"Do you ever catch any whales, captain?" asked the fair passenger on the ocean liner.

"Often, ma'am," answered the dignified captain.

"How very wonderful! Please tell me how you catch them."

"We drop a few of the old salts on their tails, ma'am."—*Chicago Tribune*.



"I like the small package of Pearline," a lady says; "it lasts two weeks and does two washings."

Then she admits that she has been using soap with her Pearline. Now this is all unnecessary. If you don't put in enough Pearline to do the work easily and alone, you bring

Pearline down to the level of soap, which means hard work and rubbing. If you use enough Pearline, the soap is a needless expense, to say the least. Use Pearline alone, just as directed, and you'll have the most thoroughly economical washing.

Beware

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

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JAMES PYLE, New York.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

THE SECRET OF GOOD CROPS.—The modern farmer is not content to use the antiquated tools and methods of his father. In this age of keen competition, the farmer who wishes to prosper needs and gets the most improved farming implements, and by reading the best agricultural literature he keeps in touch with the spirit of progress that pervades our farming communities. He is particular, also, in regard to the kind of seed he plants and the manner of planting it. The seeds must be of the highest fertility and grown from the highest cultivated and most profitable varieties of stock. The great seed firm of D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich., fully appreciate this fact, as is attested by their progressive business methods and the quality of the seed which they supply farmers and gardeners through the dealers all over the country. The reliability and fertility of their seeds are proverbial, and the largest seed business in the world has been created by their sale. In evidence of this firm's knowledge of the wants and requirements of planters, large and small, is *Ferry's Seed Annual* for 1896. This book is of the greatest value to farmers and gardeners,—a veritable encyclopædia of planting and farming knowledge. It contains more useful and practical information than many text-books that are sold for a dollar or more, yet it will be mailed free to any one sending his name and address on a postal card to the firm.

SMOKE AND BACTERIA.—Professor Hajak, of Vienna, has declared that smokers are less liable to diphtheria and other throat diseases than non-smokers, in the ratio of one to twenty-eight. The learned Dr. Schiff also gives us to understand that smoking is always positively forbidden in bacteriological laboratories, because it is known to hinder the development of the bacteria.

HE NEEDED FURTHER INFORMATION.—The physician looked troubled.

"Do you know anything about the Browns?" he asked at last.

"What do you want to know?" inquired his wife. "I have met Mrs. Brown a number of times, and she seems to be a very pleasant, well-bred woman, who——"

"Oh, I don't care anything about that," interrupted the physician, quickly. "I was thinking about Mr. Brown's financial condition."

"I think he pays his bills very promptly."

"I know he does," exclaimed the physician, impatiently. "But is he really a wealthy man, or is he only moderately well off?"

"I don't see what business that is of yours," suggested his wife.

"I want to prescribe for his wife."

"What's the matter with her?"

"Nothing. That's just the trouble. She complains of a feeling of lassitude and all that, and I must humor her or lose all the business of the family."

"I don't just see——"

"Oh, of course you don't. You've been a doctor's wife for ten years, and you don't know anything about the business yet."

"But what effect can his wealth have upon your prescriptions?"

"Why, the whole thing depends upon that in a case like this. If I have no idea how much he is worth, how am I to know whether to advise a trip to Europe or a little exercise?"—*Chicago Post*.

CHOOSING A NOVEL.—A writer lets out a secret regarding the way in which young women read novels.

It was in the tram-car, that place in which the experiences are varied enough to make a man cosmopolitan if he will study them. Two girls are talking of what they read.

"Oh, I choose a novel easily enough," one said. "I go to the circulating library and look at the last chapters. If I find the rain softly and sadly dropping over one or two lonely graves, I don't take it, but if the morning sun is glimmering over bridal robes of white satin, I know it is all right, and take it, and start to buy sweets to eat while I read it."—*London Standard*.

HOW TO DIGEST CHOCOLATE.—As a nation the French are in advance of us in their application of the chemistry of food. Their little school-children may be seen daily enjoying a luncheon of a piece of bread or a little roll or croissant with a bar of plain chocolate, not creams, and nothing is more nourishing for them, while French, Italians, and Spaniards alike dip bread into their morning cup of chocolate. The fact is that chocolate, like bread itself, requires for its assimilation the chemical action produced by mastication,—i.e., the saliva of the mouth as well as the action of the stomach. Thus chocolate eaten can be digested by those to whom a cup quickly drunk is poison.—*Housewife*.



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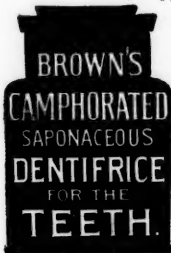
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BUSINESS AND THEOLOGY.—The congregation of a church in Scotland finding itself unable to pay the salary of its minister, a soap firm offered to pay five hundred dollars a year for five years, on condition that its advertisement be hung in front of the gallery of the church. The offer was accepted. And now the congregation can learn how to be morally and physically clean at the same time.—*New York Tribune*.

ARE RICE-EATERS NOT BLOODTHIRSTY?—It may be admitted that diet has more or less influence upon character, but mildness, gentleness, and kindred virtues are by no means universally found among those races which abstain from animal food. Vegetarians are prone to contrast the gentleness of our domesticated herbivora with the ferocity often displayed by carnivorous animals. A little reflection, however, shows that the food cannot be the main cause of the disposition in either case. Many of the herbivora are capable of displaying the utmost ferocity; savage attacks upon inoffensive persons by bulls, horses, and stags are by no means uncommon in this country; while in the East, "rogue" elephants, wild boars, and other herbivorous animals often inflict serious injuries upon human beings who chance to come in their way.

So likewise the ordinarily mild Hindoo, feeding on rice or wheat flour, is liable to become riotous, uncontrollable, and bloodthirsty when influenced by religious fanaticism. It would seem that the mischievous effects upon the habits and disposition ascribed to animal food are due rather to the alcoholic liquors which are generally consumed at the same time. The disposition of an average individual, leading a temperate life, would probably not be altered for the better were he to substitute vegetarian diet for his ordinary fare.—*Fortnightly Review*.

BASE-BALL IN THE FAR WEST.—The glass-armed toy-soldiers of this town were fed to the pigs yesterday by the cadaverous Indian grave-robbers from Omaha. The flabby, one-lunged Reubens who represent the Gem City in the reckless rush for the base-ball pennant had their shins toasted by the basilisk-eyed cattle-drivers from the West. They stood around with gaping eyeballs like a hen on a hot nail, and suffered the grizzly yaps of Omaha to run the bases until their necks were long with thirst. Hickey had more errors than Coin's Financial School, and led the rheumatic procession to the morgue. The Quincys were full of straw and scrap-iron. They couldn't hit a brick-wagon with a pickaxe, and ran bases like pall-bearers at a funeral. If three-base hits were growing on the back of every man's neck they couldn't reach 'em with a feather duster. It looked as if the Amalgamated Union of South American Hoodoos was in session for work in the thirty-third degree. The geezers stood about and whistled for help, and were so weak they couldn't lift a glass of beer if it had been all foam. Everything was yellow, rocky, and whangbasted, like a stigtossel full of dogglegammon. The game was whiskered and frostbitten. The Omahogs were bad enough, but the Quincy Brown Sox had their fins sewed up until they couldn't hold a crazy quilt unless it was tied around their necks.—*Quincy (Ill.) Herald*.

IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—The Teacher.—"What are the two things necessary to baptism?"

Small Girl.—"Please, sir, water and a baby."—*Life*.

AN IMPENDING SWORD.

AN ADVENTURE BY THE SEA.

BY

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF JUDGE KETCHUM," "THE MODEL
OF CHRISTIAN GAY," ETC.

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